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1874

**MARCH**

**1874**

SEE PROSPECTUS FOR 1874 IN THIS NUMBER.

**ARTHUR'S**

**ILLUSTRATED.**

**HOME MAGAZINE**



**No. 3**

**T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.**

**Vol. III.**

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## What is said of "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR always excites a lively interest in the children as soon as it appears. Its illustrations are so beautiful, and so true to nature, that they strike the simple and innocent minds of children as something made for them, and the interesting and instructive stories which crowd its pages are always eagerly read."—*Christian Examiner*.

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**T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Phila., Pa.**

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

## Ladies' and Children's Garments.

**FIGURE 1.—**  
The polonaise on this figure is cut by pattern No. 3093, price 25 cents. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. The pattern by which the skirt was cut is 2251, price 20 cents; and it is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. Of any suitable goods, 27 inches wide, 11 yards are sufficient to make this costume for a miss of 14 years; 5½ yards being required for the polonaise, and 5½ for the skirt.



No. 1.



No. 2.

**FIGURE 2.—**  
The pattern for the shapely skirt represented, is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. It is No. 2250, price 20 cents. The novel basque-pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is No. 3106, price 25 cents. For a costume of this kind, a miss of 13 years would require 7½ yards of any 27-inch-wide goods; the skirt needing 4 yards, and the basque 3½ yards. The hat is a pretty French felt, banded with ribbon, and finished at the back with a bow and ends.



No. 3.

**FIGURE 3.—**  
The elegant little polonaise illustrated on this figure represents pattern No. 3108, price 25 cents; it is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age. The skirt pattern is No. 2253, price 15 cents; it is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and its price is 15 cents. For a girl 7 years old, 6 yards of material measuring in width 27 inches, will be requisite to construct the suit: the polonaise requiring 3½ yards, and the skirt 2½ yards.

**FIGURE 4.—**  
The skirt pattern illustrated is No. 2253, price 15 cents. The pattern of the over-skirt is No. 3092, price 15 cents. Each is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. The basque pattern is No. 3102, price 20 cts. It is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years old. To make the suit for a girl of 6, 6½ yards of 27-inch-wide goods are necessary; 2½ yards being required for the skirt, 1½ for the over-skirt, and 2 yards for the basque.



No. 4.

ing 3½ yards, and the skirt 2½ yards.



3098  
Front View.



Back View. 3098

#### LADIES' WRAPPER.

No. 3098.—To make the comfortable garment pictured, 10½ yards of 27-inch-wide material are requisite for a medium-sized lady. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and the price is 50 cents.



3094  
Front View.

#### MISSES' WRAPPER.

No. 3094.—Of any suitable goods, measuring 27 inches in width, 6½ yards are required in the construction of this comfortable garment for a miss of 10 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 25 cents.



3094  
Back View.





3099

*Front View.*

3099

*Back View.*

## LADIES' POLONAISE COAT.

No. 3099.—The pattern for this very stylish garment is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is adapted to all suit goods, and of any material, 27 inches wide,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards will be

necessary to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Flat bands, jet fringes, cordings, lace or folds are tasteful decorations for this style of over-garment. Price, 35 cents.



3093

*Front View.*

## MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 3093.—To fashion the stylish garment represented,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of any desirable goods, measuring 27 inches in width, will be necessary for a miss of 14 years. The pattern by which to make it, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price, 25 cents.



3093

*Back View.*

3105

## LADIES' OPEN DRAWERS.

No. 3105.—Of any material, measuring 36 inches in width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards are necessary to make the garment represented, for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; its price being 25 cents.

LADIES' OPERA  
CLOAK.3107  
*Front View.*

No. 3107.—This simply-constructed garment requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch-wide goods to make it for a medium-sized lady. There are 10 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 20 cents. White cashmere, flannel, opera cloth and white velours are suitable goods for such a garment, and swan's-down, lace and embroidery, form handsome and desirable trimmings.

*Back View.* 31073100  
*Front View.*3100  
*Back View.*

## LADIES' BASQUE, WITH ZOUAVE FRONTS.

No. 3100.—The coquettish garment pictured, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, measuring 27 inches in width, for a lady of medium size. The pattern by which to cut it is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

3101  
*Front View.*3101  
*Back View.*

## GIRLS' PETTICOAT.

No. 3101.—This nicely-shaped garment requires 2 yards of material, 36 inches wide, for a girl of 7 years. There are 8 sizes of the pattern for girls from 7 to 9 years of age, and the price is 15 cents.



3106

*Front View.*

### MISSES' POSTILION BASQUE.

No. 3106.—This elegant garment requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, for a miss of 13 years. The pattern by which to cut and make it is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, the price being 25 cents.



3106

*Back View.*

3103

*Front View.*

3103

*Back View.*

### LADIES' PETTICOAT.

No. 3103.—To make this comfortable garment for a medium-sized lady,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch-wide goods will be required. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Price, 30 cents.



3108

*Front View.*

### GIRLS' POLONAISE.

No. 3108.—The pattern for this charming garment is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age; and of any 27-inch-wide goods,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be required for a girl of 7 years. Price, 25 cents.



3108

*Back View.*



3069

*Front View.*

3069

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' OVER-DRESS, WITH APRON FRONT.

No. 3069.—The pattern for this charming over-dress, is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age; and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required to make the over-dress for a girl of seven years. Price, 25 cents.



3064

*Front View*

3064

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED POSTILION BASQUE.

No. 3064.—This pretty and stylish basque, is quite popular. Of material, 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards are required to make it for a girl of 6 years; there are 6 sizes of the pattern for misses from 4 to 9 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



3095

*Front View.*

## LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3095.—To make the pretty over-skirt represented, 3 yards of material, 27 inches wide, are requisite for a medium-sized lady. There are 9 sizes of the pattern for ladies 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; and the price is 25 cents.



3095

*Back View.*

3102

*Front View.*

3102

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' BASQUE.

No. 3102.—For a girl of 6 years, 2 yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be requisite to make the jaunty little garment represented. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and its price is 20 cents.



3090

## MISSSES' KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS.

No. 3090.—To make the garment illustrated, 2 yards of material, 36 inches wide, are necessary for a miss of 15 years. The pattern by which to cut it is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price, 20 cents.





3080

*Front View*

### MISSES' REDINGOTE OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3080.—These illustrations show a very graceful and attractive over-skirt, which may be numbered among "the desirable" of the season. It is in 8 sizes, for misses from 8 to 15 years of age; and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch-goods will be required to make the over-skirt for a miss of 14 years. Price, 25 cents.



3080

*Back View.*

3092

*Front View.*

3092

*Back View.*

### GIRLS' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3092.—The graceful garment here represented requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material, 27 inches wide, to construct it for a girl of 6 years. There are 7 sizes of the pattern, for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, the price being 15 cents.



3104

*Front View.*

3104

*Back View.*

### LADIES' CORSET COVER, WITH SHOULDER- STRAPS.

No. 3104.—The pattern by which to cut the shapely garment exhibited, is in 13 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a medium-sized lady,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be requisite. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3089

*Front View.*

3089

*Back View.*

### MISSES' SACK NIGHT DRESS.

No. 3089.—To make this comfortable and shapely garment,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch-wide goods will be requisite for a miss of 13 years. The pattern is in 8

sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Price, 25 cents.



3096

*Front View.*

3096

*Back View.*

## LADIES' LOW-NECKED CORSET-COVER.

No. 3096.—This comfortable garment requires 14 yards of material, measuring 36 inches in width, to construct it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 25 cents.



3097

*Front View.*

3097

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' LOW-NECKED WAIST.

No. 3097.—This dressy little article requires 1 yard of 27-inch-wide goods in its construction for a girl of 5 years. There are 7 sizes of the pattern for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Price, 20 cents.



3091


*Front View.*

3091

*Back View.*

## MISSES' YOKE CHEMISE.

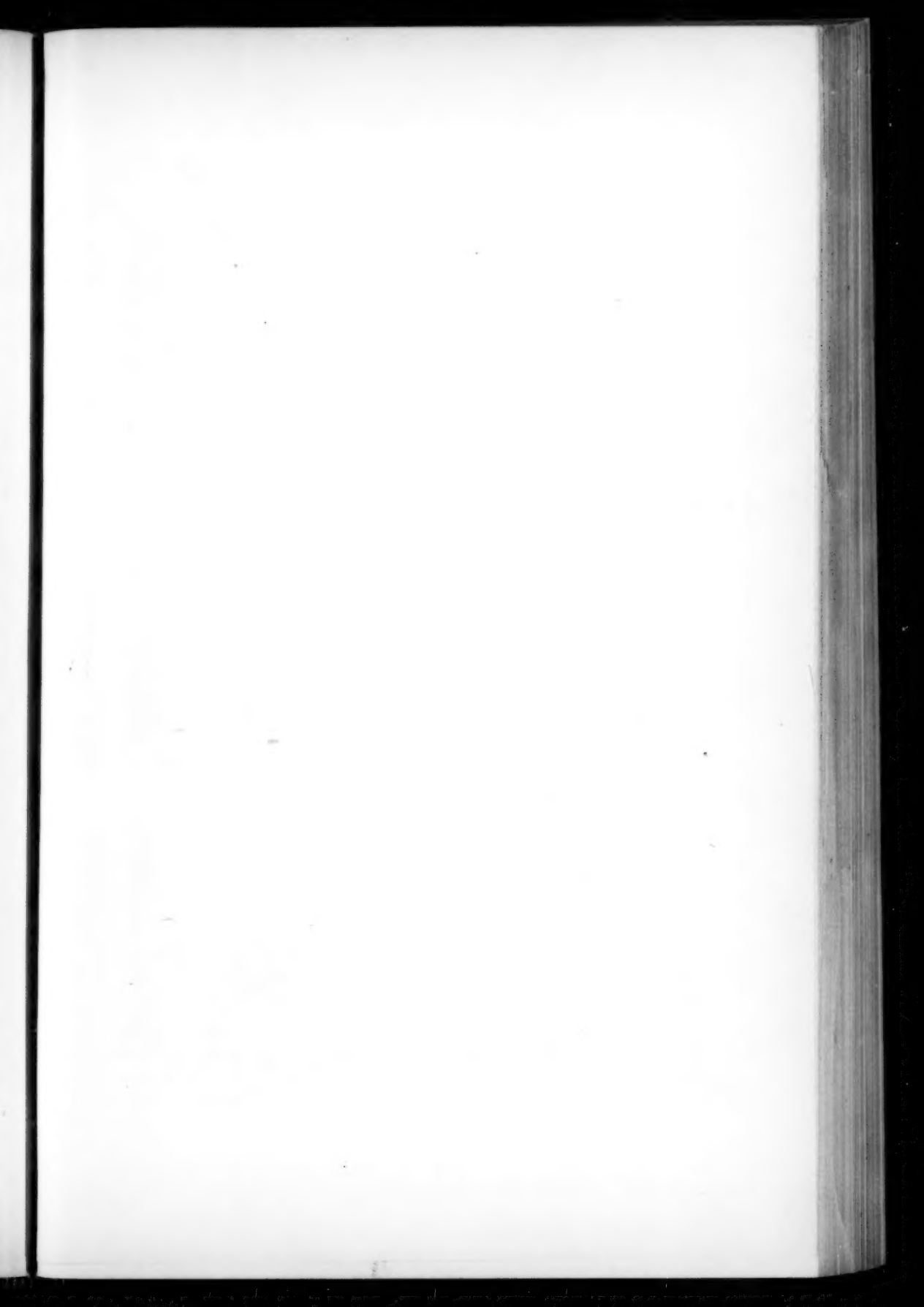
No. 3091.—Two and one-fourth yards of 36-inch-wide material, are necessary to make the pretty style of garment pictured, for a miss of 9 years. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 20 cents. It is suitable for linen, cotton, nainsook, or jaconet.

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ON TANGLE ISLAND.



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 3

## Natural History and Biography.



MARY BRADDON, OUTFITTER.

### AN ENGLISH AUTHORESS.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

FROM present appearances the days of sensationalism in literature seem numbered. A higher and purer taste is arising from the ashes of the bigamies and murders that have so long formed the staple of our light reading. Novelists of the thrilling school will soon find

their occupation gone; and turn, as Miss Braddon has already done in "The Lovels of Arden," to fresh fields and pastures new. It is true that Thackeray, like Shakespeare, is more quoted than read; and that, in spite of our boasted culture, the average American prefers the works of Mrs. Southworth and Mayne Reid to those of Irving and Hawthorne; but that the public taste is improving, the popularity of Miss Alcott's books and those of the



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author of "Morton House," places beyond doubt. When the tide of public opinion turns against the meretricious in literature, the writings of Mary Russell Mitford will probably be as enduringly popular here as they have been in England.

It is our intention to give a short sketch of the life and works of this authoress, whose character as a woman was as beautiful as her sketches are delightful.

Mary Russell Mitford was born in December, 1789, at Arlesford, a small town in Hampshire. Her father, Dr. Mitford, seems to have been a careless, extravagant man, much addicted to gambling—somewhat of the type, though without the brutality, of the Irish squire of the last century, whom Lever is so fond of describing. In spite of his faults, Dr. Mitford must have possessed a great many good qualities, or he could scarcely have excited that unquestioning love which his wife and daughter appear to have given him. Mrs. Mitford was the daughter of Dr. Russell. She had received a classical education, and she was mistress of a considerable fortune. Indeed, it has been hinted, that the latter possession altogether influenced Dr. Mitford in his choice of a wife.

However that may be, the first years of their married life were happy. Their only child, Mary, was a precocious little thing. Even before she could read, one of her greatest pleasures was to listen to the recital of old ballads. She has left us a pleasant picture of the room in which she first secured possession of the much-desired volume, containing that pathetic ballad which has brought tears to the eyes of so many little ones—"The Babes in the Wood."

But Dr. Mitford had been recklessly squandering his wife's fortune. In 1796 the crash came. He was forced to sell his furniture and library, and remove with his family to London. There, to escape from his creditors, he took refuge within the rules of the King's Bench.

The manner in which the Mitfords were again elevated to their former position is extremely curious. Dr. Mitford wished to purchase a lottery-ticket. With his usual indulgence—for he was certainly an affectionate father—he took his little daughter to the office, in order that she might select a ticket. The child chose one bearing the number 2224. Now this ticket had been divided into shares which had been sold at other offices. Here was a difficulty; for the doctor wished to procure an undivided ticket; but as the wilful young lady refused to relinquish her choice, the full share was taken at an advance in price. 2224 proved to be a winning number; and, by this sudden turn of fortune's wheel, Dr. Mitford became the possessor of £20,000. In his joy at this access of wealth, he promised to settle the money on his daughter; but, judging from his subsequent course, the settlement appears never to have been made. His late experience of poverty had not taught him to consider the future. He vied with men of larger fortunes in his expenditure, and in a few years the logical consequence of this ruinous proceeding became apparent.

While in the enjoyment of wealth, Mrs. Mitford seized the opportunity of giving her daughter an excellent education. She placed her at a boarding-school of high repute, in London, which was kept by a French *émigré*. Miss Mitford's sketches of school-life incidents are among the most enjoyable things in "Our Village." One of these, "The French Teacher," would well repay the space used in reprinting it, but it is long, and to abridge would be to spoil it. "Our Village" is made up of equally delightful sketches, not only of school incidents, but of

English country life, in the portrayal of which she has never been surpassed.

She remained at school five years, and her letters to those at home during this time are not the least charming of her productions. Her parents then lived in Reading. Dr. Mitford was engaged in building a new residence—Bertram House—which was to prove for him little better than a *chateau en Espagne*.

Toward the end of 1802, Miss Mitford left school. Some years later she accompanied her father in a tour through Northumberland. This seems to have been one of the happiest events in her life, although even it was clouded by Dr. Mitford's characteristic thoughtlessness.

In 1810, she made her first essay in authorship by publishing a small volume of miscellaneous poems. The book was favorably received, and was soon followed by two narrative poems in the style of Sir Walter Scott; one of these became popular both in England and America; but the authoress regarded them as mere imitations, forgetting, as has been justly observed, that genius generally first expresses itself by imitation.

Dr. Mitford's prodigality again reduced his family to poverty, and his daughter's literary labors became the sole support of the small household. Animated by the beautiful sentiment of filial love, for which she was always remarkable, she wrote her most popular work, "Our Village." On this her fame as an authoress chiefly rests. It is a series of sketches delineating rustic life in England. The plan of "Our Village" was suggested by the Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon; but, in our humble opinion, she excelled her model. Women, generally, have a quickness of observation, an insight into character and a delicacy of touch in description, to which men rarely attain. All these qualities tell in sketch-writing, and when the style is unmarred by sham sentiment, we have the sketch in perfection.

"Our Village" soon grew into popularity, and having been lengthened into several volumes, it was followed by a new series of sketches taken from life in Reading, and called "Belford Ragis." The style in both works is characterized by a fresh and elegant simplicity well suited to the subjects. The truth and vivacity of Miss Mitford's delineations were well appreciated and the success of both "Belford Ragis" and "Our Village" was assured.

Miss Mitford particularly excelled in describing natural scenery. The geniality of her nature supplies the place of sunlight in her pictures; it plays around the firs, the green lanes, the village ponds, the children and geese—even the smallest flowers are lighted and brought vividly before us. She was a true landscape painter, but her figures were not dashed in with a careless hand; she made them worthy of their inanimate surroundings.

Some critics think that Miss Mitford's village people are like Watteau's shepherdesses—too pretty for real life; but a discriminating reader will at once see that such criticism is mistaken. The people in her sketches are true to nature, but to nature seen through the medium of the authoress's own good nature and sympathizing kindness. Where can we find a more graphic picture of a blunt, generous, prejudiced Englishman than in Stephen Laner? Or of a meddling, conceited, yet not altogether worthless coxcomb, than in King Harwood? And who can read the story of the old Abbé without being moved by its pathos? Miss Mitford produced all her effects in a legitimate manner; there was no unnatural, morbid nonsense about her. It is a pity that some of our modern



lady novelists have not imitated her. She liked to look on the bright side of everything; but this amiable failing did not impair her judgment; for, though when she praised, it was generally in the superlative degree; in blaming, she never went to the opposite extreme; and it would be hard to find a truer estimate of Byron and Moore than she gives in one of her letters.

Miss Mitford's parents were now entirely dependent on her exertions; their second loss of fortune had left them almost penniless. In March, 1820, they left Bertram House, and removed to a small cottage at Three-Mile-Cross. Here Dr. Mitford and his wife died, and here their daughter lived for thirty years.

Miss Mitford's plays, "Inez de Castro," "Otto of Wittelsbach," "Foscari," "Julian," "Charles the First" and "Rienzi," are of great merit. The four last mentioned were performed successfully; and if "Rienzi" acts as well as it reads, it is strange that some of our revivers of the legitimate drama have not brought it out. "Rienzi" is perhaps the finest of the tragedies; but the character of Cromwell in "Charles the First" is a good conception, vigorously portrayed. It is but just to observe that Miss Mitford had used the stories of Rienzi and Foscari before Bulwer and Byron made them famous.

She never married; but she does not seem to have had the traditional fondness for cats usually ascribed to old maids, although she nourished a perfect passion for dogs and flowers. Of the latter her geraniums were her joy and pride. The gambols of her white grayhound, Mayflower, and the exploits of her dog Dash, form some of the prettiest incidents in "Our Village." The garden of

her cottage at Three-Mile-Cross was a gem of color and sweetness. Her love for flowers breaks out all through her writings. In "Atherton," her last work, she says: "People who sincerely love flowers contrive to make them blow sooner or later than others." And experience would almost justify us in saying that there is no exaggeration about this assertion. How often have we beheld with envious wonder a friend's blooming roses, while our plants, just as carefully tended, were entirely budless!

Many famous people made pilgrimages to her little cottage. Among her friends were numbered some of the light of whose genius will shine for ages; Miss Landon, Mrs. Browning, Landseer, and Sergeant Talfourd, were among these. Such a woman could not fail to make and keep friends, for she herself was an enthusiastic friend.

"Atherton," her last and longest story, was finished on a sick-bed, while she could hardly move, and when at times she was so weak as to be scarcely able to dip her pen into the ink.

In January, 1855, she died at Swallowfield, to which place she had removed five years before from Three-Mile-Cross. There, in the church-yard, under a granite cross, rests one of the gentlest, tenderest and most sympathetic hearts that ever beat.

To compare Miss Mitford with George Eliot would be

to compare Raphael to Rosa Bonheur, and yet the writings of Mary Russell Mitford contain some things which those of George Eliot would be the better for having. Of modern novelists, perhaps, Miss Thackeray is the only one who at all resembles the subject of our sketch.

## ELECTRIC EELS.

THE *Gymnotus electricus*, or electrical eel, is found in various rivers of South America. It is a fish three or four feet in length, the peculiar characteristic of which is that by its touch it can at will deprive the part with which it comes in contact of all sensation for some length of time. This faculty is used alike to arrest the pursuit of an enemy and allow it to escape unharmed, and to stop the flight of its prey, and by rendering it numb and motionless give the eel opportunity to seize and devour it.

Various travellers at various periods had given accounts of this curious fish, but made little impression upon those who heard their stories. In 1755 a Dutch physician, Dr. Grammund, wrote of it: "The effect produced by this fish corresponds exactly with that produced by the Leyden jar, with this difference, that we see no luminous appearance on its body, however strong the blow it

gives; for if the fish is large, those who touch it are struck down, and feel the blow on their whole body."

M. Bonpland, a French traveller, was the first one to give any accurate information concerning this singular creature. Baron von Humboldt, gathering facts from him, read a paper describing it before the Institute of France. This traveller explored the river regions of



ELECTRIC EEL.

South America, and passing up the Orinoco he stopped at Calabozo, purposely to learn what he could about the *Gymnotus*, which there abound in great numbers. He gives an interesting account of the manner in which the natives fish for these electrical eels. They went on a fishing expedition for his express benefit. Much to his surprise, they first captured about thirty half-wild horses and mules from the neighboring savannahs. These they drove to a muddy, stagnant basin, and forced them into it. The natives surrounded the basin, and by yells and blows prevented the horses from landing again. The intent of the use of the horses may be gathered from the name which they give this fishing, "*embarbasar con caballo*" (intoxicating by means of horses). The horses chasing here and there through the marsh, frighten the eels, and provoke electrical attacks from them, which still further infuriate and excite the horses. The eels finally become exhausted, and fall an easy prey to the fishermen.

This method of capturing the eels is a most exciting one. The horses plunge madly through the marsh and endeavor to escape, but are driven back by Indians at every point armed with long canes and harpoons, who with cries and brandishing of their canes drive them back into the water. The eels, looking like huge water-serpents, yellow and livid, swim, writhe and coil upon the

surface of the water, chasing their enemies, and dealing to them powerful electric shocks, which are not known, so great is the disproportion of size between the attackers and attacked, to benumb them and render them powerless. The horses, with bustling manes, the utmost terror

remain some time overcome by the shocks which they have received.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the horses begin to regain confidence, probably because the eels become exhausted and less capable of doing them injury.



ELECTRIC EEL FISHING.

in their eyes, and mad with fright, plunge blindly hither and thither. Sometimes one, temporarily overcome by the sting-shocks of the eels, falls and lies motionless, his head under water, when of course he is soon drowned. If any of them, in spite of the precautions taken against it, manage to regain the bank, they immediately fall, and

The eels themselves approach the bank, seeking places of safety, when they are easily captured by the means of little harpoons attached to long cords thrown at them.

When the eels are landed they are placed in little pools, made by hollowing out the ground and filling the hole with water. In the case of M. Bonpland, the natives

were too afraid of the creatures to themselves attempt their release from the harpoons. The task therefore devolved upon him and his companions when they received the first shock, "which was not slight, the most energetic surpassing in force that communicated by a Leyden jar completely charged."

The gymnotus gives its most frightful shocks apparently by a mere effort of will, and without any muscular action whatever. Shocks may be received from any part

of its body, but they are given with the greatest force from under the belly near the pectoral fin. The degree of the shock seems also to depend wholly upon the will of the creature. It sometimes happens that a gymnotus, severely wounded, will give only a slight shock to the person touching it, who becoming emboldened by the apparent exhaustion of the fish, thinks he can handle it fearlessly, when he will find out his mistake by receiving an electrical discharge terrible in its force.

## History and General Literature.

### THE ALHAMBRA.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

IT was in the early part of the eighth century that the Arabians invaded Spain and conquered the country by the defeat of Roderick, the last of her Gothic kings. But the Spaniards afterward gradually regained their lost kingdoms, until, in the fifteenth century, the single territory of Granada alone remained in the hands of the Moors. This celebrated region bordered on the Mediterranean Sea, and was protected by mountains, between whose sterile heights fair valleys nestled, blooming with gay and luxuriant vegetation. In the centre of the kingdom lay the city of Granada, occupying two lofty hills and the valley which divided them. The royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra was built upon one of these hills, and so spacious were its dimensions that its walls and towers would hold forty thousand men. The summit of the opposite hill, and the declivities of both, were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, like all Moorish cities. Within the houses were interior courts and gardens, where fountains sparkled and the orange, citron and pomegranate flourished. The whole was inclosed by high walls and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. Its elevation and vicinity to the Sierra Nevada, whose peaks glistened with snow, moderated the heat of summer, and gave to its climate the salubrity for which it was noted.

"The glory of the city, however," says Irving, "was its Vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labor and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favorite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig and pomegranate, with great plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree; the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant's cottage, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their prophet to

be situated in that part of Heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada."

The Moors retained possession of this kingdom by paying an annual tribute to the sovereign of Castile and Leon of two thousand pistoles of gold and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in default of captives, the same number of Moors to be surrendered as slaves. But in the fifteenth century, when Muley Aben Hassan succeeded to the throne of Granada, he not only refused all payment of this tribute, but returned a defiant answer to the Castilian sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, who sent to demand it. These monarchs had already looked with a longing eye upon his possessions, and were anxious to crush the Moslem power in Spain. At that juncture, however, they were engaged in a war with Portugal, and in contests with their own nobles, and were therefore compelled to forego hostilities against Granada until a more favorable opportunity. At the end of three years these difficulties were removed, and preparations made to carry war into the Moorish kingdom. But Muley Aben Hassan, who was not ignorant of their hostile intentions, struck the first blow by the capture of the Spanish fortress Zahara. Thus commenced that long and desperate struggle, which ended in the subjugation of Granada. For nearly ten years it lasted; every town and fortress, every castle and almost every rock, was resolutely defended by the Moors, in spite of the continued disasters that befel their arms. It was only inch by inch, and foot by foot, that they yielded up the beloved soil of their adopted country. But the Spaniards were finally victorious, and the crescent was torn down and the silver cross planted on the great watch tower of the Alhambra.

This royal abode was afterward occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs until the early part of the eighteenth century. Since that time it has gradually fallen into decay, but underwent a temporary renovation during the troubles in Spain, while the French were in possession of Granada.

A tradition existed among the Moors that the king who founded this structure was an alchemist, and thus obtained the vast sums of gold used in its erection. He is generally known by the name of Alhamar, and appears to have been a wise and intelligent ruler, the secret of whose wealth is easily explained by the domestic policy he adopted. He appointed brave and prudent men to the command of his various cities; organized an efficient police; enforced a strict administration of justice; erected hospitals for the blind and infirm; founded schools and colleges; established butcheries and public ovens, where wholesome provisions were furnished at reasonable prices; introduced an abundant supply of water into the city;

and constructed canals and aqueducts to fertilize the Vega. The growth and fabrication of silk was also encouraged during his reign, and the mines of gold, silver and other metals found in the mountainous regions of Granada diligently worked.

It was about the middle of the thirteenth century that he commenced building the Alhambra, superintending its erection personally. It was completed in 1348, by one of his successors, Yusef Abul Hagig. A monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur, it challenges the admiration of all beholders. Irving tells us that no part of the edifice has suffered so little from the ravages of time, as the renowned Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. In its centre stands the fountain, famed in song and story, whose alabaster basins are supported by twelve lions, casting forth crystal streams of water. Its slender pillars of white marble, the fairy fretwork of its walls, its domes and arches, that look so fragile and unsubstantial, and yet have withstood the shocks of earthquakes, almost make one believe it a creation of enchantment, as the Moors assert.

Upon one side of the court is situated the hall of the Abencerrages, named from the noble cavaliers of that line who, according to popular tradition, were here basely massacred. Broad, ruddy stains upon the pavement are shown as traces of their blood. Immediately opposite this hall is that of the two sisters, paved with white marble, and of light and graceful architecture. Its name is suggestive, but the romance is destroyed when we are told that it was derived from two large slabs of alabaster that lie side by side, and form part of the pavement. Within this hall are alcoves for couches and ottomans, where that dreamy repose so delightful to Orientals could be indulged. A soft light and fresh air are admitted from above by a cupola, and the silvery splash of waters falls refreshingly upon the ear.

The hall of ambassadors, the audience-chamber of the kings of Granada, is another celebrated apartment of the Alhambra. It occupies the whole interior of the tower of Comares, and is said to be thirty-seven feet square, and sixty feet high. Its walls are decorated in the fanciful style of the Moors, but during an earthquake the ceiling gave way, and pulled down with it the arch which traversed the hall. It was replaced, we are told, by the present "vault or dome of larch or cedar, with intersecting ribs, the whole curiously wrought and richly colored; still Oriental in its character, reminding one of those ceilings of cedar and vermillion that we read of in the prophets and Arabian Nights." The vault is so high above the windows as to make the upper part of the hall obscure; but this very gloom serves to heighten the solemnity and magnificence of the place. The royal throne is placed opposite the entrance, and everything around it bears an impress of dignity and grandeur rather than of that grace and elegance which is found in other parts of the palace.

The famous tower of Comares is of massive strength, and overhangs the steep hillside. From its terraced roof a splendid panorama of city and country is spread out before the view; the courts and gardens of the Alhambra and the belt of battlements that form its outer boundary; the Vega, through whose blooming groves and teeming orchards, the crystal Xenil winds; above, on the breast of the mountain, amid stately trees and hanging gardens, the fairy palace of the Generalife, a summer resort of the Moorish monarchs; and still further upward, the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, from whose treasury of snow, streams and rivulets glide, that diffuse verdure and

fertility through the valley, and give to Granada the fresh vegetation and temperate air of a northern clime, united with the vivifying sunshine and cloudless skies of the tropics.

Truly, the Alhambra is an enchanted palace, whose light, graceful architecture contrasts vividly with the grandeur and solemnity of the Gothic edifices erected by the Spaniards. From this we learn the opposite nature and characteristics of these two races, who for so long a time disputed the possession of the peninsula.

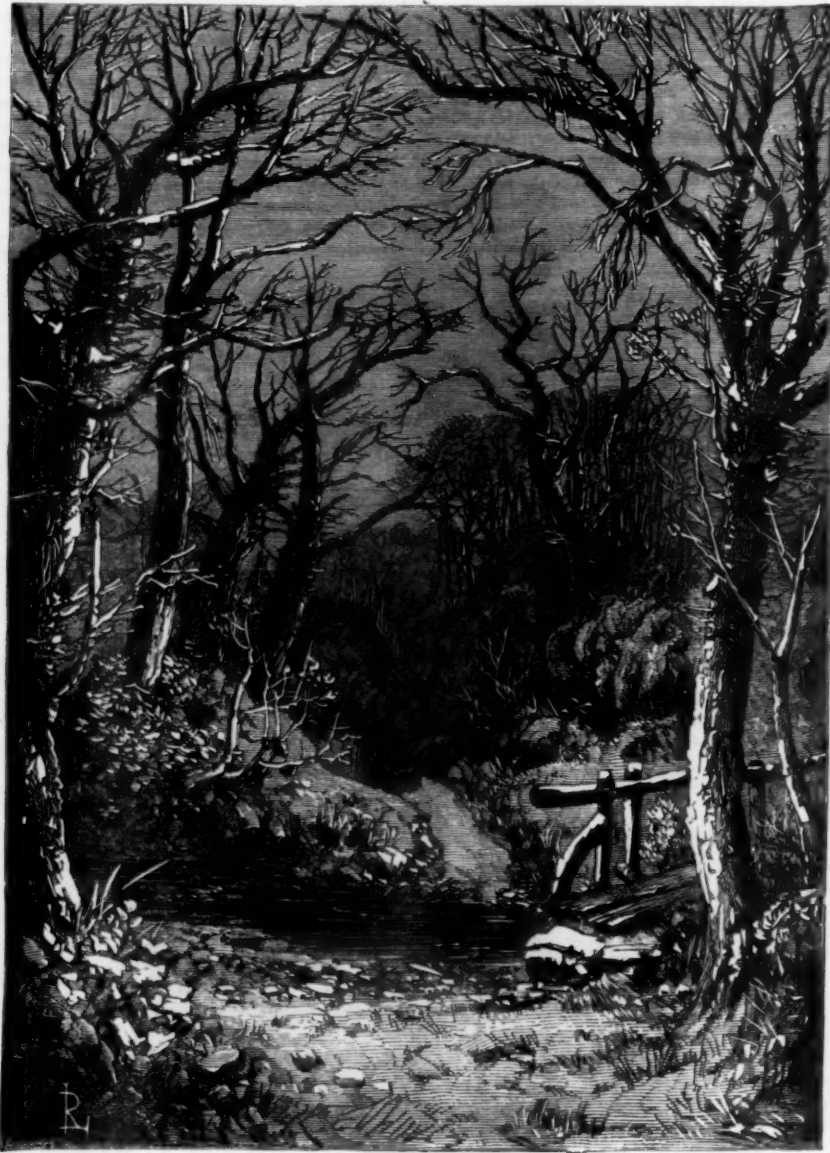
Spain has ever seemed a country apart, the land of romance and chivalry. For centuries it was divided into numerous states, both Christian and Moslem; and gradually the bitter hostility, grounded on difference of faith, was softened, and the cross and the crescent were often seen side by side in battle, contending against some common enemy. Both Christian and Moslem youth studied military science at the same school during times of peace; and even warriors of opposite creeds mingled together in knightly courtesy at jousts and tournaments.

The Arabs were a quick-witted and poetical people, well versed in Oriental science and literature, and brought into Spain a higher civilization than that of the Goths. "As conquerors," says Irving, "their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures and commerce, they gradually founded an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and the refinements which marked the Arabian empire in the East at the time of its greatest civilization they diffused the light of Oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe."

Thus it happened that Christian artisans resorted to Arabian Spain to learn the useful arts; that students from other lands sought the universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Granada, to acquaint themselves with the sciences of the Arabs, and the lore of antiquity, and perchance to imbibe the poetry and music of the East; and that steel-clad warriors also hastened thither to become accomplished in chivalry. With all this, however, the Moslem power in Spain never took permanent root in the land it embellished. These Arabian Spaniards were an isolated people, the outposts of Mohammedanism, and their fiery courage was at length subdued by the perseverance of their Gothic foes. They have vanished, and only a few broken monuments remain to tell of their power. The Alhambra is one of these—"A Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, flourished and passed away."

"LITTLE by little," sure and slow,  
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,  
As the present passes away,  
Our feet are climbing the pathway bright,  
Up to the region of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,  
"Little by little, and day by day."





## MARCH.

IN all the years that have been, the spring hath greened  
the bough—  
The glad, hopeful spring-time!—keep heart! it comes  
e'en now.  
The winter-time departeth, the early flowers expand;  
The blackbird and the turtle-dove are heard throughout  
the land.  
The sadness of the winter, which gloom'd our hearts, is  
gone;  
A thousand signs betoken that spring-time comes anon.  
'Tis spring-time in our bosoms—all strife aside we  
cast;

The storms were for the wintry days, but they are gone  
and past.  
Before us lies the spring-time—thank God, the time of  
mirth—  
When birds are singing on the trees, and flowers gem all  
the earth;  
When a thousand busy hands upturn the bounteous, fruit-  
ful mould,  
And the heart of every poet feels more love than it can hold.  
In all the years that have been, the spring-time greened  
the bough—  
The gentle, gracious spring-time! Rejoice! it comes e'en  
now.  
MARY HOWITT.

## LAHORE AND THE PUNJAUB.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE province of Lahore is bounded on the north by Cashmere, on the east by the Himalayas, on the south by Delhi, Ajmere and Mooltan, and on the west by the Indus, which separates it from Afghanistan. Through its territory flow the five rivers which, further south, unite to form the broad stream of the Indus. The latter river is the most celebrated in Hindostan, having been known from the very earliest ages of the ancient world. Its sources lie beyond the Himalaya range. Not far from the same spot are the lake of Ravan-hrad and the sources of the Setlej. Further to the east are those of the Brahmaputra, and nearly opposite on the southern side of the Himalayas, the sacred Ganges itself issues from the foot of the mountains.

For many hundred miles from its source the course of the Indus is known with but little certainty, but it is supposed to flow toward the N. N. W., through a desolate country. From Dras, a town of Little Thibet, down to the ocean, its course has been ascertained and described. For more than two hundred miles from the above-mentioned town, the Indus receives no accession from any other stream. At Mullai, however, the Abasheen precipitates itself into it immediately after its escape from the dreary solitudes of the Hindoo Koosh, among the frightful chasms and precipices of the inferior range through which it still continues to flow for fifty miles, and then converges, at Torbaila, into the valley of Chuch, over whose broad bosom it diffuses its waters in the midst of innumerable little green islands. Having been joined by the Caubul River, about forty miles further down, it enters the Suliman mountains, and forces its way, with vast noise and violence, through a rocky, precipitous channel. In this part of its course, the sound of its waters has been compared to the roaring of a tempestuous sea. And when the melting of the snows of the

Hindoo Koosh increase the volume of the stream, a tremendous whirlpool is produced, in which the frail barks of the natives are frequently sunk or dashed to pieces.

At Attock, on the road to Caubul, the Indus is only two hundred and sixty yards wide; but it is very deep and rapid, and in great floods reaches the top of a bastion, thirty-five or forty feet above the ordinary level. Between Attock and the ocean it is augmented by the waters of the Toe, the Koorum, the Aral, and the Punjund. The Punjund is the united stream of the five rivers of the Punjaub. These five rivers are the Jhehum or Behut (the Hydaspes of the ancients), the Chenab, the Ravee, the

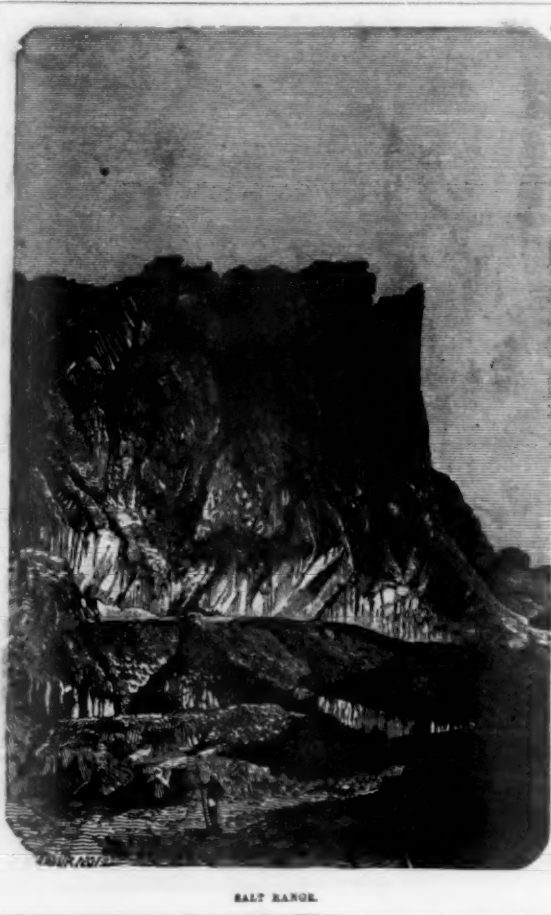
Beas and the Sutleg. The country through which they flow is called the Punjaub, that is, "the region of the five rivers."

Lahore consists of two nearly equal portions, extremely dissimilar in their nature; the mountainous tract which occupies the whole of the north-eastern division of the province, and the Punjaub or valley of the five rivers, which extends from the foot of the Himalayas to the Indus. The northern division experiences, in winter, a cold scarcely less severe than that felt in Europe and America, while the valleys of the Punjaub burn, in the summer, with a tropical heat.

Bernier, when accompanying the court of Aurangzebe into Cashmere, experienced the full effects of a Punjaub summer. "As their motions were slow, they were overtaken in these burning hollows, which condensed

and reflected back the rays of the sun like a vast burning glass, by the heats of summer, which are there little less intense than on the shores of the Persian Gulf. No sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon than the heat became insupportable. Not a cloud stained the firmament, not a breath of air stood upon the earth. Every herb was scorched to cinders; and throughout the wide horizon nothing appeared but an interminable plain of dust below, and above a brazen or coppery sky, glowing like the mouth of a furnace."

Vegetation thrives poorly, as the climate is too hot for



SALT RANGE.

the productions of Persia, and yet too cold to bring those of India to maturity. In the northern part of the province the landscape presents an European aspect, for the margins of the brooks and torrents are fringed with willows, while dark woods of pine trees hang over the beetling cliffs and cover the solitary recesses of the mountains. The cultivated portion of the northern division of Lahore consists of small flats, which, commencing at the summit of the hills, project at intervals, one below another, like a range of semi-circular stairs. These fertile terraces are perpetually enriched by the periodical rains, which wash down the lighter and finer particles of soil from the summit of the mountains, and the accumulating mass is preserved from sliding down the steep by vast buttresses of loose stones. In the narrow valleys which separate the hills rice is cultivated, but not in great quantities.

Large beds of fossil salt are found in many districts. In the picture on the preceding page will be found a representation of the "Salt Range" of Lahore.

It is composed of stratified limestone raised nearly two thousand feet above the plain, and resting on a confused agglomeration of debris of earth and rocks, which seem to have rolled from the mountains of the north. It is in this debris, among the gypsums and clays, that lie, at an elevation of from five to six hundred feet, the deposits of muriate of soda, from which these hills have taken their name. At the time of Runjeet-Singh, the working of these mines occupied six hundred workmen during nine months of the year with an annual product of nearly \$250,000.

The great road, shaded by a double row of plantain trees, leading from Delhi to Persia and Samarkand passes through the city of Lahore, which, though fallen from its ancient splendor, still contains many spacious buildings and magnificent gardens. The ancient palace of the Mogul emperors, constructed of brick and faced with red granite, is one of the most superb edifices in the world. Viewed from the opposite bank of the Ravee River, upon which Lahore is built, with its magnificent *façade*, surrounded by parterres of all the rich and varied flowers of India which here flourish in eternal spring, it rivals the hanging gardens of Babylon or the fairy creations of the Arabian Nights. The interior of this vast structure is adorned with beautiful red granite, porphyry, lapis-lazuli and gold. Of all its numerous apartments, however, the most admired is the hall of the throne, the roof and walls of which are covered with mirrors of rock crystal, while along the gallery which surrounds it there runs a trellis-work of massive gold, with branches of artificial fruit composed of pearls and

jewels. In another chamber there is a bath of Oriental agate in the form of a boat, and encircled with bands of gold. This bath, which will contain eight hogheads, in the time of the Mogul sovereigns, used to be filled with rose-water.

About two miles north of Lahore stands the celebrated mausoleum of Jehanghir, which, though inferior to the Taj Mahal at Agra, is, nevertheless, a structure of striking magnificence.

There is a museum in this province which is well worth visiting. It is not only a museum of native antiquities, but it contains collections of the products and curiosities of the country. Its establishment is due to private enterprise alone, it being the collective property of the officers of the cantonment.

A French traveller who recently visited Lahore gives the following description of some of the objects of curiosity in the museum: "That which especially struck me," he says, "were a score and ten of statues and bas-reliefs in bluish porphyry, some of them of the purest style of Grecian art, others a little degenerated. Two statues of rajahs drew my especial attention. Their style was purely classic, but the drapery and accessories were Indian. The bust was nude, overburdened with necklaces and martial trappings. The style of the hair recalled the penike of Louis XIV. The chin was smooth, but with a tufted moustache.

"Nearly all the bas-reliefs represent Buddha seated, praying, meditating, teaching, healing. In one of them he seems to be operating a miracle in favor of a sick princess, the attendants of the princess dispersed about the palace in divers attitudes might not be surpassed by an Athenian bas-relief. Their costumes and their head-dresses are of the pure classic period. In other parts of the bas-relief are made to appear men of exceeding ugliness,

whose short, squat forms, small eyes, depressed foreheads and goat-like beards, formed a striking contrast with the proud beauty and symmetry of the Indian figures. I am convinced that the artist wished to represent the Scythians who, five hundred years after Alexander, conquered the country. One of these bas-reliefs afforded me no little diversion. One of these hideous creatures is gallantly assisting a very handsome female figure, upon whose head is a sort of Phrygian bonnet, to escape from a tower by means of a ladder. The latter is followed by a chubby servant, who carries a pitcher on her shoulder. An accomplice holds a purse in his hand; it is, perhaps, the moral of this little piece of genre.

"All these antiquities came from the ruins of a very



BAE RELIEF.

old Buddhist convent at Fahl-i-bahi, near Hotti—ruins excavated within a few years. These sculptures being at once Grecian and Buddhist in their character, remind me of the epoch of King Kanichka (Kanerkes of the Greeks), who, having been converted to Buddhism, employed the ardor characteristic of a new convert to propagate his faith everywhere, even in Cashmere. Kanichka,



RUNJEET SINGH.

inheritor of the Greco-Bactrian civilization, had, consequently, at his command Greek artists (Greeks by nationality or artistic tradition, it matters little which); and he was certain to employ them to spread and multiply the sacred effigies. To judge of the superiority of this classic art over Hindoo art, properly so-called, one has but to compare the bas-reliefs of Thal-i-Bahi with certain terracottas found at the same place and deposited in the



RANI GHINDA, WIFE OF RUNJEET SINGH.

museum at Lahore, or with the monstrosities of the modern pagodas, the Vishnu and the Dourga."

Lahore, Delhi and Agra have been, by turns, the seat of government of the Moguls in their days of power, and in each of these cities still remain the traces of their power and magnificence. Their reigns were, however, with scarcely an exception, a continued series of wars,

intrigues, revolts and assassinations; so that the pomp and splendor of the cities were purchased dearly. Lahore, occupying the northwestern corner of India, and bordering upon Mohammedan countries, was for many hundreds of years—until the English possession put an end to intestine wars—the field of battle between ambitious and rival sovereigns of the two religions and two nationalities. Mohammedanism seems to have been rather the gainer in this continual strife, as that is now by far the most prominent faith in this region of country, the mosques taking the place of Hindoo temples.

In the long succession of Indian rulers, several stand out prominently for courage, ambition and executive abilities. Among these we find the name of Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh, who was born in the year 1779. He was first a leader of a band of robbers. But he was ambitious and unscrupulous. He conquered town after town and province after province, until he found himself ruler of Lahore and Cashmere, with twenty millions of people for his subjects.

This extraordinary man was so ignorant that he could not read; nevertheless he set a proper value on education, and a certain portion of every day was set apart for learned men to read to him. Runjeet Singh did much for the material prosperity of Lahore. He developed the mineral resources of the country; kept its enemies at a distance by means of a powerful and well-disciplined army; and was actually allowed to die, in 1839, in the sixty-first year of his age, instead of being assassinated as so many of his predecessors were.

## MARION.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

NAY, she was not fair to see,  
As a poet's dream might be;  
Yet she was most fair to me,  
This rare maiden, Marion;  
For with all the fervent truth  
Of the trusting heart of youth,  
All its passion, all its ruth,  
Loved I her, my Marion!

Oh, the happy, golden hours!  
Oh, the rosy, sunlit bowers,  
Where we dreamed those dreams of ours,  
Dreams that faded, Marion!  
Dreamed the glorious dreams that still,  
I doubt not, each young heart thrill,  
And young souls with rapture fill,  
As they did ours, Marion!

But, one morn, a cold wind blew  
A light cloud between us two;  
And it dark and darker grew,  
Till it chilled us, Marion!  
Calmly looking back to-day,  
All along life's changeful way  
To that hour, I cannot say  
Where the fault lay, Marion!

Now, they tell me, thou dost lie  
Pale and still, with sealed eye,  
Where is neither smile nor sigh,  
In the cold grave, Marion;



Thou and I may meet no more  
Till we reach the farther shore,  
Where, all doubt and coldness o'er,  
Thou wilt love me, Marion!

For, at last, thy spirit eyes,  
Freed from all the mists that rise  
To disturb the harmonies  
Of our being, Marion,  
Will see clearly how through change,  
And so much that might estrange,  
And two lives' divergent range,  
I still love thee, Marion!

So has come sorrow upon my heart—  
Coming, coming, so slow, so sure!—  
It chills me, it numbs me in every part—  
I cannot resist, I can only endure.

My tears are frozen, my soul is numb,  
In my bosom no traces of warmth I find;  
My passion is pulseless and cold and dumb,  
And only moans like the winter wind.

When will the beautiful, cruel snow,  
And the cold, gray sky, and the storm, and all,



### THE FALLING SNOW.

BY MRS. F. E. DUFFEY.

COLD and chill is the winter day;  
Falling, falling, the snow-flakes come,  
Whirling down from a sky of gray,  
Where light and beauty are lost in gloom.

Dreary and desolate is the scene,  
Yet not more dreary than is my heart,  
Where light has vanished, where light has been—  
Where the griefs remain as the joys depart.

The white flakes, falling pitilessly,  
Follow each other in idle chase;  
And, ah, how cruel, how cold they be!  
How they wrap the earth in a chill embrace!

Like the dream of a troubled sleeper, go,  
And free the earth from her icy pall?

Desolate, desolate is the day,  
Desolate, desolate is my life!  
When will my heart's winter vanish away,  
Bringing an end to this weary strife?

For I am so weary, O God! and cold!  
I shrink and shiver and moan in pain.  
Oh, when will the pall from my soul be rolled?  
Oh, when will the sun bring me warmth again?

In the lives of all must there fall some snow?  
Or does summer eternal bloom for a part?  
Come back, oh, sun, with your melting glow,  
And gladden my life and kindle my heart.



## THREE FRENCH MARRIAGES.

FROM "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE," BY MARY E. BLAIR.

I WAS present yesterday at a wedding-mass in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin in the Faubourg St. Germain. In the square before the church, ladies in elegant costume were descending from their carriages and mounting the steps, where a rich carpet was laid for them. As one would see in New York on a similar occasion. At the door stood two vergers in white hose and scarlet breeches, with blue coat, gold-embroidered baldric, and the picturesque three-cornered hat trimmed with light-gray ostrich feathers.

While awaiting the arrival of the bridal cortege I took a survey of the church, which was built by the Dominicans near the close of the seventeenth century, and during the Revolution was occupied by the Theophilanthropists. It was richly decorated, like most Roman Catholic churches, where art seems to lavish all its resources. Some one has called Art the handmaid of religion, but she seems often to forget this subordinate position, and to arrogate for herself a temple in the house of God. I noticed particularly a marble group of St. Vincent de Paul with an infant in his arms and an older child at his feet, and a Descent from the Cross by Guillemot; but I looked in vain for Ary Scheffer's "St. Thomas Appeasing the Storm," which I greatly desired to see.

At length the bridal party entered, preceded by the vergers with their glittering halberds. The bride was leaning on the arm of her father, while the bridegroom conducted her mother. They were attended by several bridesmaids and groomsmen, and followed by a long train of relatives and friends. Paring up the main aisle, they took their seats in the enclosed space before the high altar, the bride and bridegroom in the centre apart from the rest, in chairs of crimson velvet and gold, rich enough for thrones. There was a profusion of white flowers around the altar, but they were all artificial, as seems to be always the case in France on such occasions. Though they are exquisite imitations, one would prefer to have real flowers at one's wedding. More show than sweetness is a bad omen.

The officiating priest and his assistants wore white robes, with lace which would have made the despair of a duchess. The bride looked very graceful in a white gown perfectly plain, with the tulle veil floating to her feet and orange-blossoms gleaming out from her dark ringlets. The ceremony was long and impressive. In one part of it the priest presented to the bride and bridegroom the *pièces de mariage*—that is, silver medals about the size of a dollar bearing the names of the young couple, with the date of their marriage and appropriate emblems. A little later they advanced toward the altar, when the priest presented to them two golden patens, which they reverently kissed, and, returning to their seats, two of the groomsmen held above their heads a long white mantle of cloth of silver with fringes of gold, while the priest went on with the service.

During the offertory the vergers passed through the assembly with their monotonous chant, "*Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît*" ("For the poor, if you please,") each followed by a groomsmen and a bridesmaid, who held out the small crimson velvet bag to receive the offerings. I would rather have taken part in the charge at Balaklava than do this myself, but the perfect ease and grace of these young French girls made it charming.

At the close of the mass the bridal party passed around

the altar into the sacristy, when they received the congratulations of their friends, afterward returning through the grand aisle of the church in the same order as they had entered, except that the bride now leaned on the arm of her husband, while the organ pealed forth exultingly the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn.

As we came out of the church my friend, Madame Lefort, said to me, "You have seen what is very rare in France, a marriage of love and inclination, à l'Américain. It is the only one I have ever known."

"And your own, madame?" said I.

"Mine has been a happy marriage, but I was not acquainted with M. Lefort when I was married to him. The first time I ever saw him was on the day of rejoicing at the birth of the prince imperial. He was presented to me in the Champs Elysées, but I was engrossed with the scene around me and did not much observe him. 'How did you like M. Lefort?' asked my mother on the way home. 'I do not know: I scarcely looked at him.' 'But, my daughter, your father has selected him for your husband. He will dine with us to-morrow, and unless he is very disagreeable to you—' M. Lefort was a handsome man: he is so still, you know, and he was much handsomer then. He pleased me, but I never spoke ten words to him till after we were married, which was just a month from the day I first saw him; and all the time we were so busy, my mother and I, with preparations for the wedding that I had not a moment to think. He sent me the most beautiful flowers every day, and for my *corbeille de mariage* he gave me diamonds and an India shawl which cost five thousand francs. He was in a state to commit follies then," said madame, with a little sigh. "I was bewildered with all this new splendor, for French girls are always dressed in the simplest way—not at all as in your country, where miss has everything as handsome as mamma—and they never go into the street without a chaperone. I was full of life and longed for excitement: my mother was an invalid and went out very seldom, so that marriage was like an open door to freedom."

"But I do not see how you dared."

"Oh, as to that, I was thoughtless enough, and besides I never expected anything different. Eugène was very good to me: by and by we had our little Clarice, we fell in love with each other by degrees, and we have been very happy. I think marriages are as happy in France as anywhere else. I helped to make three last winter, and they have all been happy."

"Do tell me about them," said I.

"With the greatest pleasure, this evening after dinner."

"The girls will like to hear the story, too," said I. (The girls were four charming specimens of American young womanhood who were under my care temporarily.)

Accordingly, when the lamps were lighted (for there is no gas in French parlors) we drew our chairs around the table to hear the story of the three marriages.

"You remember," began madame, "the fat colonel who dined with us last Sunday? His wife is my cousin, and a year ago she was not Madame de Courcelles."

"But the little boy?" said Alice, with a naïve surprise in her blue eyes.

"Oh, the colonel was a widower," said madame, laughing. "My cousin lived with her father in a country town. She was the youngest child. Her mother had been dead many years; her brothers and sisters were married; she had been asked in marriage, but she did not like to leave her father, and he would have been so deso-

late without her that he had not the heart to urge it. My uncle died about two years ago; his property was divided among his children. Pauline had a moderate income, which would not permit her to live in the style to which she was accustomed. She wrote me a very sad letter, lamenting her father's death and her own loneliness and desolation. She asked me to find her a room and board in Paris, in a convent or in some quiet family. I wrote that I would do all I could for her. 'But, my dear cousin,' I added, 'why do you not think of marriage? It will be very disagreeable to you, who have so long been the mistress of a handsome establishment, to live in the way you propose. Seriously, marriage is the only solution of all your perplexities.' I had not long to wait for a reply. Pauline wrote that she would willingly marry, but she was now thirty-six years old, her dowry was not excessive, and she feared it would be impossible to make an advantageous marriage. 'Difficult,' I wrote in reply, 'but not impossible. Come to Paris, make me a little visit, and we will see.' Now I had in mind my friend Colonel de Courcelles, whose wife had been dead about a year and a half. He often came to see me, and always bewailed his loneliness and the unhappy condition of his children (he had but two, a girl and boy) without a mother. It occurred to me that two sorrows rightly mingled might make one joy; and the next time he called and entered on his usual monologue, I interpolated the question: 'Why don't you marry again, colonel? It is the only thing that can make you forget your sorrows.' 'I know it,' said he, 'but there is no lady.' 'Pardon me, colonel. I have a cousin who is just my age. She has recently lost her father; she has a dowry of fifty thousand francs, and she is coming to spend a few weeks with me.' 'I shall be delighted to meet your charming cousin, madame.'

"In due time Pauline arrived. After the first greeting and condolences were over, I said: 'Pauline, I think I have found a husband for you—Colonel de Courcelles. I have been acquainted with him many years; he has a fine position, and he was very indulgent to his wife; she was very happy with him. He will dine with us on Sunday, and you will have an opportunity to see him. I have said nothing to him about it; you may feel completely at your ease.'"

(My American readers, who have been brought up, I hope, with a strict regard for truth, will doubtless be shocked at madame's want of veracity. I was not sorry to see my young Bostonians exchange a glance of surprise, which madame did not observe, and would not have understood if she had observed it. Frenchmen appear to regard a lie as a thing innocent in itself—one which may be even highly meritorious, and which becomes criminal only under certain circumstances, deriving its moral character entirely from the motives that prompt it.)

"On Sunday the colonel came. Clarice was at school then, and there were only four of us—M. Lefort and I, my cousin and the colonel, who sat opposite her. They looked at each other furtively from time to time, and when their eyes met, dropped them instantly on their plates in the most comical manner. Dinner over, I took my cousin aside. 'What do you think of him?' 'He is too fat,' said Pauline. 'Fat! You think so? The idea!' 'Oh, madame, how could you? He is immense!' said my innocent Pauline, with a look of distress. 'Only consider what a fine position he has,' said I, 'and such an excellent man! If you could only see how well he looks on horseback at the head of his regiment!'

"Later in the evening I had an opportunity to speak to the colonel. 'Well?' said I, interrogatively. 'Madame, your cousin is charming, but she is rather too tall.' The huge colonel had a giant's penchant for little women. 'There is no occasion for you to go any further,' said I. 'I have not mentioned it to my cousin, of course.' 'I should like to call to-morrow,' said he.

"In six weeks Pauline was Madame de Courcelles, but up to the wedding-day she continued to say piteously, 'If he were only not so fat!'"

"That is not romantic at all," said Emily.

"But they are very happy," said madame.

"Doesn't she think he is too fat now?" asked Belle.

"I dare say she would be very indignant if you were to say so," laughed madame.

"Now for marriage Number 2," said Helen.

"A short time before my cousin's marriage," continued madame, "my friend, M. Auber, called on me. 'That is a strange idea of yours, to marry your cousin to that great fat colonel,' said he. 'I have a friend who would suit her much better, I am sure.' 'It is rather late for that now; she is to be married in ten days.' 'How vexatious!' said M. Auber. 'But, monsieur, I have a sister-in-law, a young widow, several years younger and far handsomer than my cousin. Your friend might be pleased with her.' 'I wish I could see her.' 'Nothing easier. Dine with us the day after to-morrow, you and Madame Auber, and I will invite Julie to meet you.' My sister is really very beautiful, and M. Auber could not restrain his admiration: 'Oh, madame, she is adorable! If my friend can please her, he is a man to be envied. Let me see; to-day is Tuesday. Well, Thursday, if you and your sister, and M. Lefort will dine with us, my friend will be there.'

"Thursday came, the dinner and the guests. I had told my sister what was in contemplation, and we were naturally a little curious to see M. Vernon. He was a good-looking man, about fifty years of age."

"Oh, madame, wasn't he bald?" asked Alice.

"Well, he was a little, on the top of his head."

"I hate bald men. How old was she?"

"A little under thirty."

"I should not think she would have married him if she was so beautiful."

"Well, my dear, he had a fine social position and a large fortune, hotel in Paris, house in the country, elegant carriage, and servants in livery. It was a great temptation, and then she was not very young, you know. Well, dinner was over, and we had returned to the parlor. M. Auber seemed restless and fidgety, for he is of a very impatient temperament. 'Madame Lefort,' said he, rising, 'I should like to show you a painting by Paul Delaroche in the next room.' I had seen the painting hundreds of times, but I followed without a word. 'Vernon, wouldn't you like to see it, too?' said M. Auber. No sooner was the door closed than he asked in his eager way, 'Well, madame, what does your sister think of my friend?' 'But, monsieur, how should I know? I have not had an opportunity to speak to her. Besides, it would be more suitable to know M. Vernon's impression first.' 'Oh, I saw that in an instant,' said M. Auber. 'There is no need of asking him. He is enchanted.' 'Truly, she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw,' said M. Vernon, 'far too young and lovely for me, I am afraid.' 'That remains to be seen,' said his friend. 'Ask her, madame—just as well now as any time.' 'But M. Vernon must go away.' 'Certainly, madame,' and he opened the door into the parlor. 'Come, then, Julie, don't you wish to see

this beautiful painting? Have you no taste for the arts?" She came. "M. Auber wishes to know how you are pleased with his friend." "He is very well," said she, coolly—"rather old." "Oh, madame, is that all you can say for one of the best matches in France?" "I do not know that I have any objection," she added. "Then, madame, we will consider the affair settled."

"Early the next morning M. Vernon called to ask my husband to accompany him to the house of Julie's mother, and after the usual compliments of presentation he immediately asked the hand of her daughter. In three weeks I had the pleasure of being present at the wedding."

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried the girls in a chorus. "No love-making!" "No walks by moonlight!" "So prosaic!" "Everything hurried up so, just like a parcel of goods bought and delivered."

"Why, how long are betrothals in your country?" asked madame.

"Two or three years generally. Seldom less than one year when the parties are young."

"I should have changed my mind three or four times in a year," said M. Lefort, looking up from the book which he had been reading all the time, apparently.

"And I mine five times," said madame. "How then? Are not such long engagements often broken?" she inquired.

"Oh, never!" said Belle, with fervor.

"But, my dear child," interrupted I, "I am afraid you are mistaken there; I have known a great many broken in my time."

"And do these young lovers see each other often during this long interval?"

"Very often, madame, if they happen to live near each other."

"But always in the presence of the young lady's mother, I suppose?"

"No; it is very common for a young lady to receive her betrothed alone."

"Oh, shocking!" and madame looked rigid with astonishment. "But if the engagement were broken, she would never find a husband after such an intimacy?"

"That would make no difference," I rejoined, "unless a girl were engaged six or seven years, and the man broke his engagement then, as sometimes happens. She would have lost her fresh young beauty, and her heart might be so set on the faithless lover that no other could ever take his place."

"Ah," said madame, "our young girls are at least saved from all pains of the heart."

"And they are kept from indecorous flirting and manoeuvres to attract attention, too," said I, with a glance at my young Americans—not that they needed the hint particularly, however.

"They flirt enough afterward," said Belle, spiritedly. "Don't you remember that odious Madame T——, with her yellow curls, and the young officer at the Grand Hotel? I never saw any such flirting in America."

"Don't talk, girls," said Emily. "I want to hear about the third marriage."

"Well," resumed madame, "I felt a good deal of complacency in my success, and it formed a subject of conversation at my next reception. 'I am disgusted,' said Madame Belval. 'I have been trying all winter to bring about a marriage between two of my friends, and it has failed at last. I will never try again if I live a thousand years.' 'I am ready to try again to-morrow.' 'Pray be so kind as to give me some assistance, then,' said Madame

C——, wife of the minister of marine. 'I am looking for a suitable wife for Emile, as I am very desirous that he should marry. Young men are exposed to so many temptations in Paris—actresses and grisettes, and all that kind of thing—enough to drive a mother distracted. Emile will be twenty-five next month.'"

"I should think he was old enough to find a wife for himself," whispered Alice.

"His salary is twelve thousand francs, which is not bad for a young man, and his father will do something more for him when he marries." "I know a girl that will suit him exactly," cried Madame Belval, eagerly, forgetting, like Rip Van Winkle, that she had "swore off." (This is an interpolation. I am afraid the French ladies had not the pleasure of being acquainted with Monsieur Van Winkle.) "The administrator of the Lyons Railway has a daughter almost nineteen, the most amiable, the most lovely, and her father will give her a hundred thousand francs." "That is very reasonable," said Madame C——. "I shall be under everlasting obligations to you if you will speak to him of our son." "With the greatest pleasure in the world."

"Madame Belval had an interview with the administrator of railways. He would make inquiries about the young man. The result was satisfactory, and in a week the friends of both families, including M. Lefort and myself, received an invitation to a soirée at Madame Belval's, where the two young people would meet for the first time. It was very embarrassing for them in the presence of so many curious observers. Mademoiselle Thérèse was lovely, with long fair curls and that delicate blonde beauty which is so rare in France. I pitied the poor child, she was so distressed at the thought of being on exhibition, as it were, and looked pale and then flushed alternately."

"I am glad I am not a French girl," said Helen.

"And the young man was scarcely less agitated. They hardly dared to look at each other, and were as silent as deaf-mutes the whole evening. The next day his father made a formal demand of M. Thouvel for the hand of his daughter."

"His father! and the young man had nothing to do with it?" exclaimed Belle, amazed.

"Marriages are always arranged by the parents with us," said madame. "M. Thouvel gave an affirmative answer, and the marriage took place shortly after, as is usual in France."

"And shall you be married in that way, Clarice?" asked Alice, compassionately of madame's pretty young daughter.

"How else? I am not going to America."

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,  
I found the arrow still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW.

## The Story-Teller.

### TWO LIVES.

BY RICHMOND.

**T**WIN-SISTERS, they had grown up together like twin June-roses in the summer air of a love-guarded home.

Out of a summer sky fall sudden storms. It is clear, and calm, and transparent as crystal; not a cloud flecks the pure azure; no warning sign appears; nature is tranquil; peace reigns. A low, distant jar; a dull, heavy rumble shakes the quiet air. You lift your eyes, and, lo! where but a moment since you looked into unobstructed space, the dark peaks of a cloudy mountain are piercing the upper blue. As though some great upheaval of nature were in progress, mountain after mountain comes surging up, until black ranges cover half the horizon. The dull jar that muttered its far-off warning, has given place to heavy, reverberating thunder. Instead of the beautiful sunshine, come tremulous flashes of lightning that seem as if they would drink up the earth in their scorching flames. And then the storm falls, wild, terrible and destructive.

So it is in life—alas, too often! We say, "Alas, too often!" looking at the change and desolation from our side. But there is One who sees as we cannot see; who knows as we cannot know. One, whose love-smiling face is only hidden by the clouds—a frowning providence—out of which He brings higher blessings than any the storm has destroyed.

The storm that fell on the twin-sisters, Rose and Pauline, in the fragrant and beautiful June of their lives, was fierce and desolating. It seemed as if all the powers of evil had been suddenly released against them. Their father, Judge Graham, was brought home, one day, in a dying condition, having been thrown from his horse. The shock killed their mother, a woman in feeble health, and suffering from heart disease. On the day after the double funeral, Rose complained of a pain in her hip, which at last became so severe that a physician was called in, who, after a few visits, began to feel grave apprehensions about the case; and not without cause. Rose was never again able to leave her bed unassisted. A life of suffering and limitation was before her. And as if the cup of their sorrow and suffering were not yet bitter enough, poverty was added. In the settlement of Judge Graham's affairs, only a few hundred dollars remained to the stricken-hearted sisters.

Pauline had been overwhelmed by these fast-crowding sorrows. The power of thought and action seemed almost to have left her. She could do little else than bewail, in utter weakness, the afflictions that had fallen upon them. From this state of feeling the shock of poverty aroused her.

She was sitting by her sister's bedside, with her tearful face buried in one of the pillows, when an old servant, who had been in the family since they were little children, came into the chamber with word that Mr. Fielding, the administrator of her father's estate, wished to see her. Pauline dried her eyes and composed herself as best she could, and then went down to the parlor.

Mr. Fielding was a cold, exact, straightforward man, who never put off business. As soon as it became neces-

sary to do a thing, it was his rule to do it. He had thoroughly examined the affairs of Judge Graham, and discovered that, after the payment of all his debts, little or nothing would be left for his two children. The sooner they were made acquainted with this state of affairs the better, in his view of the case; and he had come, promptly, to do his duty.

It took Pauline some time to comprehend the case, even under Mr. Fielding's straightforward way of speaking. The blow, when she at last felt its full force, aroused instead of stunning her. The helplessness of Rose quickened into life the slumbering strength of her character.

With a pale face and lips firmly set, she went back to Rose after the interview was over. She had gone down to meet Mr. Fielding a weak, helpless girl; she came up from that interview a strong, resolved woman—heart set on duty, and thought reaching out and groping half-blindly for the way before her. Without speaking, she laid her hand on the head of her sister, and smoothed the shining hair with caressing strokes. There was something new to Rose in the touch of Pauline's hand. Its soft movements sent strange thrills to her heart, and stirred it with a vague concern.

"What did Mr. Fielding want?" she asked, after waiting some time for Pauline to speak.

"He came to say—" Pauline's voice was low and fine, but so changed that not a tone was familiar to the ear of Rose. "He came to say that, after settling our father's estate, there will not be as much left for us as he had hoped there would be."

"How much?" asked Rose.

"Mr. Fielding cannot say; but the sum will not be large."

The light went out of the sick girl's face. Pauline saw the change, and spoke quickly: "Don't let it trouble you, dear; I will make the best of everything."

Rose did not answer. Her eyes seemed looking far away. Gradually the expression of her countenance changed, growing calmer and tenderer. Then she drew down her sister's head and kissed her fondly.

"The good Lord knows best; and will make it all right for us."

Helpless herself, she could only look upward; and as heart and thought went out to the Strong and the Pitying, a feeling of peace and trust came into her soul.

Pauline, with love's quick instinct, saw the way her sister's heart was going, and it comforted her. The care and the burden were hers; and she resolved to take them up and go forward, though all before her was dark, and a mountain that seemed impassable stood right across her way. There was help for her in the child-like confidence of her helpless sister, whose calm utterance of the sentence, "The good Lord knows best, and will make it all right for us," gave assurance to her sinking heart.

From this point their new lives started. The feet of one had to go down into rough and miry ways; her thought must dwell among hard and common things. Care, anxiety, toil, doubt and darkness were to be her attendants; while the feet of the other were bound, and her outward life circumscribed to the narrow limits of a single room, with pain, weariness, impediment, loneliness, helplessness, crowding in to seek companionship.



How little of life's sweetness seemed promised to each. But it came for all the doubtful promise—came as it always comes, through the door of patient and loving thought and deed. Not through the door of self-seeking, but of self-giving.

Pauline had to go down into the world of action; to drift out upon its sea of care, and labor, and temptation. She was the bread-winner for herself and her sister. Rose rested at home, doing her work of patient endurance, and in her helplessness and pain turning herself for ease and comfort to God, who came more consciously near to her than it is possible for Him to come to those who are immersed in the sphere of worldly cares and anxious troubles. While Pauline wrought with her tasks, and pondered anxiously over ways and means, often sorely

would come the voice of her sister in words of strength and heavenly comfort, than in words of suffering or complaint. With one hand Rose was taking fast hold on Heaven, and with the other grasping tightly the hand of her sister, and keeping her safe and strong as she went down into the lower spheres of life, walking in the paths of duty.

Never could Pauline forget their first separation for a few days when it became necessary for her to go a little way into the country. The necessity was imperative, and could not be set aside without a loss, which they were in no condition to meet. After making herself ready, she went in to bid her sister good-bye, with her heart so full that she could not speak. She found Rose with the book from which she drew daily strength and peace lying open



perplexed, turning this way and that, and not seeing whither the way would go to-morrow, Rose, after a brief struggle with herself, found ease and absorption in higher spheres.

Pauline could not, as the bread-winner, stay at home; but always her heart was in the little chamber where Rose waited through the long hours for her coming. How often the thought of Rose, with her blighted life, would flash across her mind, and send the tears to her eyes, and the words, "My poor, poor sister!" to her lips. And how swiftly her feet flew, when her tasks were over, to bear her back to her beloved.

Soon, from thinking of a sad and weary face at home, Pauline began to see only a patient countenance, the light and sweetness of which rested and comforted her heart when, after her days of toil, it welcomed her with loving smiles. And oftener through the hours of absence

on the bed before her. Instead of a sad, grieving face, she met one full of tender smiles.

"O darling!" she sobbed out, dropping down by the bedside and hiding her face, "how can I go away and leave you so lonely all these days! What will you do without me when the long nights come? O my sister! it is hard—very hard! Why has this fallen upon us? What have we done that we have to suffer so?"

A shadow crossed the loving face of the sick girl. For a moment its heavenly peace was gone. But in the next instant light broke into it again.

"Don't think of me, darling," she said; "the night will shine as the day when my Father is near. He will be closer to me because of your absence, and keep and comfort me."

"God keep and bless you, my sister!" came in calmer tones from Pauline, as she arose with a new consciousness



of strength, and went out to walk her weary path of duty. She did not carry with her the image of a sad and suffering face, nor the memory of a complaining voice; but ever before her was a countenance of sweet resignation, and in her ears the pleasant murmur of tones that soothed her like tender music.

"My poor, patient sister! How hard it seems!" she would often say, tears of love and pity filling her eyes. And as often the same sentiment was murmured by Rose, as she thought of Pauline, compelled to leave her home to work for bread; to labor wearily while she rested at home, not feeling even a touch or jar of the hard and selfish world outside, nor the cold indifference or exacting selfishness of which her sister had to endure.

So the two lives went on, each in its sphere. Both so different, yet never touching with a jar. When Pauline turned her steps homeward, tired with work, and often sore at heart from the hurt of rough contact with the world, the shadow never deepened over her spirit in anticipation of meeting Rose. There was no sad face and complaining voice at home; but smiles and a loving welcome. No added burden; but a hand, white and thin and weak though it was, strong enough to lift the weight that bent her shoulders. The heavenly patience that had come into the heart of Rose began passing to her heart the moment she entered the quiet chamber where the sick girl was doing her life-work, limited though it was in all outward seeming, yet potent for good.

Years passed, and the two lives went on, each growing deeper, but not sadder. Humble and obscure, drifting daily more and more out of common observation and common interest, different, but complementing each other, the two sisters found rest, and peace, and deep satisfaction of soul. Pauline brought into the isolated chamber of Rose a faint murmur of the busy world without, but nothing of its harsh discords; while Rose refreshed and cheered her sister with echoes of the angel voices that sang to her so often.

Blessed sisters!—blessed even in toil and suffering! God never forgets His patient, dutiful children. It matters not how obscurely they dwell, nor how little the world may take note of them. It matters not for the sorrow, the pain, or the toil. He will be more to them than all toil, or pain, or sorrow, and give them bread to eat of which the world knows nothing, if in love and patience they accept the work that lieth nearest their hands, and do it with all their strength.

### SONGSTERS OF THE AIR.

**I** SPEAK for those who cannot speak:

Who cannot, did I say?  
Were ever poets' rarest gems  
More eloquent than they?  
They twitter in the leafy shade,  
They trill their songs on high:  
O thoughtless man, creation's lord,  
Pass not these creatures by!  
Our heavenly Father's loving care  
Gave these good gifts to earth—  
These feathery, warbling instruments  
Of song and glee and mirth;  
Turn now from stocks and gain and strife,  
And life's uneasy care,  
And with me visit in the grove  
These songsters of the air.

*Our Dumb Animals.*

### WHAT MRS. VANE HEARD, AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

**T**HE Widow Vane, with the long streamers of her coquettish cap flying in the summer morning wind, stopped short in her run across the green square which divided her pretty cottage from the more stately home of her neighbors, the Greys, and ascending the steps with soft stealthiness, inclined her shapely ear to catch, if she might, some key word to the stormy altercation going on within. Prone upon the floor of the verandah, outside the pleasant breakfast-room, lay the little daughter of the house crying lustily with grief and terror, responding to the widow's whispered "Hush—ah," with frantic cries of "Papa! papa!" and, unsatisfied with this explanation of her childish woe, wailing piteously, "Ma—ma—mamma!" and then, as if despairing of ever making her great calamity intelligible to the stony woman, flinging herself over face downward on the door-mat, and breaking into a fresh succession of sobs which only motherly sympathy could check and calm. And of this the widow had not any just now in her matronly bosom, but only an insatiable, overmastering curiosity.

"I—ought to know—cannot afford—told you—if you love—so—should not—married me," came indistinctly and disjunctedly from the evidently excited and indignant gentleman of the matrimonial firm of Grey & Co.

The response, drowned in tears and choked with sobs, was even less connected and more uncertain as to point; but the eager and sharpened sense of the eavesdropper picked out such suggestive words and phrases as: "Cruel—if I had known—unkind—nothing more of you—would not care—love me—and go away."

Then the voice of Alexander Grey, attorney and counsellor at law, broke again into jits and fragments of ominous meaning, at least to the breathless listener outside, who knew how to piece together and make complete and satisfactory sense of such broken parts of speech as those which struck like splinters of an exploding shell upon the sensitive tympanum of her ear.

"Cannot stand—disgrace—George Duncan—"

The widow sniffed like a war-horse that scents the battle afar, and, warned by a movement within, threw up her head, pursed her lips, and, looking innocently wise, sprang down the steps with the agility and lightness of a cat, and scampered away across the greensward to her haunt, like a spider to her fastness after she has entailed the unwary fly in her web.

At the same moment a pretty brown-haired, rose-lipped woman, with a suspicious redness about the eyes, came running out on the flower-illuminated verandah from which the widow had just disappeared, and catching up the weeping child in her arms began to fondle, and kiss, and soothe her with love's soft magnetism; and following her close, a tall, full-bearded, blundering, flushed, excited man, who gathered both woman and child in his embrace and kissed them tenderly and penitently on cheek and lip.

"How ridiculous," said the little woman, between laughing and crying, but with a look in her uplifted eyes that settled all conjugal differences with a swiftness, and sweetness, and sureness unattained by argument, however profound and prolonged, for in it the defaulter read a love unfailing, forgiving and true, and, if sometimes wayward and petulant, quick to confess and atone.

"My precious little wife!" ejaculated Alexander Grey,

Esq., in a rapture of satisfaction, kissing her again, and then whirling her suddenly inside the door with a spasm of jealous fear lest some envious passer-by might have glanced a scornful eye at this sweet, simple tableau of reconciliation.

Meantime the Widow Vane, with her back turned on the beautiful rainbow arching the domestic heavens so lately rent by passionate thunders, still innocently wise and with a virtuous pucker to her mouth, was making rapid preparations to go out on the formal and imperative errand of publishing to the benighted region round about a freshly-discovered and entirely unsuspected fact, with important bearing on the new social science, so called, whatever that might be.

According to the canons, customs and established opinions of society, the Widow Vane should have been a maiden lady of uncertain age delegated to the guardianship of the interests of virtue and morality; but if Jedediah Vane, deceased, had violated and inverted the order of Providence by taking her to wife, he had made all the amends in his power by restoring her to her primal state as speedily as might be. But the fact is, though greatly it grieves me to write it, Jedediah living could not have controlled and held inactive this woman's propensity to meddle any more than Jedediah dead; and maid, wife and widow, her nature remained the same.

Fully armed and equipped our amiable and public-spirited mistress, half an hour later, sailed down the street to communicate and counsel with her dear friend and fellow in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, Mrs. Matilda Skinner. That discerning lady smelled at once a something sweet and savory in the air, but long familiarity with her sister woman's peculiarities warned her to hold her curiosity in check until the propitious moment when the thrilling secret, having risen to the level of its bounds, should, in a generous burst of confidence, overflow and become mutual property of the common, sympathetic bosom of friendship.

So, for a time, the conversation played about the great, unspoken mystery like harmless lightnings about an electrical conductor, and it was not until the widow rose to go that, as if with sudden recollection, she exclaimed, half sinking to her seat again: "Oh!—had you heard of the trouble between 'Squire Grey and his wife regarding her intimacy with his partner?"

"What! George Duncan?" ejaculated Mrs. Matilda, thrown completely off her guard and out of equilibrium by the shock of the inflowing current, the force of which she had not fully calculated.

The widow nodded her head grimly.

"One hears so many things," said the wary Skinner, sagaciously, recovering her self-possession, and resolved not to manifest surprise at anything. "But, of course, *gos* living so near the Greys, and being on such friendly terms with them, must know the truth of this thing." And she looked at her visitor expectantly.

But the Widow Vane was not to be caught in such webs. She sniffed her nose in a way that spoke unutterable things, and looked significantly wise, but declaring, virtuously, that whatever she might know she was, she hoped, no tattler or newsmonger, she closed her mouth with the resolute snap of a knife that does not open easily to unskilled fingers.

The work was done, nevertheless, as she very well knew. Before the sun went down her suggestion of evil had taken positive and tangible form and had travelled the whole length of the town, bumping up viciously in

the twilight at the vine-arched gateway of a modest cottage, withdrawn and hidden in clambering rose-trees from the street, and tapping insinuatingly at the door in the person of one of those smooth, suave, sweet, sympathetic, disinterested women who tell you disagreeable things because, my dear, you really ought to know.

A girl in a gray dress, with a rose in her bosom and masses of fair, light hair tossed back from her pale, pure, clear-cut face came in answer to the serpent-summons, and with cool, calm courtesy conducted the solicitous visitor into the softly-lighted parlor, whose atmosphere of peace and repose vaguely disquieted the bosom laden with the momentous secret which it was solemnly urged, but scarce knew how, to unburden.

The few commonplaces of health, weather, etc., being disposed of, there was a brief, awkward pause, in which the kind, sympathizing friend cleared her throat, and, impelled by her irresistible sense of duty, drew her chair close to Miss Heath, and laying a hand affectionately on her arm, proceeded to discharge the self-imposed office of disinterested friendship.

"My dear Clara," she whined, "it grieves me to hurt your feelings in any way, but I have just heard something which concerns you very much, and, unpleasant as it is, I feel it my duty to tell you. We all know your interest in George Duncan" (here the listener's violet eyes darkened and her pure face flushed,) "and we all know, too, how much reason he has given you to believe and trust in him as an honorable, upright and high-principled gentleman, but—"

The tender, dutiful and sympathetic friend paused and shook her head sadly, but seeing no sign of emotion in the studiously impassive countenance of her auditor, and receiving no encouragement to proceed, she finished up her communication with directness and energy, omitting the expressions of condolence and regret that she had planned.

"There is a current report which, from things I know, I am not disposed to doubt, that George is secretly very much devoted to his partner's wife, in fact, that he is on the most intimate terms with her, and that Grey is so enraged with jealousy and a sense of his wrongs, he has threatened an immediate separation."

The reporter stopped short for breath and with a look that said, "And what do you think of that?"

But Clara Heath's sweet, firm, reticent lips only parted to say, with perfect composure and cheerfulness: "Thank you, Mrs. Smyth, for your kindly interest, I fully appreciate your good intentions in this matter, even if it may not concern me as much as you suppose."

And she very sweetly and unceremoniously turned the conversation into other channels.

"The sly, cool, cautious and deceptive jade," inwardly commented the chagrined and disappointed friend and sympathizer. "One can never judge from her manner whether she is touched or not, nor make sure from anything she says how matters stand with her."

And feeling somehow that she had failed of her object, even though she had punctually performed her errand, the conscientious visitor presently recalled other obligations, and with the plea of urgent duties, politely and coldly took her leave, attended to the door by the sweetest smiles and kindest wishes of her courteous and unruffled hostess.

Half way to the gate she encountered a good-looking young man hurrying up to the cottage with such lover-like eagerness and expectation that he would have passed

her without recognition had she not halted to accost him.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Duncan, I have the pleasure to inform you that Miss Clara is at home and waiting your appearance," she said, jocosely, in her wise, knowing way.

"Thank you," responded the gentleman, briefly and stiffly; evidently annoyed by this gratuitous interest in his affairs, and too impulsive and impetuous to be affable when offended.

"Ah-h," aspirated the benevolent lady, as he disappeared under the falling shadow of the roses; "if I could but follow and mark, unseen, the reception that he meets with!"

She might have done so, and been no wiser for all that she saw. Clara's cool fingers pressed punctually the eager, outstretched hand of the new-comer; and in her words of welcome, only a lover, ardent and impassioned as he, could have detected a change, and a chilliness silent and blighting as the frost of a moonlit October night. Never at any time demonstrative, the mere outward observer would not have appreciated the hidden, delicate, indescribable ways by which she satisfied her nearest and dearest ones of the strength and fervor of her affection; and no more could any, who did not feel its cutting force, perceive the subtle change in manner expressive of her disapproval or displeasure.

The fiery, eager, intense heart of the man, who had come with tender hope and longing, was chilled to the core; and yet, for the life of him, he could not have fixed on any reasonable ground for complaint, had he dared to utter one. There was no lack of friendliness, courtesy or cordiality on the lady's part; indeed she seemed making an extraordinary effort for the agreeable entertainment of her guest, but that inexpressible and delightful something in look and bearing, which had heretofore exalted him with the feeling that he held the first and highest place in her regards, was displaced by some impalpable barrier of reserve, which shut him ignominiously out with the common world, and divested him, suddenly, of rights which he had fondly imagined, more, reverently believed, were his.

Desperate, yet knowing not how to bridge the wide chasm that had so mysteriously opened between him and his love, and fearing that if he stayed a moment longer, he should break impetuously over the bounds of perfect propriety which her quiet manner imposed, the unhappy wooer brought to a precipitate close the visit to which he had looked forward through all the long, toilsome, tiresome day, and which he had thought to prolong through the whole, bright, brief, beautiful summer evening. As he rose to take his leave, his heart, with a thrill of hope, looked forward to the possibilities of the next meeting; and recollecting a privilege which, after a quaint, village custom, she had sometimes accorded him, he said—half-affirmatively—turning back from the door: "You will permit me to attend you to church, to-morrow—Clara?"

"To-morrow? Ah, to-morrow is the Sabbath, to be sure," she answered, catching her breath behind the evasion for her next words. "No, thank you, Mr. Duncan. I think I prefer to go to church alone."

The refusal was kindly enough, but very distinct and positive nevertheless; with no pleading of this excuse or that, after the fashion of other women.

"My soul!" murmured the retiring lover, crushing his hat over his eyes as he strode down the walk. "Could mortal woman be more sweet, and courteous, and kind?

Yet I feel as though she had sentenced me to be hung by the neck till I am dead—dead—dead—and the Lord have mercy on my soul."

But he hastened to church next morning, in a fever of anxiety to discover if his impressions of the previous night had not been the illusions of a distempered fancy, which a touch of Clara's hand, a single glance of Clara's eye, would instantly dispel, restoring his brain to its normal, healthy action.

He was waiting in the vestibule when she came in, friendly and smiling as usual, and with hand just as freely and frankly extended, yet in its touch there was no special and thrilling message to him of love and goodwill, and the quickly-averted eye passed him over at once to the promiscuous outside crowd of common people, who had, to be sure, her good wishes and kind sympathies in the ups and downs of life, but who wore no crown and bore no sceptre in the sacred and beautiful kingdom of her affections.

It seemed to him she must hear his heart cry out after her, as she brushed past him and went up to her accustomed place in the choir, whither he had been wont to follow her; but as on the preceding evening she had sung for him alone, without her usual flattering request for his deep-toned accompaniment—which drew her clear, soaring, bird-like notes back from their far, ethereal flights, by some subtle, earthly attraction—so now it did not appear at all essential to her happiness, or a matter of the slightest interest to her in any way, that he should mingle his voice and soul with hers in the worship and service of the temple.

For a moment, in a conflict of feeling that the decorous crowd about him could not know, he stood irresolute in the aisle, then obeying a nod, half-inquiring, half-inviting, from Mrs. Grey, he slipped quietly into the warm, fragrant, summery atmosphere of her cosey, home-like pew, unconscious of the significant glances exchanged about the house by those who might, perhaps, as well have been thinking of the Lord they had come to serve.

She was one of those winsome, appealing, demonstrative, adaptable women—Mrs. Alexander Grey—who oftener catch in the rebound the lacerated hearts of men who have fallen out of grace with finer, higher, nobler, more exalted natures, and the soft-dropping balm of her sympathy soothed and comforted his sorely-chafed and mortified spirit, so unobtrusively, that he turned to her in a glow of gratitude; thinking, as he looked down in her warm, sunny face, how happy might be the man blest, and above all, *satisfied* with her love. And then his eyes went up to that other face—pure, and sweet, and calm, and steadfast in its high place—and his soul went out on the wings of her clear, jubilant, heaven-soaring voice; but with a swift sting of pain, and answering throb of resentment, he brought himself back again to the consolations of his immediate surroundings, and diligently sought out the hymns and litanies for the genial friend at his side, and fraternally sang and made his responses from the same golden-clasped book, which he gallantly held.

And at the conclusion of services, the aim and drift of which he had scarcely realized, he accepted Mrs. Grey's cordial invitation to go home with her to dinner; and, without a backward glance at the fair saint coming down from the singer's gallery, he attended her out of the house and walked with her up the street; careless, in fact, never so much as thinking of the wagging tongues and smirk-

ing smiles, and significantly-tipped heads of the gossiping procession behind him.

Alexander Grey, Esq., stepping out of his office next day, was joined by a jovial fellow of his set, who, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, saluted him in this wise:

"See here, my friend, I warn you to be a little more punctual hereafter in your attendance on the ceremonies of the sanctuary, and to keep a stricter eye on that good-looking wife of yours."

"How's that, Giles?" he questioned, a little nettled under his smiling exterior.

"Why," was the jesting response, "don't you see? Your absence exposes us susceptible bachelors to temptations unsuited to the season and unbecoming to the place. They proved too much for Duncan yesterday; and he paid such marked attentions to the lovely Mrs. Grey as to quite divert the reflections of the heavenly-minded worshippers around about from their proper and legitimate channel."

"There, that will do, if you please. There are some things a man doesn't like to jest about. My wife knows what attentions it is becoming in her to receive."

And the loyal husband abruptly changed the subject of conversation. But he was secretly annoyed and irritated by his friend's idle words, and revolving them in his thought while he talked of other things, he determined to mention the matter to his wife when he got home, and to caution her against any thoughtless action which the most evil-minded could misconstrue. He meant to do it in the kindest and tenderest way, of course; but it so happened that a succession of small business and domestic exasperations had ruffled his temper before an opportunity occurred to broach the subject, and this was the way in which he opened his gentle reproof:

"I wish you would exercise a little more discretion, Mrs. Grey, when you are out, in regard to your acceptance of the attentions of young gentlemen."

"Sir! what do you mean?" cried the little wife, in a heat, starting from her chair with a look and gesture worthy of a tragedy queen.

"Why, the whole town is talking about your flirtation with Duncan on Sunday at church," explained the injured husband, feeling that he must set the extraordinary fire he had kindled on a broad and enduring basis if he would save himself from being scorched and consumed by the angry blaze.

"It is false! You ought to be ashamed to come home to me with such a story! How dare you, sir? How dare you?"

And overcome with a sense of the outrageous insult she had received, the excited lady burst into a hysterical fit of weeping, and whirled herself indignantly out of the room, as if she could not bear the presence of such a monster of injustice and cruelty.

Mr. Grey felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He would like to have got up and ran after her with a conciliating, "There, there, my dear, I didn't mean any wrong, you know;" but his dignity would not suffer him, and so he sat still, biting his moustache, and looking very red and greatly discomfited. They were a hot-headed and impulsive pair, and these fiery whirlwinds of passion and delugings of water were not unfrequent, but they were always succeeded by soft, sighing zephyrs of forgiveness, tender concussions of lips, and dazzling bursts of warm, genial heart sunshine, and were, on the whole, rather salutary and agreeable in their purifying and vivifying effects.

But it was not the gentleman's habit to descend from the mount of thunder until wooed by the sobbing breathes of pleading and penitent love; and as the indignant spouse did not return to be soothed, and satisfied, and comforted, and as it was incompatible with the principles and repugnant to the instincts of the masculine mind to go after her, the worthy attorney and counsellor in the quarrels of other people sat on, perplexed and uncertain what to do, till worn out with waiting, chafing with impatience, and beginning to feel wrathful and wronged again, he jumped up, clapped on his hat, and with a glance of retaliation up the dim, unlighted staircase as he passed, he bolted out of his own inhospitable house into the cool night air and under the serene stars that smiled softly down and sailed smoothly on over his bitter rage.

The door had scarcely ceased to vibrate from the violent slam he had given it as he went out, when George Duncan, in his bold, frank way, walked up to it and rang for admittance. The warm, sunny little woman within (as he believed) had bound up so kindly and delicately the wounds of love from which he was suffering, that he felt drawn to come to her again, and he thought perhaps he would confide to her the whole story of his trouble—to him so blind and mysterious—and ask the direction of her finer perceptions in a matter where his own judgment was utterly confused and confounded.

But when she came into his presence he saw that her eyes were red and swollen with recent and violent rains, that her heart was evidently surcharged with some secret grief and perplexity which rendered her manner unnaturally timid and constrained; and thinking these were unmistakable tokens of conjugal storms which it would not be wise to notice, he exerted himself to entertain and divert her mind from unpleasant reflections with such success that when, late in the evening, he rose to go, he saw, with smiling self-satisfaction, a bright, piquant, animated, fascinating woman in place of the agitated, downcast, manifestly miserable one who had received him with an embarrassment painful and puzzling, if he had not set it down at once as among the incomprehensible things of feminine nature which he never hoped to understand.

As he ran down the steps, he met coming up the master of the house, who, freshly incensed by farther mysterious hints received down town, gave him as wide a berth as the way would admit, and deigned no response to his friendly and familiar salutation.

Odd again; but it was beginning to seem to him that all his friends were slightly demented.

"So you receive your new favorite in my absence, it appears," sneered the newly-outraged husband, in a still heat of passion, facing the bright-smiling wife at the parlor door.

"Yes, when you go off in a rage and leave me to do so," retorted Mrs. Grey, in a dangerous spirit of defiance.

"You need never imagine that I shall descend to the degrading office of watching your movements," said the gentleman, with the lofty dignity of a superior nature.

"You can act your own pleasure as regards that. It's of no consequence to me, I assure you," returned madam, with an exasperating show of indifference. And taking her night-lamp, she swept away to her room with the majesty of an offended queen, leaving her again discomfited lord to follow or not, as he chose. Of course he chose not, and spent the night in solitary brooding over his marital wrongs.

And the next day he found vent for his excited feelings



in a violent quarrel with his partner concerning some trifling matter of business, and burning with a mutual sense of insult and injustice, which neither in that hot moment of passion could forgive, they dissolved, without further consideration, their hitherto pleasant and prosperous connection as a legal firm.

Returning home just at nightfall, angry, grieved, wounded, desperate and ready, on the slightest provocation, to rupture, with the same haste and hotness, his domestic as well as his business partnership, he was stopped short in his headlong strides by an insinuating hand reached out warmly to him over the Widow Vane's shaded gate.

"My dear Mr. Grey, how like a ghost of yourself you are looking," spoke the friendly widow herself, leaning over the gate, with the tender sympathy that women have for the masculine sufferer in conjugal differences. "I'm afraid you are letting this thing wear on you too much, my friend."

"Squire Grey turned on her a swift glance of apprehension, and a wild suspicion darted like lightning through his brain that she, living in such close proximity, might have gathered more even than he himself suspected of his wife's infidelity and his friend's perfidy. He opened his lips once, as if he would have questioned, but native manliness restrained him from seeking information in such clandestine ways, and then—great Heaven!—what more could he desire to know?"

"If there is anything in the world I can do for you, Mr. Grey!" aspirated the widow, clasping her fair hands, and lifting her eyes with such a touching and mingled expression of sorrow, sympathy, respect and benevolent desire.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Vane," said the object of her solicitude, "but this is a matter which—excuse me—I cannot talk about."

"Ah, I know," cooed the widow, "so delicate and generous as you are in consideration of—one who should appreciate you better. I never saw anything like it. But you need not fear to confide in me. I have understood all about this affair ever since that morning when, running across the way for a friendly chat, I inadvertently overheard you reproving Mrs. Grey for her unfaithfulness."

"What morning was that, Mrs. Vane?" asked the gentleman, seeming unable to recall the circumstance.

"Why, the next after our picnic to the island, if you remember," said she. "I know I was just tripping in to talk over the affair when I was startled and quite set back by the sound of your voices in hot dispute, and though I hurried away as fast as my feet would carry me, I couldn't help hearing you tell Mrs. Grey in honest, manly words that if she loved any one else she should never have married you, and that you couldn't stand the disgrace of this connection of hers with George Duncan."

"The devil!" ejaculated Alexander Grey, Esq., staring at the lady in blank astonishment. (You will allow him to say the devil, good people. There was no other word which would exactly express his feelings at this crisis.)

"Why, madam," he went on, when he could get his breath, "you misunderstood the trouble altogether. My wife was wanting new parlor carpets, mirrors or some gimerackery or other, that it seemed to me we didn't need just at present, and as we were neither of us in the most amiable mood that morning, we ran into high words, which sounded a great deal more dreadful than we thought or felt, no doubt. I told her, like a savage brute, that I

couldn't afford such extravagancies, that if she loved she must be content with the fortunes of a man whom she knew to be poor when she married him—that it was a disgrace to go beyond our means, and that I was already under obligations to George Duncan for loans and could stand the burden of no more, and so forth and so on. By Jove! you grievously mistook the subject of our little disagreement, Mrs. Vane."

And Mrs. Vane, under the stern eyes suddenly let down upon her, remembered what she had forgotten, that her imagination had supplied the blanks in the broken conversation she had overheard and that she had reported it in this improved and amended form until the original facts of the case had quite escaped her.

A faint blush of shame dyed her innocent, benign face, but she was saved the mortification of an explanation or apology, for Neighbor Grey, suddenly overpowered with recollection of the bewilderingly sweet reconciliation which had followed close upon the almost-forgotten quarrel the widow had called up, was hastening on toward his home as if drawn by a powerful magnet, yet with a curious feeling that his feet were somehow caught in an invisible, perplexing net from which he knew not how to set himself free.

Behind him, unsuspected, the watchful spider sat in the centre of her cunning web and winked and blinked with satisfaction at the frantic struggles and buzzing excitement of her stupid and blundering victims.

As the troubled man entered the door in a maze of doubt, wonder and anxiety, his little daughter came running toward him, putting up her hands with touching appeal to the paternal heart. He stooped down and took the dainty darling in his arms, straining her passionately to his breast with a longing for sympathy and understanding, which the child vaguely felt but could not comprehend.

"Come to mamma, papa—come," she said, tugging at him with her small arms. "Mamma cry—cry—come, papa."

But papa held back with frowning brow, until Pet, whose young spirit was soured and darkened by the household shadow, put up her quivering, coral lip with threatenings of another outbreak of the storm which had evidently lulled at his coming.

"Come to mamma," she persisted, and he obeyed the beck of her imperious, little hand, finding mamma with her face buried in the cushions of a lounge upon which she had thrown herself in utter abandon, sobbing bitterly and thinking, half wildly, that if George Duncan should come to her that moment with tenderness and temptation she would not answer for the consequences, for the human heart, on ancient authority, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

"Tate mamma, too," commanded the wise little elf, pushing away from herself one of his clasping arms.

His heart yearned to take her, but pride and dignity were yet unconquered, though subdued, and he merely bent and stroked her hair with tender, lingering touch.

She started up at the well-known caress and reached out her hands with that grieved, penitent air which he never could resist. Down he sat upon the sofa beside her, and forgetting how injured and indignant he was, drew her close to his heart with Pet, who, laughing gleefully, essayed to clasp them both in her tiny, reaching arms.

"Oh, Aleck, dear, your suspicion has almost killed me,"



murmured the nestling wife, awaying between the outgoing cloud and the inbreaking sun.

"And don't you think I have suffered, too?" plaintively responded Aleck, dear.

"Ah, but it was all so needless," she said, quickly lifting her head and looking frankly into his eyes. "It was such absolute nonsense, Aleck."

He felt that it was. He could not, at that moment, find any tangible basis for the misery which had certainly seemed real enough a little while before; and yet there were things that he did not understand, and could not explain away; and thinking of them confusedly, he wisely kept silent, and let the little woman ease her burdened mind and heart.

"Why, don't you know," she went on, "that you took just the right course to drive me on to the very evil of which you so recklessly accused me? If George Duncan had been acting the part that you assumed I'm sure I don't know as I should have repulsed him; for when my brain gets in this whirl of angry resentment, I'm likely to do all sorts of rash, imprudent things."

He knew that she was. His conscience reproved him strongly for thrusting his impulsive, wayward, and hot-tempered darling into the very jaws of temptation—he who had promised solemnly to cherish and protect, but he would accept no apologies for George Duncan; the man was a villain, he would not doubt; and the more his heart warmed toward his wife, the more bitter and unforgiving he grew in judgment of the friend with whom he had quarreled, on pretences so shallow that he must needs justify himself to his own conscience by the assumption of other grounds.

Meantime, that gentleman himself was getting a little light on the perplexing affair, which he had vainly striven to unravel; growing more dazed, exasperated and indignant with every effort.

"Don't you see, Duncan, my boy," said an acquaintance, breaking in upon his vexed thoughts, "don't you see that there is something behind this trumped-up excuse of Grey's for a dissolution of your interests? Why, with the obligations he is under to you, it is something vital and close to his heart, you may be sure, that has driven him to a quarrel so evidently detrimental to himself, from a financial point of view."

"I see that clearly enough, if I chose to push my own advantage—which I don't," Duncan returned, "but what that vital something may be, which you suggest, I cannot, for the life of me, conjecture."

"Why," explained the wise instructor, "it is as plain as your Roman nose—the man is absurdly and insanely jealous."

"Jealous!" echoed the other with unfeigned astonishment, "of whom? of what? pray tell me!"

"Of yourself—of your admiration of his pretty wife—my unconscious brother."

"By my faith, I was not aware of any undue admiration of that lady," responded Duncan with heightened color.

"There is a current rumor to that effect, nevertheless," said the smiling friend, "and really, I thought your devotions to Mrs. Grey on Sunday rather justified it."

The young man started up with a swift, hot ejaculation, a sudden light breaking in on the darkness and mystery which had enveloped, not only this affair, but another more perplexing.

With his impetuous nature, to perceive was to act; and with only a breathless, "Excuse me," to his friend, he

rushed out, settling his hat as he cleared the steps, and setting his face straight in the direction of Heath Cottage. There could be no doubt but Clara had heard this absurd story, and therein, he saw at a glance, must lie the explanation of her singular change toward him.

Admitted to the dear, familiar parlor, whose peaceful air thrilled him through and through with tender memories, he inquired without delay for Miss Clara, and was assured, by the young sister who came to receive him, that Miss Clara was too much engaged to see visitors, and must be excused.

"Tell her," said the determined man, "that it is not possible for me to excuse her to-night, that I have come on an imperative errand, and that I will not leave the house until I have seen her, if I have to force an entrance to her room. Hasten, little girl."

"The Grand Sultan! What a tyrant he will be," muttered the little girl, running away with the message, which brought Miss Clara with an angry spark in her eye, but stately, and cold, and scrupulously polite.

Mr. Duncan rose as she entered, and standing, opened at once, and without preliminaries, the business on which he had come.

"I hear, Clara, that I am accused of coveting my neighbor's wife."

"Indeed!" she responded, lifting her eyebrows as though to say, "Does this possibly concern me?"

"Do you find this charge against me?" he asked, with a look that demanded an honest and unqualified reply.

"I—charge you with nothing," was the evasive and equivocal answer.

"I am assured that there is a current report to the effect that I cherish an improper regard for my friend, Mrs. Grey," he said, more directly. "Have you heard as much?"

"I have," was the curt response.

"Allow me to ask, did you credit it?"

Miss Clara flushed, and cast down her eyes in unusual embarrassment and confusion of manner. It seemed hard at that moment to confess to such folly, though there was no denying that it had influenced her action.

"Your behavior on Sabbath last, I thought, gave countenance to the report," she said, with some bitterness, dodging the issue.

It was Duncan's turn to flush and gnaw his lips with mortification and chagrin. This was the second time within half an hour that he had been taunted with an indiscretion that he could not excuse, and yet which he knew to be without any evil design at all.

"You forget," he said, with a hot sense of injustice, "that you condemned me for some cause before I gave countenance to such reports. And you know very well, Clara, that it was your previous cold, cutting, unexplained treatment of me, which drove me to an action—of which I am wholly ashamed—though I must maintain it was wrong only in the motives falsely imputed to me. I do not ask you to excuse my weakness; but I do feel as if I had merited more confidence than you have shown me; and that I had a right to know of what crime I was suspected, before you passed your silent sentence of excommunication upon me. Nor will I ask you now to have faith in my truth, honor and fidelity against the voice of idle report to which you have pleased to listen; but if you will come with me to the lady, who no doubt has suffered equally from this foul-mouthed scandal, I think she will be able to convince you that it is utterly without foundation, however unwisely we may have built upon it."

Clara Heath's fair face had undergone a multitude of changes during this plain, pointed speech, but its final expression was one of humility and contrition, infinitely sweet and touching to the heart of its one observer. The candor, honor, purity and manliness of her lover were so clearly manifest to her spirit, while he stood and talked before her, that her head drooped with shame that she had yielded to the base temptations of doubt, and wounded the loyal soul that had never wavered a hair's-breadth, she was certain, from its sworn and loving allegiance. Like Mr. Grey, at the same moment, she was puzzled to find the ground on which the tormenting suspicions of yesterday had been based; but, being a woman, it was the most easy, natural, graceful and happy thing in the world to confess her fault and plead forgiveness.

Advancing toward Duncan with outstretched hands, she said, with charming candor and meekness, and with a look of implicit trust, "I need nothing but your word to convince me that you are infinitely better, and nobler and truer than I, in this matter; and if you can pardon those unworthy doubts of mine, and take me back into your love, it is all that I can ask—more than I need expect."

But the generous-hearted lover had no more reproaches to utter; and before she was half through with her faltering speech, he had her in his arms, assuring her of his entire forgiveness, of his complete satisfaction, of his perfect felicity; and for both of them, that blessed hour, was fulfilled the prophecy of a new heaven and a new earth.

And so the spider's web was broken by the strugglings of its ensnared victims, though remnants of it still clung perplexingly about them; retarding, for some time, a return to the old, friendly relations of the gentlemen; neither of whom could approach the other with explanation of the delicate reasons underlying their disaffection.

There was, in fact, a sense of shame and wrong on all sides; for, with the propensity of human nature to fall into the evils of which it is suspected, and to react upon and against supposed injuries, each had really and actually diverged from the strict rule of right, and offended against the laws of inner peace and harmony.

Ah, if love were more tender, trustful and forbearing with its own—if life were too sacred to be broken on the fiery wheel of passion, too precious to be torn in tatters by petty conflicts—if souls were too strong, and earnest, and brave, and true, and high in aim and action, for the darting tongues of malice and mischief to reach and swerve; these people might have escaped this foolish snaring, and this weak sinning, and this story need not have been told, with moral tacked on at the last, as though 'twere an ancient fable instead of an everyday truth.

**HOW TO SHUT UP DRAMSHOPS.**—You would know how I would get the dramshop shut up. I answer that I would have government class the dramseller with high criminals, and punish him accordingly. This would be my way to shut up the dramshop, and it could not fail to be effectual. In my letter entitled "No Legislating for Temperance," I say: "The first duty of government is to strike out and extirpate the dramshop; and it is to do this not at all as a temperance measure, not at all to please the temperance reformers, but simply because government is instituted to protect person and property."

—GERRIT SMITH.

## THE WORLD'S FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. J. E. M'C.

**W**ORLDFLY friendship is well likened to the attachment of bees to the blossoms, so long as there is honey in them. But when the flowers fade and droop, the bees hie away to new opening buds.

Hand may join hand in sin; but when the soul comes to the last dread passage in its journey, its so-called friends drop off. Too often they make a jest of its woe.

Madam Pompadour had been long the guilty favorite of Louis XV. She had held almost royal power in the palace—had made and unmade cardinals and high officers of state. A jest, at her expense, had cost Frederick II. the seven years' war. Yet at the close of her career, she was most miserable. No magnificence could please her more than for the hour. At last she died at the Royal Palace, and was buried with pomp. The king stood at the window, on the stormy day, in which they bore her to her grave. Turning to a courtier he remarked, indifferently, "The marchioness has rather a wet day to set out on her long journey."

Lady Blessington, in her brilliant, worldly career, numbered, perhaps, more professed friends than any woman of her time. They were of the most polished circles, and included men of high rank, and fortune, and culture.

But, like the bees, they fled when the summer was over. She died in poverty, almost without a friend.

There is no cement for friendship like the common bond of love to Christ. Of real disciples of Jesus, it is as true now as in the early ages: "Behold, how these Christians love one another." The Master has given us this as a test-point. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples." If we find the opposite spirit in ourselves, we have just reason to fear He will say at last, "I know you not."

But when we have done with all of earth, how blessed if we can say, as did President Edwards, after bidding all his relatives good-bye: "Now, where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing friend?" And so saying he fell asleep.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Young girls should be exceedingly careful about falling in love with young men, whether rich or poor, who yet remain to be won. They cannot guard their affections too carefully in reference to those whose sentiments toward themselves are as yet unknown. Then again, when a young lady sits down to devise a scheme for the capture of a wealthy husband, as a general would plan a campaign, we think she enters upon an undertaking which she had better not be engaged in. The chances are that she will not succeed, and that if she does succeed she will not be happy. Marriage should be the spontaneous union of hearts as well as of hands. Then the relation contains the elements of happiness, but not otherwise. It has no promise for those who enter into it solely from cold calculations of advantage. If a young woman wishes to obtain a good husband, her surest way is by the sedulous cultivation of her own head and heart, and by learning all the domestic duties on which so much depends in married life. Thus she may attract him—it may be some one now unknown to her—as the most fragrant flowers attract the bee, even from a distance.

## WINDOW-CURTAINS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER VI.

A WHOLE month passed before we again sat together in that parlor, under the evil influence of our window-curtains. In that time, another life had taken its pulse from our lives. No name but that of Marion was sweet enough to my ears for the new-born baby; no other name could express a tithe of the love that flooded my heart. And so we called her Marion. I held in my hand a cup of rich wine; as I raised it to my lips to drink, the ruddy glow revived a guilty memory. My wine had a bitter taste!

I am not skilled enough in the use of words to convey by their means anything like an adequate impression of my state of mind during the first week or two of our baby's life. Naturally fond of children, parental love came with a bounding impulse. When I first held the tiny being to my heart, there was born in me a joy that I can only speak of as inexpressible. No human language has power to describe it. Ah! how quickly was this joy disturbed! Even as it rose, and swelled, and pervaded my whole being with its delicious thrills, I was conscious of an undertone of discord—of awakening disquietude—of deep-seated and depressing pain. I was clasping to my bosom the purest representative of innocence in nature. Was it possible, in this act, to forget the evil with which I had corrupted my life? Was it possible not to feel my shame? Not once only, but many times in these few first weeks of my new possession, did I put the baby back into Marion's arms because its weight on my bosom made the pressure of guilt so heavy that it was beyond endurance. Sometimes the sense of baseness was so strong, that I felt as if my touch would pollute the child. Oh, how bitter, bitter, bitter was the draught that should have been so delicious to my taste!

Every morning a servant bowed the parlor window-shutters to let in a small portion of light; but for weeks, except on the call of a visitor, I did not venture to meet the malicious, mocking face that I knew would leer at me from the folds of our window-curtains. I passed the door, in going out or coming in, with a kind of nervous uneasiness. I moved quickly, as though unwelcome intruders were therein, and I wished to get by without observation. The impression that evil spirits dwelt with each ill-gotten article of furniture in the parlor, haunted me with more than a vague impression. I felt the strange idea as a reality. Very certain it was, that I never entered that parlor without temptation, or mental distress. I was either urged to the commission of further wrongs, or tormented. The good things I had desired, had turned to evil things in my possession; and whenever I came near them, I was hurt in some way.

"What does it mean?" I asked myself, one day, as this power in dead substances to awaken pain, was forced upon my thought. "Not a single instant of true enjoyment," I said, talking with myself, "has attended the possession of these coveted articles that displaced the plainer furniture. 'Ill got, ill hold!' How sadly have I proved the truth of this adage! In every way my peace is troubled by them. They seem instinct with an evil life. There is a human expression about them. The curtains frown upon me with looks of accusation; the sofa's carved ornaments take the form of a half-human, half-fiendish, mocking face; the centre-table, with its crouching legs, seems, whenever I stand in its way, like some fierce beast

or devil about to spring upon and destroy me. What does it all mean? Am I losing my reason? Very sure am I, that a great change has taken place in the order of my life. The old harmony is disturbed. I have lost the old sense of peace and safety. Events touch me with a different force; men affect me differently. I am more on the alert; more suspicious; more afraid of people than formerly!"

Sometimes there flashed into my mind a strong light, by which I saw not only my danger, but a sure way of escape; and with the light came also an intense desire to get back into the old, safe paths, poor and humble though they were. Restitution was involved; and how was I, a poor clerk, on a moderate salary, to make restitution? The sum of my guilty possessions reached, it was true, only one hundred and fifty dollars. But, the self-denial, running through many long months, demanded for the work, seemed, in my eyes, the aggregation of all difficulties. The light of truth faded in the shadows of irresolution; desire grew feeble; my ruling worldly loves swept me onward again—onward, onward toward an ocean that wrecks the bark of every mariner who tempts its treacherous bosom!

When Marion stood with me again in our parlor, bright, beautiful chairs matched the sofa and centre-table, and a long, mantel mirror reflected our forms. So the current had borne me along! She knew nothing of the little surprise that awaited her—nor of the dark chamber in my soul, where I had locked up another guilty secret. I had promised myself great pleasure in her delight, when she saw complete harmony in our furniture. It was her first morning down to breakfast. After the meal was over, I drew her into the parlor. She was leaning on my arm when we entered. I moved in front of the mirror, and stood still, waiting for her exclamation of pleasure. How long she was in speaking! She drew her hand away from my arm, and, instead of leaning against, stood free from me. The mirror was not large; the cost only thirty-five dollars. I had hesitated some time between this and another for which fifty dollars was asked; and since it came home, had more than once regretted my choice. It would have been as easy for me to pay fifty as thirty-five dollars for a mirror, considering how the money came into my hands. I will not pause, here, to enlighten the reader on that subject. It is sufficient, that my mirror was accused, with nearly every other article in the room, and, therefore, unable to give true pleasure.

"How do you like it?" I asked, at length, growing impatient of Marion's silence.

A movement of her head gave me, at this instant, the full reflection of her face in the glass. I saw disappointment written therein.

"You think it too small," I said, with a feeling of stricture in my throat.

"I would rather have waited a while longer," Marion answered, in a voice she was evidently trying to control.

"Look at the new chairs," I said, with a forced lightness of tone.

Marion turned from the mirror.

"Oh, what an extravagant man!" she exclaimed. Surprise mingled with pleasure.

"Things are about right now." The satisfaction in my voice was more affected than real.

Marion looked from the chairs to the mirror. She did not respond, but her manner said, "No, things are not just right."

I was afraid to speak, lest I should get a reply that would hurt me. In the brief pause that followed, my heart wrought heavily. Marion broke the silence.

"A pair of vases would have cost less."

"But they would not have furnished so well. There is a style about a mirror which nothing else can give," I made answer.

"I would rather have had the vases." I noticed an irrepressible dissatisfaction in Marion's voice. "These long mantel-mirrors," she added, "are going out of fashion for parlors."

Out of fashion! Marion could not have failed to see the astonishment in my eyes. And so fashion was coming in to help in the work of driving contentment from our household. Mantel mirrors were going out, and vases coming in.

"In the pier, between the curtains, a mirror would have looked splendidly. But for the mantel, true taste decides in favor of lighter and more graceful ornaments."

I turned toward the pier. Yes, Marion was right. I saw it in a moment.

"No doubt I can exchange it for a pier glass."

"Oh, if you could!"

How her countenance brightened! But it lost a touch of its old beauty in the glow of awakened pride. The tender reflections of unselfish love had in them a sweetness that worldlings could not give. She laid her hand upon my arm; she smiled into my face; her eyes were full of light—but my heart did not draw to her with the old, strong attraction. She was my tempter, not my watchful guardian angel. Her smiles lured me from the path of safety.

"Would you really like such an exchange?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed! If it can be made. But a pier-glass will cost more." Her voice fell.

"Not much. This glass cost thirty-five dollars. I saw a very neat oval pier-glass for forty."

"Large enough for our pier?"

"Yes." Then I added, with a depression of tone that I could not help, for unwelcome thoughts stirred in my mind: "But the cost of vases will have to be considered."

A shadow fell over Marion's brow. She could not repress her disappointment. The pier-glass had been seen by her in position between the crimson curtains; and now that my suggestion had removed it, the wall looked bare and unattractive.

Whenever her face was in shadow, my heart was in shadow also. So, to disperse the cloud that obscured the sunbeams, I said quickly: "This must not trouble us. One thing at a time. I'll see about the pier-glass to-day. After we get that, we'll think of the vases. No doubt I can manage them also. I am getting better skilled in the world's ways. Baldwin is a fine teacher."

"Is he a safe one?"

Marion turned and fixed her large eyes upon mine with a suddenness of movement that disconcerted me.

"Accelerated speed is usually attained at the cost of safety," I replied. "The old adage must always hold good in business, as in everything else—'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.' I have ventured something, and gained. I shall continue to venture. That is the rule of business now; and I must adopt the rule, or give up all this," sweeping out my hand to indicate my meaning as involving fine furniture.

Marion's face grew sober. She looked down at the carpet, and did not answer for nearly a minute. I par-

posely waited for her response to these outspoken sentences. A deep sigh came at length from her lips.

"Hiram," she said, her manner entirely changed, "if we are not in safety, then danger threatens. Danger of what?"

I could scarcely bear the eager searching of her eyes.

"Nothing was said of danger," I remarked.

"Accelerated speed is usually attained at the cost of safety. This is what you said."

Her eyes still looked steadily into mine. I saw a doubt in them. "Doubt of what?" I hurriedly asked myself. "Of honor? Of integrity?" My heart beat with intermittent pulses—stood still—then plunged on again with a heavy, stunning beat.

"Marion," I could not rally myself to speak lightly, and so let my voice drop into a serious tone; "Marion, in all human affairs there is uncertainty. No one can make even the smallest business venture and be sure of the result. This is all I mean. So don't let your heart be troubled. I shall be wary and prudent."

"Wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove," she answered, as a faint light broke over her face. There was more of doubt than conviction in her tone—more of warning than assertion.

I turned partly away, with a feeling of sickness at my heart, but rallied with a quick effort, and, kissing her, said in a light voice: "Time flies, and I must be away to business."

My steps were hurried as I left the house, but were soon impeded by a weight of thought. Again the better angels of my life strove with me, but strove in vain.

"It is of no use! I have gone too far astray, and cannot get back!" I answered to all their pleadings and warning. And so I put them to silence, and went blindly onward.

I still held the place of cashier, and large amounts of money passed daily through my hands. Since holding this position, a man named Luke Garnish had been coming nearer and nearer by slow approaches. Let me describe this man. He was forty years of age; in stature just above the middle height; stout and squarely built—his whole physique indicating good digestion and healthy assimilation. His head was large and full in the frontal region, with perception well developed. His eyes were a dull gray, and what might be called a little sleepy, and rarely changed in expression—never lit up. And yet you could not look into them without a feeling that their dullness was a veil. His face was broad and round—always smoothly shaven—and calm in expression. Thick skin—so thick that the blood never found its way through to the epidermis, rendering him incapable of a blush. He was a man that you would not fail to observe, meet him where you would; but in your effort to read him you would find yourself at fault. He would impress you as a man of latent rather than of active force. All his movements were deliberate and easy, his step light as a woman's, though his weight did not fall much below two hundred.

Garnish had been for months lessening the distance between us, and now stood quite close to me. Almost every day he came into the store on business, and rarely left without throwing me a familiar word, or standing at my desk to chat a few moments. I did not like him at first—in fact, never had any honest liking for him; because, in all the years we afterward stood in intimate relation one to the other, he was the steady magnet, and I the facile needle—he the acting and I the re-acting force.



Always I felt in him the presence of an evil power, superior to my will. He made me afraid of him from the beginning.

I was sitting at my desk on this particular morning, running my eyes along a column of figures, when I became conscious of his approach before my ears caught the gliding sound of his almost noiseless footsteps. I felt him coming by an inner sense. A strong feeling of repulsion seized upon me. It was as much as I could do to keep from insulting him, when he laid his arms softly on my desk, and turned his fair, silky-smooth hands gently one within the other, his lips bending to my ears.

"Pleasant morning, Friend Melchor."

He had never called me "friend" before. This word—something in the tone of his voice—something in his manner—warned me of the presence of a tempter. Had I been innocent, comprehending him as I did by a new-born intuition, I would have pushed him from me with a force he had found it impossible to withstand. But, I was not innocent; and the better angels of my life, banished from their central influence, were standing at a distance. So I took hurried counsel with myself, and, under a latent hope of some advantage, admitted the tempter.

"Very pleasant," I responded, with an effort to be civil.

"I've been thinking about you for two or three days," said he, dropping his voice to a confidential tone.

"Of me!" Betraying the not unpleasant surprise I felt.

"Yes, of you. I didn't mean to say so at this time and place; but it would drop out. I've had a kind of liking for you from the beginning, and one of my weaknesses is a desire to serve those I like. Call in and see me some evening," and he laid his card on my desk. "This evening, if you have no engagement. I shall be at home. It will be to your advantage, I think."

I looked into his dull, gray eyes, and calm, comfortable face, and felt repulsion diminishing.

"Do you say this evening?"

"Thank you? Yes."

"Ugh!" said Martindale, with a nervous shudder, crossing to my desk, as Garnish went out of the store. "I'd as lief have a snake touch me as that man."

"Prejudice," I answered.

"No, perception," he said. "There is about the man a sphere of his quality as palpable to an inner sense as an unpleasant odor to my nostrils. I am repelled and on guard the moment he comes near me."

"A mere fancy," I replied, forcing a laugh.

"I always heed such fancies," was his calm response.

"You don't pretend," said I, rallying my disturbed thoughts, "to rest your judgment of men on such vague impressions?"

"I take the impressions as kindly warnings and stand on guard."

"Do you know anything about Mr. Garnish?" I asked.

"Have no personal knowledge of him, and never heard anything said touching his character, good or bad. But for all that, if I were living in the same house with him, I would change my quarters. So, you see," he added, smiling, "I am decided in my likes and dislikes."

"Resting them on things impalpable as the air."

"No, my friend!" His answer was quickly spoken and emphatic. "I rest them on the God-given intuitions, for which I am profoundly thankful."

"How do you know that they are God-given?" I questioned.

"Because they draw me toward good men and repel me from the bad," he answered, fixing his clear, innocent eyes on mine with a look so steady that it troubled me.

"And you judge of men's qualities by such vague impressions as these?"

"I judge no man except from his life; and in my short experience, when a man's acts have revealed his quality, I have found my first impressions of him rarely at fault. So I heed them, thankful, as I said before, for an inner sense that no disguise can baffle. Take my advice, Melchor," he added, in a warning tone, as he turned from my desk, "and have nothing to do with this man."

The admonition startled me, for I was very sure that Martindale could not have heard Garnish ask me to call and see him.

## CHAPTER VII.

TWICE that evening I passed the dwelling of Luke Garnish, held back from entering by an oppressive sense of impending evil. Martindale's warning—"Have nothing to do with this man!"—kept sounding in my ears. But stifling, at last, all such hindering impressions, and hushing that voice of warning, I rang the bell and was shown into a small but elegantly-furnished library, where Garnish sat awaiting my arrival. He received me with a quiet familiarity and ease of manner that was flattering to my self-love, and partially obliterated, for the time, my bad impression of the man.

Soon he began to draw me out by leading questions, and it was not long before he was in possession of all concerning me personally that he desired to know. I had not meant to be so communicative, but he led me on and on so skilfully that I scarcely knew where I was going.

"Salary only a thousand dollars." There had been a pause in our conversation, and he sat thinking. Interest and concern were blended in his voice as he said this, lifting his eyes from the floor and looking at me in a kindly manner.

"Nine hundred," I replied. "Only nine hundred."

He shook his head gravely. "And you have a wife and child?"

"Yes."

"Not enough. You'll fall behind—get into debt."

His voice was smooth and insinuating—almost tender with well-feigned interest. But I was not deceived. I felt in that moment, when I was gliding consciously into the sphere of his powerful will, that he had no deeper regard for me than a serpent has in the bird he is trying to charm. But I was already loosed from safe anchorage, and drifting away I knew not whither. This man is shrewd and far-seeing, I said—knows the ways of the world—where the pitfalls and quicksands lie, and how to avoid them. I will be safer under his guidance than my own.

"Debt!" I answered, with feeling. "No, Mr. Garnish! Come what will, I am resolved to keep out of debt. It is my horror."

"How are you to avoid it?" he asked, with his dull, gray eyes on my face. "Nine hundred dollars will not bring you out even. Let me see! How much rent do you pay?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars," I answered.

"Which is one-fourth of your salary. The wages and board of two servants—for, with a baby in the house, your wife cannot possibly do without two—will use up another



fourth, leaving you but four hundred and fifty dollars to keep the house and buy your clothing. Not enough! As to your making both ends meet, it is out of the question. What then? Why, debt!"

A dark cloud seemed to fall down over me. I shivered.

"But your salary will be advanced. The house cannot fail to appreciate the services of a young man of your ability," said Garnish.

I shook my head.

"You have their confidence."

The sentence stabbed me like a knife-thrust.

"I presume so."

"I know that it is so," he said, confidently. "Only a few days ago I spoke of you to Mr. Royal, and his remark was, 'Not fast, but steady and safe.'"

"Did Mr. Royal say that?" I felt my face flushing to a scarlet hue.

"Does it surprise you?" Garnish asked, dropping his veiled eyes from mine in a careless way.

"Yes; for I did not suppose he had any appreciation of such qualities."

"Don't you believe it. Royal knows the calibre of every man in the establishment, and looks to it that each one gets into the right place."

"He may not be as wise as he thinks himself," said I.

Garnish stroked the puffy fingers of his soft hands, and turned them within and around each other in steady alternation. It was his only movement that could be called nervous, and I learned to recognize it as a sign of subtle and active thought.

"The keenest are at fault sometimes," he quietly answered.

"And often overreach themselves," I remarked; giving to the sentence a meaning that my companion's quick ear did not fail to note.

"You think the house not prudent in some of its confidences?"

"It is not for me to say that. But I have my own notion of things. Quiet people are not apt to be dull observers."

"I understand you," said Garnish, his silky-soft hands slowly turning in each other. Then, after a brief silence, "They are advancing Baldwin."

"Yes."

"A young man of considerable ability."

"Yes."

"Living rather fast, is he not?"

"It would be fast for me."

"Not so much afraid of debt as you are?"

"Oh, dear, no! He furnished his house on credit."

"How did he manage when the bills came due?"

"Borrowed the money to pay them, I suppose."

"And what then?"

"Don't ask me," I replied, a shudder of repulsion going down to the very centre of my being. I knew, in that moment, as well as if the fact had been written on this man's forehead, that he had neither honor nor conscience, and that, in all these questions, he was only trying to get some clear indication touching the quality of my life.

"Have you any outside operations?" he asked, abruptly.

I understood him. I had lied to my wife, and it came easy to repeat the lie to him.

"Yes," I said. "Enough to keep me out of debt."

"What are they?"

"Buying little, odd lots of goods, now and then, not in our line, and selling at a small advance."

"Oh! ah!" And his soft fingers turned over, and around, and between each other, in quicker movements, "I may be able to help you in this," he added.

"Thank you," I replied. "It is generous to say so. My close confinement at the desk leaves my opportunities small."

"So I should think. I am around a great deal, and know all the ins and outs of things. But," he added, dropping his voice, as one in whose mind a difficulty arose; "operations of this character don't amount to anything, unless there is some command of money."

I did not reply. Garnish was silent long enough to give me time for his next question—I knew what it would be.

"Can you get the temporary use of small sums?"

"It will depend on the amount required," I answered.

"Say from fifty to five hundred dollars."

"If the time were short, and the operations involved no risk, I might be able to do so."

Garnish stroked his fingers, and nodded his head with an air of satisfaction. It may have been fancy, but I thought I saw a gleam of fire in his dull eyes, visible for a single instant.

"I might help you a little in this way, but shall not do so," he said. "I have a truer regard for your interests. Self-help is the very essential of prosperity. Your impediment is lack of opportunity for outside operations, that often pay so well. Here I am ready to come to your aid, provided you can raise the needed funds."

I was not deceived. Never, in all my life, were my intuitions so clear as on that evening. If he had said:

"You are cashier in Link, Royal & Co's establishment, and thousands of dollars pass through your hands daily. No one will be the wiser for any temporary use made of a few hundred dollars, and promptly returned after such use. So, help yourself, my young friend," I would have understood his meaning no better.

"You are satisfied there will be no risk?" said I.

"None in the world," he replied.

We sat looking at each other, for a short space of time, in silence; each endeavoring to read the other, while he tried to veil himself. The effort on both sides was about equally successful.

"I know of a very good operation that can be made to-morrow," said Garnish, breaking the silence.

His manner told me that he did not wish to be questioned as to its nature. So I made no queries in that direction.

"How much money will be required?" I asked.

"A hundred dollars. I can turn it for you in two or three days, with little or no trouble to myself, and increase the sum from ten to thirty per cent."

"Without risk?"

"I'll guarantee the operation," said he, confidently.

"All I could ask. You are very kind, sir." I felt a touch of gratitude, even while I knew he was sinister, and was tempting me from paths of safety. Ah, if my feet had not already strayed, he would have tempted me in vain.

"Small trouble to me," was his smoothly-spoken answer. "It will come in my way."

"At what time to-morrow will you want the money?" I asked.

"Can you have it ready by twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Or stay," he said, looking thoughtful; "I will supply

the funds, and you can bring the amount to me here in the evening."

"It will suit me better," said I.

So our first compact was made.

I had no sound sleep that night; but, oh, such dreams! My better angels, banished far away from my guilty consciousness in the daytime, drew near in sleep; and, out of the stuff that dreams are made of, wrought warning visions of such fearful import that I was in terror through all the hours till daylight came. But their warnings were in vain.

"Not going out?" said my wife, on the next evening, as she saw me take up my hat. A look of surprise, just shaded by anxiety, crossed her face. I had been more silent and absorbed than usual since coming home; a circumstance she had not failed to notice.

"Yes; I have an engagement," I answered. My voice betrayed the disquietude of mind from which I was suffering. I turned my head a little, so that she might not read, in my countenance, the almost guilty secret I held.

"With whom?" she asked; the shadow deepening on her face. She seemed to have an instinct of something wrong.

"A business matter," I replied. "Won't be gone long." And I kissed her and the baby and went away.

"Hiram! Hiram!" she called after me as I opened the street door; but I pretended not to hear her, and shut the door after me with a firm hand.

I found Mr. Garnish in his handsomely-furnished library awaiting my arrival. He received me in the blandest manner, grasping my hand warmly, and seating me in one of his comfortable easy chairs.

"Well, what's the word?" said he, coming at once to business, as he took a chair in front of me, and commenced winding his soft hands about each other. His steady, gray eyes were reading my face. I felt their cold fascination. They had moral murder in them.

"All right," I replied. What a strange sound my voice had! I hardly knew it.

"Got the money?"

"Yes." I drew out my pocket-book and counted the roll of bank-bills it contained. "One hundred dollars."

"I'll make it a hundred and twenty for you by day after to-morrow," said Garnish, as he took the bills from my hand. "There's no risk in it, and no wrong to any one," he added; "if there was, I'd be the last one to lead you into a thing of this kind. You can replace the original sum, and have a nest-egg of twenty dollars all your own. Don't you see?"

He spoke in the blandest and most insinuating manner. But I was neither deceived nor blinded. I knew what I had done to be wrong; I knew that Garnish had sinister designs, and meant to use me for his own ends. But I had launched my bark on a strong current, smooth and still as the surface seemed to lie before me, and already I was beginning to feel the downward set of the current.

"Yes, I see." My words meant a great deal more to me than they did to him. I saw myself stepping from the solid earth to a floating raft.

"I have taken a liking to you, Friend Melchor, as I told you yesterday, and am going to show you how to get along." Garnish had great control over his voice, which was low, smooth and flexible. It was peculiarly soft and insinuating now. "They are holding you back where you are; I know the ways of the house. If they find a young man who just suits a particular department—as you suit

the one you are now in—they will keep him just there, and never give him a chance to rise. You are accurate, methodical and trustworthy"—I fancied I could perceive a touch of evil humor in his voice—"just the man for cashier; and you will get no higher, if you remain with Link, Royal & Co. until you are as gray as a badger. Men like Baldwin are the ones they advance; men of boldness, push and pluck; men who can drive a sharp bargain and always get the best of it; men not troubled by small scruples."

"Yes, I understand all about that," I replied.

"You know Clark, Smallwood & Co.," said Garnish.

"Yes."

"Doing a tip-top business and making money like dirt."

"So it is said."

"I gave Smallwood a start."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He was plodding on just as you are. I saw it, and made my mind up to give him a lift. Kind of took a fancy to him; and when I take a fancy to any one, I put him through, if I can. It took a little effort to get him out of his old ways; but it wasn't long before he was turning a sixpence here and there, and getting to understand the ins and outs of a great many things he'd never dreamed of before. He found the opportunities so many miss because they don't look after them. There are hundreds of chances to make money if one is only in their way. The men who succeed put themselves in the way. You understand?"

I merely nodded.

"Well, you see, Smallwood was an apt scholar; and the nimble sixpence he turned soon became dollars, and the dollars were soon counted by hundreds. In a couple of years, and while he still held his place on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, he had made over six thousand dollars by outside operations of one kind and another, and was able to buy an interest in the house of Clark & Co. His ability now showed itself to still greater advantage. He gave to the business of the firm a new impulse, enlarging its operations and its profits, and after three or four years, rising to the second place in the establishment. He is worth, to-day, over two hundred thousand dollars."

I was oppressed by all this, not seeing the way by which I could rise. The white, doughy hands of Mr. Garnish were turning in and out, winding and twisting, busy as two great spiders at work upon the chords and webs that were to entangle some unwary fly. I felt afraid of him. I had heard something about Mr. Smallwood which had given me an unfavorable impression of his character, and was trying to recall it. The whole story flashed upon me at once. He had been confidential clerk in a manufactory owned by a man without education, and ignorant of account-keeping. The business was large and profitable, and the manufacturer considered a moderately wealthy man; but, to the surprise of every one, he failed. His accounts were not in a satisfactory condition, and his creditors were unable to get at the real cause of the disaster. He could not help them, for account-books were about as intelligible to him as Greek; and Smallwood's exhibits and balance-sheets were just as he chose to make them. Very hard things were said against him, and there were many who believed that he had ruined his employer. About six months after the failure he went into the firm of Clark & Co., investing some capital.

Yes, it all came to me in a moment. And this was one of Mr. Garnish's protégés!

"Wasn't he with Wapley?" I asked.

The soft, silky hands became still.

"Yes; and they said some hard things about him. But there was no truth in them. I was one of Wapley's creditors, and know all about it. The cause of his failure lay in his own pig-headedness. He bought his raw material badly, often laying in large stocks on an uncertain market, and always getting caught. There seemed to be a fatality about him. And then he trusted men that Smallwood warned him against, and lost over and over again in consequence. I was one of a committee of creditors to examine the books, and found them all right to a dot. It is easy to get up false reports about a man. I thought this one had been scattered to the wind long ago. There's not a word of truth in it, my young friend; take my word for that."

His hands commenced slowly winding about each other again. But for all his asseveration to the contrary, I believed the report against Smallwood. I remained silent, and the hands stopped moving and drew apart.

"How much business does your firm do in a year?" he asked, in his bland, penetrative way. I saw the hands close together.

"In the neighborhood of half a million."

"No more?" he returned. "I thought your business reached at least a million. I'm sure I heard Mr. Royal put it at that figure." The fair, soft hands were in motion again.

"It may reach seven hundred thousand; but I doubt if it goes beyond," was my reply.

"Even that is pretty fair," he remarked.

"I should think so if it were mine," I returned.

"Clark, Smallwood & Co. are doing over a million, and it isn't five years since Smallwood went into the firm."

My tempter was cunning. He understood human nature well—especially human nature on its weak side. He had shown Smallwood the way to fortune, and would show me also if I put myself under his lead.

"There are hundreds of chances open for young men all the while," he resumed; "but your clerks and book-keepers, who are chained all day behind counters and desks, have no opportunity to find them."

"And no means of using the opportunity should it present itself," I replied, a little bitterly. "For those, at least, who are kept on starvation salaries."

The hands wound about each other more freely now.

"You hit it exactly," he replied. "It is dreadful the way in which some merchants rob their clerks. I say rob, for what is it but robbery to make ten thousand dollars out of a poor clerk's services, and give him only one thousand? That is one of the things, my young friend, that I can't stand. I wrote an article about it in *The Merchant's Magazine*, and raised a little storm about my ears. But I didn't care. Have had my reward. That article has put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the hands of poor clerks, and brought comfort into thousands of homes. I know of twenty cases myself. Starvation salaries! You said the true word, friend Melchor!"

And he laid one of his soft hands on my arm. The touch made me creep. I could hardly help moving away.

"No wonder," he went on, "that so many cases of dishonesty occur. While I blame, I can never help feeling pity for the poor wretches whom pressing needs too often lead astray. We are all human. A man will do desperate things for the sake of his wife and children, dear

to him as the wives and children of the men for whom he is giving the best years of his life for a starvation salary, as you have just said, are to them. Many an infatuated young man, reasoning falsely, has brought himself to believe that, being justly entitled to a larger salary than he receives, he may, without guilt of conscience, take more if he can get it. Reasoning falsely, understand me, friend Melchor. He is all wrong. But I am only stating what is; showing how a bad and selfish—I might almost say dishonest—system of compensation leads to dishonesty among employees. Evil seed will produce evil fruit. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles."

"The devil quoting scripture," I could not help saying in my thoughts, so clear was my perception of his quality. I knew that the soft hands twining so busily about each other were but the outward sign of what was going on in his active consciousness; that he was weaving a web in which I was to be entangled. But I said to myself in a kind of reckless confidence: "We will see about that when the time comes. The fly may be stronger than he thinks."

I was not walking blindfold. But he might have woven his web and spread his net in vain had I not already consented to sin; if the coil behind had not seemed greater than the danger before. But for the window-curtains, and their exactions and tyrannies, I would have spurned his enticements. I dared not to do so now. At a difficult place in life he had reached out his hand to help me over, and I had grasped the friendly hand. The moment I was on firm ground, I could drop it if I chose to do so and walk alone. I need not be led into evil. So I thought.

"Come and see me day after to-morrow, in the evening. I shall have a good report to make," said Garnish, as I left him that night after talking about various matters for over an hour. My faith in the mercantile value of fair dealing was not as strong as before. Not that he had commended unfair dealing, but he had a way of dealing with facts that weakened your faith in everything but that selfish alertness which takes advantage of opportunity, and gets gain no matter who finds loss.

"We have to look to ourselves in this world, my young friend," he said, during our conversation. "It is all very well to talk of a young man's forgetting everything in his interest for his employer; as if his own worldly success and advancement were a secondary affair. He should be faithful in the work committed to his hands, just as a machine is faithful. But there his duty ends. Whatever he can plan and execute beyond that should be for himself. If he fail in this, he will be a mere machine all his life, and grind for others. You understand me?"

I understood him thoroughly.

(To be continued.)

**WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL.**—The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward he will be found struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks, tariffs, bad public policy or hard times, but their own extravagance and heedless ostentation.

## THE LOVERS OF TANGLE ISLAND.

FROM "BELGRAVIA" ANNUAL.

I CANNOT say when I first began to feel the change that had come over me. I had liked my work; was earnest in my wish to improve; knew that I was improving. Gradually I became listless; could not fix my attention on anything; found myself idling away my time; looking at nothing, thinking of nothing; with a dull, heavy head, and body ill at ease. I had better state at once that I was not in love. The most trivial thing—a carriage passing in the street, a fly buzzing on the window-pane—was sufficient to distract my attention. I was specially attracted by other people's conversation, which was curious, because if there was one sort of sneak that I had despised more than another, it was an eavesdropper. One day I heard a firm voice say, in the inner office (I was an attorney's clerk), "It matters nothing, sir. The place is mine; and if I choose to let it run wild, that is my business." If you will not prosecute these people, I must employ some one who will."

Simple words enough. "These people" had evidently been trespassing; and our senior partner (as kind-hearted a man as ever stepped) had suggested that, as "the place"—wherever it was—was uncultivated, they had done no positive harm. And yet, all that night, that firm voice rang in my ears; and the idea that I was to be prosecuted took possession of me. I was going to be hanged for trespass! I knew that this was an absurdity, but still I was going to be hanged. No; it was not a nightmare. I was wide awake. I could not sleep. My bed turned round with me, slowly at first, making a ring of phosphorescent matter in the air as it swung. My head ached frightfully. I burned all over. The walls of my room vanished, and I was whirling along in space—always on my road to be hanged for trespass. Then I sank—sank—sank slowly; and as I sank, the pain and the burning passed away. I was on an island shaded by great willows, whose silver bark shone in the sunshine, and whose quivering leaves made dreamy music overhead. Violets and primroses bloomed around on the grass, made more deliciously green and cool to my aching eyes by feathery ferns which nestled in every little hollow. But, oh, the wash of the water, as the river swept along beside me! The placid calm of the deep pool that curled at my feet! The soft, slow waving of the reeds! No words can paint the delight I felt. No pain, no horrid whirling, no fear. Nothing but rest; deep, cool, green rest, with the murmur of the leaves and the ripple of the stream for a lullaby.

I had brain fever, from overwork, they said. It had been creeping over me for some time, and at last struck me down. For days I had raved about some crime I had committed. For weeks my life was in danger. Just before I sank, weak and tortured, on that blessed little isle, I fancied I heard some voice say, "Thank God!" I had awakened from a natural sleep, and it was my dear sister's voice.

When our poor mother died, I was a strong boy of ten; and Mary was "the baby," often left in my charge whilst our father, a hard-working barrister, attended to his business. Before she was fourteen our position was reversed. I was a hopeless cripple, and she my nurse—my friend, my comforter, my second mother. I have heard that cripples are envious of health and beauty in others. For myself, I can only say that, if I were to describe Mary, you would think that I was a lover painting my mistress. Well, she is my only love, my ideal, and concentration of

all that is beautiful and winning in woman—my patient, tender sister. She floats, rather than walks, about the house; and the very air that surrounds her is charged with peace. There is music in her voice, hope in her soft, brown eyes, and pain sinks deadened under the touch of her gentle hand.

My father was a learned and a laborious, but, in worldly matters, a careless man. Mary and I had little more to live on than we could earn. I got thirty shillings a week in the office of Messrs. Bradley & Turr, and she gave lessons in drawing and music. Mr. Bradley was very kind. Though it was nearly three months before I could return to my duty, he never filled up my place; and the parents of Mary's pupils were just as considerate to her during the time when she could not leave my bedside. It was all done for her sake—every one loved her.

We often talked about my sensations during that frightful illness—especially about that imaginary isle on which my fever-tossed mind had been flung, and where I had found such exquisite peace and repose. We called it Tangle Island, and made quite a little romance out of it.

One Saturday afternoon, when I was nominally well, but woefully weak and spent, Sam Payne—one of my brother clerks, and a very good fellow in his way—came, and proposed to give us a row on the river. It would freshen me up a bit, he said. So off we set—Mary and I and Sam; he rowing, she steering, and I stowed away as comfortably as they could manage in the stern-sheets. It did freshen me up, and pleasant it was at first, but there was no support for my poor back, and I got tired. Mary—who reads me like a book—found this out, and proposed that Sam should land us where there were some willow-trees and a nice grassy bank, upon which I could rest, whilst Sam went on to a mill about a mile and a half lower down, where he had to transact some business for his father.

I was right glad to lie down, and Mary made me as snug as snug could be with the shawls and pillow she had brought.

"O Charley," she cried, when she had done, "look about you! Would not this do for Tangle Island?"

I had been in pain in the boat; I was easy on the bank. I was steeped in pleasant green shade. There were violets, and ferns, and primroses around. There was a musical ripple of flowing water, a dreamy waving of reeds, a glint of sunshine upon a golden shallow, in which minnows flashed and darted—just as in my dream. I don't mean to say that the spots were identical. What I had seen in fancy was all much larger, and I felt that I myself had no size or weight, and floated rather than reposed. But the associations were the same—above all, that of relief from suffering; so that, in a little time, I blended the one into the other, and made them identical.

"It would indeed, dear," I replied, "if it were an island at all."

"I think it is," she said; "I think a branch of the river runs on the other side. Let me go and see; I will be back in a moment."

She went, and returned with a bunch of forget-me-nots in her hand.

"It is an island, sir; and just as pretty and wild as the one you described," she said, as she resumed her seat by my side. "I must take a sketch of it; and when you are a little more rested, you shall go to the other side and judge for yourself."

She took her sketch—she was so quick and happy with her pencil—and, supported by her dear arm, I crawled to



the other bank, where we found as nice a nook as that we had left.

"Now is it your island?" asked Mary.

"Yes, dear," I said, "it is my island."

"The deuce it is!" growled a harsh voice behind us; "I thought it was mine."

We turned, and saw a man—a hard-featured man—of about thirty-five years of age, in a common, brown shooting-dress and a straw hat, standing on a hillock in our rear. We were both so innocent of doing any harm, that after a momentary motion of surprise, we took no notice of the interruption, and Mary went on putting some touches to her sketch.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the stranger, in a gruffer tone than before.

"My brother is an invalid, sir," Mary replied, moving a little nearer to me. "A friend took us out for a row; but he could not endure the fatigue of sitting up in the boat, so we landed here."

"On my property."

"We did not think it was the property of any one in particular. It looks wild enough."

"The old, idle excuse for trespass," he cried, passionately; and then I knew him. He was the man whose voice I had heard in Mr. Bradley's office—the man who had insisted upon trespassers being prosecuted. "What is it to you," he continued, "how I may please to keep my land?"

"We have been here but a short time, and we will go directly the boat comes back," said Mary.

I said something, too, at this point, and at others; but all that is worth repeating passed between him and Mary; so I will not tell you what I said.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, after a pause.

I think he was rather taken aback at my sister's coolness. It takes a good deal to convince a woman she is in the wrong, especially when she is acting for one she loves.

"Indeed I do not," she replied; "and I—"

"Well, go on," he said.

"Excuse me. I was going to say something which I prefer to leave unsaid."

"Why?"

"In the first place, because it would have been rude, and in the next because—"

"You are checking yourself again."

"Do you really want to know my second reason?"

"Out with it."

"Well, it is no use trying to punish a fish by throwing water on it."

"Meaning that I am so rude myself that I could not feel an insult?" he observed, with a grim smile.

"You can draw your own conclusions," she replied, carelessly; "but excuse my remarking that all this agitates my poor brother, who is only just out of his bed from brain-fever. We are sorry we came. We will go as soon as we can. Will not that satisfy you?"

"What is his brain-fever to me?"

"It might be something to you to know that this quiet place has brought a sufferer release from pain," she said, quite earnestly; but I saw her lip tremble.

"Vastly fine!" he sneered. "See to what such ideas lead. You march into my house, you eat my dinner, drink my wine, unasked, unwelcomed; and when I venture to expostulate, you say, 'Oh, we have conferred a favor upon you. We were tired, hungry, thirsty. We are better now. Won't you thank us for what we have done?'"

"There is no similarity in the cases," said Mary, flushing up. "We have consumed nothing that is yours. This land, these trees, this grass and its wild flowers, may be your property; but the charm they have, the feelings they invoke, belong only to the minds that appreciate them, to the hearts they touch. The charm is inexhaustible, the feelings ever new. They will be the same when we have gone. We have spoiled nothing, taken nothing, that is yours."

"You have," he answered; and as he spoke a strange change came over him. The hard lines of his face seemed to melt away, and his voice became almost gentle. "You have. You have robbed me of my solitude. Can you not imagine a fever here, and here"—he touched his forehead and his breast—"which what you have named can assuage, and which any presence that breaks the charm sets raging?"

For the first time during the discussion Mary looked frightened. She rose quickly, and asked: "May I take my brother to land in your boat?"

"And who is to bring it back again for me?"

"I will."

"Then how are you to join him?"

"It is not more than knee-deep at that point. I can wade across. It would be death to him to get wet, or we would both go that way. Let me have your boat."

"That channel is not so shallow as you think. There is a place in the middle where the water would be up to your waist."

"No matter."

"And the current is strong."

"No matter. I would do anything to get away."

"From me?"

"From this place. Oh, sir, let me have the boat! I can manage it, and will bring it back in ten minutes."

"No," he said, after looking straight into her eager face for a moment or two, "you shall not have the boat. What is that you've dropped?"

It was her sketching-block. He picked it up.

"Another robbery! You draw well, young lady."

"Well or ill, it is my business."

"Do you mean that you sell your sketches?"

"I sell the drawings I make from them."

"Good again! So my island, which I prize for its loneliness, is to be made public property? A picture of it hung up in a gaudy frame, in some cheesemonger's parlor, to suggest a good spot for picnics?"

"I can easily dispel that fear," said Mary, taking out her knife and proceeding to cut the sketch off the block.

"You are going to tear it up?"

"I am."

"Nothing of the sort; I claim it."

And before she had the least idea what he was about, he snatched the now-separated paper from her hand. I was furious. Ah, me! what it is to be a cripple! I said some angry words, backing up Mary's indignant demand for the restoration of the sketch, but he took no notice of me.

"Give me this," he said to her, "and we will cry quits about the trespassing."

"On that condition, and if you will let me have the boat."

"You shall not have the boat."

"Then you shall not have the sketch."

"You want two things for one. You are a sharp bargainer."

"One is asked in your own interests. Our presence here is offensive to you. I do but ask the means of relieving you of it."

"Suppose you were drowned wading across, what would people say of me?"

"I don't think you care much what people say of you."

"Isn't that rather rude?"

"Is it polite to snatch things out of a lady's hand?"

"What is this you have written under it?" he asked, examining the sketch, and taking no notice of her last retort. "Tangle Island! Why Tangle Island?"

"It would not interest you to know."

"Tell me why, and you shall have the boat."

There was something so droll in this bargaining, that Mary could not help smiling. He smiled, too. Then between us—for after a little time he condescended to listen to me—we told him about my illness, my dream, and its realization. We had got about half through, when he sat down on the grass beside us. And as I told him that I did not often, even when well, get a glimpse of green leaves, and what a feast of healing and peace I had enjoyed in that quiet spot, he took my hand and said, "Poor fellow!" quite kindly.

"Tangle Island!" he repeated, when all was told; "Tangle Island! A good name, a better one than you think. There are more things connected with it in a tangle than its creepers and shrubs; more things growing rank than its weeds. Tangle Island! Tell me, would you like to see it overrun by a herd of vulgar picnickers, scattering about greasy scraps of newspapers and empty bitter-beer bottles, and trampling down its flowers playing kiss-in-the-ring?"

Somehow we did not answer, and he went on:

"If you were at war with yourself, and everything around you soured, dispirited, uninged, would you not like to have such a place, where you could come sometimes alone and *think*? Think perhaps of times when—did I say you might have the boat?"

"Oh, sir," said Mary, "do believe me when I say how sorry we are that we came."

"Look here," he replied, "let us make another bargain. Finish that sketch for me in colors—I buying it of you, of course—and you shall come here whenever you like. I won't disturb you."

"You are very kind; but—"

"I'll have no buts," he interrupted. "I like you to come—there!"

"My good sir," Mary replied, with one of her dear, merry laughs, "one does not have all one likes."

"You're right," he said, with a little of his old grimness, "one does not."

"Besides," she went on, "remember your own words about asking two things for one. If I sell you the drawing, I have earned no right to come here."

"Give it me, then."

"It shall be yours. Call for it in a week at Mr. Brownlow's, the stationer's, at Hillford."

"You live at Hillford?"

"We do."

"Why mayn't I call for it at your house?"

"You can if you like. Ours is the last cottage on the London road, just before you come to the turnpike."

"You have not told me your name."

"Waterton."

"Your godfathers and godmothers gave you another?"

"For the use of my family and inmates only," said Mary, a little stiffly.

"Good. Now I must introduce myself. I am John Tilsley, of the Grange, Marden—the man who prosecutes trespassers, and gets bullied in the newspapers for wanting to enjoy his own."

"Now may we take your boat?" asked Mary.

"There is no necessity," he replied. "Do you think that I would have allowed you to carry out that mad idea? Your friend was in sight when I seemed to agree. You will find him now on the other side."

And sure enough at that moment we heard Sam shouting for us, and both started up to join him.

"Are you going without saying 'Good-bye?'" asked the lord of Tangle Island.

"Good-bye, Mr. Tilsley," said Mary.

"Good-bye, Miss Waterton, until this day week."

And so we left him.

We found Sam looking very hot and tired.

"I've rowed like blazes," he said; "for they told me at the mill that this island belongs to old Tilsley, and he'd have prosecuted you like a shot if he'd caught you."

I don't know why we did not admit that he *had* caught us, but neither of us did.

Early in the next week—I think it was on Tuesday—Mrs. Brownlow (of the Library) dropped in to tea, as she often did, and brought us good news. All Mary's drawings deposited with her for sale had been disposed of. Hitherto, we considered the sale of one in a fortnight as highly satisfactory, and here were five bought and paid for at one delightful swoop! The fortunate purchaser, as described by Mrs. Brownlow, was "a party in black, looked like a clergyman." Then we began to talk about things in general, and I asked her if she knew Mr. Tilsley of Marden.

"Know him!" she said. "Lord bless you, my dear, we've played together times and often as children. My mother was housekeeper at the Grange; and no one knows more about John Tilsley than I do. He was only a second son then, and grew up wild, they said. Leastwise, there was trouble between him and the squire when he came back from Oxford, about money matters and that. And he wouldn't go into the church, as his father wanted him to; and he made bad worse by falling in love with Miss Allen, daughter of the Vicar of King's Upton—him as was before Mr. Starcross. 'Are you not content with having beggared yourself, you fool?' the squire roared, when Mr. Allen came over and told him about it; 'but you must try and drag this girl into the gutter with you.' My mother heard him say so; and she heard Master John's reply. 'You shall not speak to me in that way again, sir,' he said. And he was right. The squire never spoke to him again any way; for the next morning Master John was gone. But before he went (as we found out afterward), he made his brother swear that he would help him with Fanny Allen—receive letters for her, keep up her heart about him, and all that. Master Will was very fond of his brother; stood up for him to their father many a time, and got him out of lots of scrapes. Will swore he would do all he asked, and off went John to Australia, trusting him. Well, if you'll believe me, that sneak of a Will went and made love to Fanny on his own account, and married her! And there was John working away, making a fortune, and writing her long letters every month (which were never delivered), telling her how he was getting on, and that he would soon be back to make her his wife."

"My dears, when those two brothers met again, it was

awful—awful. They well-nigh killed each other. Indeed, people did say that Master Will—he was the squire then, for the old man died soon after John left—never did quite get over it. He died, too, within the year, and so John got the property. But, Lord! it's no use to him. He's regularly broken down and soured. There wasn't a merrier, more open-handed lad in the county than John Tilsley; and when I hear people talking about his stinginess and his prosecutions for trespass, and that, I say: 'You go through what he has, and see if you like it.'

"Badly as his brother behaved, it must be an awful reflection for him that he was the cause of his death," said Mary, with a shudder.

"He'd nothing to do with his death—that was all gossip. Will died of rheumatic fever. John has no call to reproach himself for anything *he's* done."

"And what became of the widow?" asked Mary.

"The less we say about her, my dear, the better," Mrs. Brownlow replied. "Jilting one man, and marrying another for his money, was not the worst thing she did by a long way."

I asked her if Mr. Tilsley was married.

"Gracious, no!" she said. "Why he hates the very sight of a woman, poor fellow!"

Mr. Tilsley came on Saturday for his picture of Tangle Island, and found fault with it.

"What do you mean?" he growled, "by putting in that boat with a crimson cushion? It wasn't in the sketch."

Mary explained that amidst so much green she required a bit of contrasting color to lighten it up.

"I don't care," he persisted. "I won't have it. It is not *true*. I want the place as it was that day. This thing is not like my boat, or your boat, or any other boat that ever floated. Besides, it gives the idea that some one is there. I hate any one to be there. I want the place as I like it—desolate."

Mary agreed to paint out the offensive incident, and set about doing so, as he desired. I don't think she wanted him to come again. When it was done, he gave another growl, and said: "You're right. It does want color."

"You have had your own way, sir," she replied. "I shall not alter it again."

"Will you do me another one of the other side?"

"I would rather not."

"Why?"

"I am not accustomed to be dictated to as to what I put in my drawings. I do my best. If that is not good enough, they can be left alone."

"I won't dictate. You shall anchor Noah's Ark there if you like."

"With a portrait of the Bear enjoying the scene," she added, with a malicious smile.

For a moment he looked puzzled, and then catching her eyes, which were full of fun, burst out into a laugh.

"Thank you for that," he said. "It's the first laugh I have had for many a day. Yes, by all means, put in the Bear. I suppose you will dress him in a brown shooting-jacket and a straw hat?"

Well, to make my story short, Mary agreed to paint him the companion picture, and he called so many times whilst it was in progress, that good Mrs. Brownlow took me aside and warned me that people were talking about us. So when the picture was done, I gave him a hint that he was not to call again. I appealed to him as a gentleman, so far removed from our humble sphere as to be inadmis-

sible as an ordinary visitor, not to compromise my sister; and when he hesitated, I told him roundly that I would not let him do so. He made no reply. He only uttered a horrid curse, and strode away.

The next thing we heard of him was that he had shut up the Grange and gone abroad.

Two years passed. Mr. Bradley gave me my indentures, and dear Mary had made herself famous. Her pictures hung on the line at every water-color exhibition, generally with a ticket on them. We were prosperous and happy. We had a boat of our own now (with crimson cushions, if you please), and a man to row it, vice poor Sam Payne, to whom my sister had felt herself obliged to say "No." Mr. Tilsley had left word with his steward that we were to go to Tangle Island as much as we pleased. Often we went, and often talked of the "Bear;" but Mary would not make any more drawings of the place. Once, when I proposed we should take a cold dinner there and spend the day, she replied, quite sharply, that I ought to be ashamed of myself for not respecting his feelings—referring, of course, to Bruin's denunciation of picnickers. I could not quite understand this, as Mary was hard upon him in many respects, when we were speculating what had become of him and what he was doing. I suppose that some time in every boy's life he has considered persons of the Giauor, Werner and "Stranger" stamp as heroes. Mary only thought them "great, big sulkies," and had "no patience" with John Tilsley as a great, big sulky, too.

She would make no more sketches of Tangle Island; but drew from it an inexhaustible supply of studies—grasses, ferns, wild flowers, water-weeds, and what not—for her drawings. She dried and pressed these when they had served this purpose, and we had a fine collection of the flora of our favorite retreat.

We were sitting on that same bank where we were first caught trespassing, and again I began to wonder about Bruin.

"What can it possibly matter to us, dear," she said, "where he is sulking?"

"Don't call it sulking, Mary," I replied; "think of all he has been made to suffer."

"That's no reason why he should curse and swear at people, make himself disagreeable, and be ungentlemanly."

"Urgentlemanly?"

"Yes; urgentlemanly. How did he behave to you?"

I sat and considered awhile, and then I said: "Mary, dear, I sometimes think that he was so savage that day, because he liked to come to our house."

"Much we had to attract Mr. Tilsley of the Grange!"

"I felt almost sure there *was* an attraction there for him," I persisted.

"Meaning me, you dear, old goose!" she answered, laughingly, but blushing crimson.

"Precisely," I replied.

She kissed me, and said I was a dreamer of dreams, and would never make a lawyer.

"Upon my word," I said, "I think it is a pity you were not the man of the family. You are so unromantic—out of your pictures."

"Don't be so sure of that," she answered; "I romance a good deal about poor Bruin. He *has* been badly treated, and there must be much that is good in him. He would not have given up the whole tenor of his life, gone out to Australia without a sixpence, and made a fortune

for the girl he loved, if there were not. Do you remember what he said about his mind having run rank and tangled like this island? That idea, and his love for the solitude of the spot, show that his sorrows have not brutalized him, as some think, but have given his nature a twist which might yet be undone. I confess I should rather envy the woman who could untangle his thoughts, and let the sunshine in upon them—not for his sake, you know," she added quickly; "don't fancy that, for a moment. I should envy her for curing him of a mental disease, just as I should envy another who had nursed some poor child through a fever, that's all. And now, having relieved our minds on this subject, let us forget Bruin, as he has forgotten us."

"Agreed!" said a voice behind us.

We looked round, and there he stood—in his brown shooting-jacket and straw hat—just as we had first seen him, but with a very different expression on his face.

"Agreed!" he said; "you shall forget Bruin" (a shadow of his old grimace came over him as he spoke the word) "as he has forgotten you. Have the good folks of Hillford done talking yet?"

"They have had no cause lately," I answered.

"They shall have plenty soon. I am going to be married."

"Married!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, married. Why not? There is a hand which, with a few magic touches, has taken all the tangle out of my mind. Do you" (this to Mary) "envy its owner?"

"You have been listening! Oh, how unfair!" Mary cried.

"Why not say 'ungentlemanly'?"

"It *was* gentlemanly."

"Granted. But you have not answered my question."

"And I don't mean to answer it."

"I made a long struggle against those magic touches," he went on; "felt my powers of resistance growing weaker and weaker, and hated myself for it; but somehow, when I had quite given way, I was contented. Don't you think that the woman who has done this—for a woman it is—ought to be just a little proud of her work? Don't you think that she has incurred a very serious responsibility?"

"I don't see that," Mary said.

"No? What would you think of any one who picked a half-drowned cur out of a pond, restored it to life, and then flung it back to perish?"

"It is getting late, and we must go," Mary said, as she rose.

"If it were midnight, you should not go till you have answered all my questions."

"Mr. Tilsley, this is—this is—"

"Ungentlemanly? Perhaps it is; but when one is so much in earnest as I am, one cannot stop to be polite. Do you envy the woman who has let sunshine into my mind?"

"You overheard me say so," she replied, half crying with vexation. "Why make me repeat a foolish thing?"

"Oh, it was foolish, eh?"

"Very foolish."

"It was not," he said in a deep, low voice, which trembled with emotion. "This, and what else you said of me, prove that of all the men and women I have known since—since I was made into a wild beast, you alone understand me. Mary Waterton, yours is the touch which has untangled my mind; yours the hand which has let sunshine into my life. You have half saved me from the

bitter, bitter waters in which all that was good in me was drowning. Have you the heart to throw me back, Mary? It is not what I heard to-day that makes me speak thus. I came back to do so. But what I have heard gives me more hope than I have dared to entertain for two long, miserable years. Here, on Tangle Island—"

I don't know what more he said. I thought it high time for me to execute a strategic movement, which I did in good order. I don't think either of them missed me. I stayed away for full half an hour (they said it was ten minutes). I was not even called back then; but, really, it was getting quite dark; so I rejoined them, and found—well, that my Sister Mary was Queen of Tangle Island.

In a few months she became mistress of the Grange, which soon won the reputation of being one of the pleasantest houses in England. Its master started a pack of fox-hounds, and was captain of the county eleven. There wasn't a more popular, jolly fellow about than John Tilsley. There was no change in my Mary—there could not be—for the better. Poor or rich, she was the same unaffected, straight-minded, honest-hearted woman. When the children are very good they are taken to play on Tangle Island; about which I lately overheard the following conversation:

John. Pooh, pooh, my dear! Let them picnic there, if they like. Why shouldn't the poor people enjoy themselves?

Mary. They may enjoy themselves wherever else they please, but they shall not scatter greasy paper and bitter-beer bottles on Tangle Island. Dear John, that little isle is holy ground to me. It brought me the great happiness of my life. It is but a wee, wee spot. Do let us keep it sacred for ourselves and our children.

And she had her way.

## BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

"BETTER be at work," grumbled John Spence, as he passed the minister's house, and saw Jenny, the minister's daughter, feeding the birds that came every day to her window. "My girls have something else to do. I'll not give a cent to support such lary doings."

"Good morning, Mr. Spence," said a friendly voice.

"Oh! it's you. Good morning, Egbert. Nice day, this."

"Elegant! Balmey as May and soft as June. I was going round to see you."

"Ah! Just met, then, in the nick of time."

"Yes—in the nick of time. I want to know how much you will put down for Mr. Elder's salary this year. We want to increase it five hundred dollars, if we can."

The countenance of Mr. Spence fell. He pushed out his lips, and looked hard and disagreeable.

"Not one cent," was his slow, emphatic answer.

"Oh, you're jesting, Mr. Spence," said his neighbor.

"No; I'm in earnest. My girls have something better to do than feeding birds. Humph!"

"Feeding birds! I'm blind as to your meaning," returned Mr. Egbert.

"Let me open your eyes. Come back with me a little way."

They turned and walked a short distance.

"Yes, there it is," said Mr. Spence, as he came in view of the minister's house. "Do you see that?" And he pointed to a window where Jenny Elder, the minister's daughter, stood feeding half a dozen birds that flew close



to her hand; one or two of them even lighting on her shoulder.

"Well, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Egbert.

"Beautiful?"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I think she'd better be at work," replied Mr. Spence, in a hard voice.

Mr. Egbert turned and looked at his neighbor, in mute surprise.

"I mean just what I say," added Mr. Spence. "My daughters have no time to waste after that fashion, and I can't see that I am under any obligation to support other people's daughters in idleness."

"Jenny Elder is no idle girl," said Mr. Egbert, a little warmly.

"Don't you call that idleness?"

"No. It is both rest and invigoration. The ten minutes spent with these birds will sweeten her life for a whole day. She will hear them chirping and twittering as she goes about her household duties, and be stronger and more cheerful in consequence."

Mr. Spence shook his head, but not with the emphasis of manner shown a little while before. A new thought had come into his mind. A bird had flown in through a window of his soul.

"Work, work, work, every hour and every minute of the day," said Mr. Egbert, "is not best for any one—not best for Jenny Elder, nor for your daughters, nor mine."

"Nobody said it was," replied Spence. "But—but—" His thoughts were not very clear, and so he hesitated.

"The rest that gives to the mind a cheerful tone, that makes it stronger and healthier, is the true rest, because it includes refreshment and invigoration."

"Nobody denies that," said Mr. Spence.

"And may not Jenny's ten moments with the birds give her just the refreshment she needs, and make her stronger for the whole day? If not stronger, then more cheerful; and you know how much comfort to a household one cheerful spirit may bring."

"You have such a way of putting things," replied the neighbor, in a changed voice. "I never saw it in this light before. Cheerfulness—oh, dear! I am weary looking at discontented faces. If feeding birds at the window is an antidote to fretfulness, I shall recommend my children to begin at once."

"Let the birds come first to your window," said Mr. Egbert.

"Oh, I'm too old for anything like that," was replied.

"To the windows of your soul, I mean."

Spence shook his head. "You shoot too high for me."

"Thoughts are like birds—right thoughts like doves and sparrows; wrong thoughts like hawks and ravens. Open the windows of your mind, and let true thoughts come in. Feed them, and they will sing to you and fill your soul with music. They will bear you up on their wings; they will lift you into purer regions. You will see clearer and feel stronger. You will be a wiser and a happier man."

"I never did hear any one talk just as you do, Egbert!" said the neighbor. "You look into the heart of things in such a strange way."

"If we can get down to the heart of things, we're all right," was the smiling answer. "And now I want to know how much we may count on from you toward Mr. Elder's salary. Open wide the windows. Let just and generous thoughts come in."

"As much as last year; perhaps more. I'll think over the matter," was replied.

While sitting at dinner with his family on that day, Mr. Spence broke the constrained silence—the usual accompaniment of their meal—with the words: "I saw a beautiful sight this morning."

Both the sentence and the tone in which it was spoken were a surprise. A weight seemed removed from every one—a shadow fell from each dull countenance. All eyes were fixed in inquiry upon him.

"Jenny Elder at a window, with the wild birds feeding from her hands and sitting on her shoulders," added Mr. Spence.

"Oh, yes; I've seen it often," said Margaret, his oldest daughter, a light breaking over her face. "Jenny is so good and sweet that even the birds love her. I wish they would come to my window."

"You must ask Jenny her secret," said the father, with a gentleness in his voice that was such a surprise to Margaret that she looked at him in wonder. Mr. Spence noticed and understood the meaning of her look. He felt it as a revelation and a rebuke.

The dead silence passed away. First one tongue and then another was unloosed; and in a little while the whole family were in pleasant conversation—a thing so unusual at meal-time that each one noted the fact in a kind of bewildered surprise.

Mr. Spence opened the windows of his soul still wider, and let the singing birds come in. All the hours of that day he pondered the new ideas suggested by his neighbor; and the more he considered them, the clearer it became that there was a better way to secure the happiness of himself and family than the hard and narrow one he had been pursuing. Minds needed something as well as bodies. Tastes and feelings had their special needs. Soul-hunger must be satisfied.

As he came home from his shop that evening, he passed a store, the windows of which were filled with cages of singing-birds. And as his eyes rested on them, he remembered how often he had heard Margaret wish for a canary; and how he had as often said, "Nonsense! you've got something better to do than wasting your time with birds."

Mr. Spence saw things in a different light now.

"She shall have a bird," he said, speaking to himself, and turned into the store.

"O father! not for me?"

Mr. Spence was taken by surprise at the sudden outburst of delight that came from Margaret, when she understood that he had really brought her the bird. Tears filled her eyes. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"It was so kind of you—and I wanted a bird so much!" she said. "Oh, I'll be so good, and do everything for you I can."

What a sweet feeling warmed the heart of Mr. Spence through and through. The delight of this moment was greater than anything he remembered to have experienced for years.

"I am glad my little present has given you so much pleasure," he answered, subduing his voice that he might not betray too much of what he felt. "It is a good singer, the man said."

"It's a beauty," returned Margaret, feasting her eyes on the bird; "and I'll love it, if it doesn't sing a note."

"Such a little thing to give so much pleasure," Mr.

Spence said to himself, as he sat pondering this new phase of life. And to his thought came this reply: "A cup of water is a little thing, but to thirsty lips it is sweeter than nectar."

And then, as if a window had been opened in his soul, a whole flood of new ideas and thoughts came in upon him, and he saw that the mind had needs as well as the

body; and that unless these were supplied, life would be poor and dreary—just as his life, and the lives of his wife and children, had for the most part been.

Mr. Spence never shut that window, but let the birds fly in and out at pleasure. When Mr. Egbert next saw him, he doubled his subscription for the minister's salary.

T. S. A.

## Sketches of Life and Character.

### THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 3.

BY PIPSIRSIWAY POTTS.

IT is quite a job to make chicken-pie the way our mothers always did. If you are baking it in the oven, you must watch it all the time and see that it does not bake too fast, or become dry; if you are boiling it you must see that it does not boil over on the stove, and that it does not cook too long. The best way I know of, and the one that is the least trouble is the way Sister Bodkin does. She stirs up a thick batter as if for pancakes—every woman knows how they are made—sour cream or buttermilk, eggs, saleratus and flour, she stirs into the mixture as much flour as she well can, then about twenty minutes before dinner she drops a spoonful at a time of the batter in with the boiling chicken. It will be as light as a puff and very nice, and good to warm over for another dinner.

I heard a good thing the other day, so good that it seems like a made-up story. We were discussing Davenport's rendering of "Prayer and Potatoes," that practical poem which has reached so many hearts, when a poor woman, who had been washing for us, said: "Seems as if the Lord took very direct ways to reach people's feelings, sometimes. Now, I was astonished once in my life. I lived away out West on the prairie, me and my four children, and I couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions kept getting lower and lower. One night we sat hovering over our fire, and I was gloomy enough. There was about a pint of corn-meal in the house, and that was all. I said: 'Well, children, maybe the Lord will provide something.' 'I do hope it will be a good mess of potatoes,' said cheery little Nel, 'seems to me I never was so hungry for 'taters before.' After they were all asleep, I lay there, tossing on my hard bed, and wondering what I would do next. All at once the sweetest peace and rest came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep.

"The next morning I rose planning that I would make the tin full of meal into mush and fry it in a greasy spider in which our last meat had been fried. As I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench beside the door stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack was filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurred for the children to come. Little dears! they did not think of trousers and frocks then, but came out, all a-flutter, like a flock of quails! Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent some of His

angels with the sack and the pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift! I washed the pails and put the empty sack in one of them, and at night I stood them out on the bench where I had found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us so opportunely, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far off after that time," said the poor woman, looking down with tearful eyes.

My namesake, Pipsey Ellen, of whom you have often heard me speak, has been troubled with chilblains and tender feet for three years and has been obliged to wear gaiters all the time until this winter.

She wears good, substantial, leather shoes now, with a great deal of comfort, too. The remedy has been brought about by bathing her feet in a decoction of black-oak bark, and rubbing with a coarse towel. All tenderness of the flesh is gone, and the skin seems hardened or toughened. Let the liquid be warm, rub the feet together while they are in it. Use any kind of good ointment on the tender joints. I think this remedy would be good for old people's feet, likewise.

Wonderful! the little new things one will pick up. I said to Ida the other day: "Now this beautiful nubia will be shorn of its charms after the first washing."

"Why, no," she replied, "it is as easy to wash a nubia as a towel. I will first braid the tassels, then make a hot suds with fine Castile soap, and instead of rubbing or wringing it with my hands, I will run it through the wringing-machine, then open the nubia as well as I can and spread it out on my spare bed up-stairs. After it is thoroughly dry I will take the braid out of the tassels, and the pretty little waves will be in them just as they are now."

It is the rubbing and twisting of a nubia, or any knit article, that damages it and makes it look old and worn instead of light and airy and fleecy, as it does at first. If any article of this kind is torn it should be mended carefully with crewel or fine silk thread of a corresponding color. Then dampen the place repaired, lay a paper over it, and press the spot with a warm flatiron. If carefully mended, it will never be observed.

It is in this month that the eggs of all vermin which have lain dormant through the cold months will now begin to hatch, and if preventives are not promptly applied, the increase of cockroaches and bedbugs will be without number. If bedsteads are carefully attended to during March, they can be rid of vermin. Examine every possible hiding place, then apply the following mixture: To one pint of spirits of turpentine add one ounce of corrosive sublimate, put in a bottle, shake well, and

label the bottle **POISON**. To be applied with a feather. Keep the bottle set away, out of the reach of little, meddling children.

There is an old woman's whim that tells us the 11th of August is the day of all days on which to examine one's bedsteads. Granny rummages around among the bed-chambers with a hearty good will on this day of the year.

Moths are a very great annoyance; and everything that can harbor a moth, or give it a night's lodging, should be looked over and well shaken. If there is one room the carpet of which you do not purpose taking up, you must do the next best thing, which is to wet a towel, lay it smoothly down on the carpet, and run a hot iron over it a few times. This must be done especially next to the walls, and where furniture has been standing. If you are ever troubled with moths in the cracks of the floor, always put down about two thicknesses of newspapers over the suspicious places.

Roaches! Oh, they are so nasty! They will sneak about where flour, and bread, and pies are kept, and they are so sharp one can hardly get to flirt them out of doors with the broom. Strychnine spread on bread and butter and sugar is sure death to them; but a baby might pick up the poisonous crust while crawling about, or the cat might get it, or it might not be burned and the chickens would get hold of it. It is best to be very careful in using all kinds of poison.

Spiders. Sweep down and destroy every nest you see in-doors and out. Keep a clean, light broom to be used for no other purpose. It is best to begin early in the spring if you would be rid of this annoyance. And yet how much the wise, true, faithful, cunning spider does teach us! I have qualms of conscience every time I sweep down the silky tent or dwelling-place of a spider.

Look over the wearing apparel for the coming summer, and if you have made all the blue and white check shirts that the men will need, and have not much to do, you will find it a rare good time to renovate half-worn dresses, to put new bindings on skirts, make wife, substantial kitchen aprons, and to plan jobs that must be done before midsummer.

Hams should be looked after the early part of this month, before the first gauzy-winged, buzzing fly makes his appearance. Do not wait until the warm days come or it will be too late. Hams should be dried as well as smoked. The best smoke is from corncobs or hickory bark. If you are in a hurry to smoke them, burn a piece of brimstone as large as a hickory-nut under them three or four times; they will smoke sufficiently then in five days. The brimstone leaves no smell or taste whatever. When the hams are smoked, sew them up in cotton, covering every part; whitewash them; then put each ham in a large paper bag, paste it together, and hang in a cool place away from rats. Some people keep them all summer wrapped in paper and buried in dry wood-ashes. Be sure that the bony end is well protected. We kept a box of smoked bacon once all summer very nicely, by having it packed down in old dry salt. It should be kept in a cool, airy place.

All children like gingerbread, and I am very sure they will like Pipsey's the best of any. The little fourteen-year-old sister can make it and not trouble mamma.

Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, four eggs, four cups of flour, a teaspoonful of

cinnamon, a tablespoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water and strained. Mix all together like cup-cake.

This is a delicious kind of soft gingerbread.

If any of you dear little folks prefer ginger-cakes that can be carried in your pockets while you are out coasting, why you can have them just as well.

Take one cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of sour milk, two eggs, ginger and cinnamon to suit the taste, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter; and then after all is mixed, and the fire glowing, and the pans buttered, add a half teaspoonful of soda well dissolved and well beaten into the batter.

If you are to have a birthday party, and want a nice pound-cake, make it with one pound of sugar, three-fourths of butter, eight eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and one pound of flour. If you want a lot of plump raisins in it, add them the last thing before it goes into the oven.

The doctor's wife paid me a pretty compliment the other day, although she was not aware of it. We were all in the big wagon coming home from a funeral—that of Deacon Beverly—and Charlie Templeton and his wife passed us in a spick span new carriage fresh from the shop, and smelling of varnish and new velvet. I said: "Well, I am rejoiced that good Charlie and poor Becky can ride in such a magnificent carriage of their own. You know that both their lives have been shadowed and gloomy, and it does so gratify me to see them taking comfort in such unstinted quantities, bless them both!"

The doctor's wife leaned over and laughed till her brown eyes sparkled, and then she said: "I believe you stand alone among women, Pipsey. Now here, for forty odd years, you've rode in Deacon Potts's big, dingy, ugly farm wagon, or his old, creaking, battered pung, or his rickety, moth-eaten, see-sawing buggy, with as much satisfaction as Cleopatra rode in her beautiful barge. Why, I've seen you pucker your mouth, and arch your eyebrows, and toss your blessed old head, as though all the riches and splendor of this earth lay at your feet, while at the same time you were looking superbly ugly, and as poor as the law would allow. Now I really envy Charlie and Becky. I wish we had a carriage; and I'd want it to be a good deal nicer than theirs, too. I like to have the best of everything. When you see a beautiful woman, you praise and admire her as extravagantly as any gentleman-fop would. I admire, too, but all the time I keep wishing I was just as handsome myself; a little pain creeps into my heart—a soul-sickening pain it is, too. Now, Pipsey, you could stand it if you were a great deal handsomer. There is no danger of you ever growing vain over good looks; and that is why I wonder at your admiration of pretty women. Now if I were as plain as you, my dear, I would not be half so content; neither would I toss my head as I rode along in a dilapidated pung wagon or buggy."

Then we all laughed at the funny speech of the doctor's wife, and I reached over and grasped her shoulder and gave her as good a shaking as the circumstances would permit. The blessed woman, she is so frank and so sweet that one could not get angry at anything she would say. I do wish every person would speak the truth as plainly and as frankly; we would know then just where to place people in our estimation.

The deacon and I had a little tiff last night. An uncle

of mine had taken a new wife home a little while after the death of the faithful, true, noble, pure-minded woman who had walked beside him for thirty-five years. She had held up his hands, had shared the humblest and the hardest toil equally with him; and when she began to falter and faint by the wayside, the robust man's ripe years grew ruddier and mellow, and he was cheerful and reconciled to lay her in the tomb, and settle down right cosily in the enjoyment of seventy thousand dollars and the companionship of a young and a new wife.

That was a little more than I could bear with my usual equanimity; and thinking of the dear aunt, I boo-hoo'ed all through the letter that contained the intelligence.

Father stripped away at his whiskers, his eyes growing brighter and brighter all the time, as he listened to my dolorous little howl of distress.

"Come, Pipsisiway, don't be a fool, now; what's the use?" said he, impatiently.

"My poor, poor aunt," I said; "I don't see how I can well bear it; it does seem so hard to think of that loving, devoted wife of thirty-five years, forgotten in the brief space of a few weeks; her body tucked out of sight among the dead grass on the corner of Uncle Abe's farm, and this man—this thing—brightening up, and treating his old thrapple to a new neck-tie, and his hands to soft kids, and flying off to give his old, battered heart to a new wife;" then I walked the floor, and thought some very unkind things of buoyant old widowers in general.

"Oh, your aunt was just as dead, probably, then as she would have been in two or three years," said father, bitterly.

"No doubt of that," said I; "but, father, how can a husband so far forget what is due to the memory of the woman whose life was entwined with his for more than the third of a century, I cannot understand." And then I thought of that sad, sad poem: "Disillusion;" by Elizabeth Akers Allen. I wish the dear, tender woman, who was wounded when I said in despondent mood those unfortunate words—comparing the broken, worn wife to a plough left in the furrow to rust and fall into uselessness and decay—will read that poem. She will understand me then. It is in the Home Magazine of July, 1871.

"I see no great cause for grief," said father; "your aunt is beyond the reach of hurt or harm—these poor, worldly affairs are nothing to her."

"But, father," said I; "it seems as though she had been a tiresome burden instead of a co-worker, and that he was rejoiced to get her out of his sight; and to solace his heart he has filled her place with another. It proves that she was not an appreciated wife; that theirs was not a true marriage. Why, I would hate you if you conducted yourself in such a manner! Now, a man who has been married has no business to make love to another woman after the romantic fashion of a young man. It is unnatural—and he is very apt to make a fool of himself if he tries it. People are always disgusted watching the silly antics of a widower. How much more manly it is for a stale, old fellow to look the woman of his choice right in the face and say: 'Will you marry me?' If she is a womanly woman, she will respond very frankly and honestly, and then keep the result of the interview entirely to herself. Think of an old shark of a widower sitting, past the hour of retiring, in somebody's parlor, while twinges of rheumatism tingle in his joints, and the cold, shivery chills sneak down his back for want of his woolly bed-blanket, and a rushing fills his flabby ears because they miss their warm woollen night-cap, and

the 't'other pillow' on top of his head! The picture is positively ridiculous, and yet how common it is. What a sickening sense of disgust must the favored fair one feel!"

But our old uncle don't come under this class; he hurried and made market of himself, and the sorrow that rent his heart is "quenched."

If a fine, sunny day comes during this month, that kind of a day in which the hens cackle and feel good, and the south wind has a balmy hint of prophecy in its whisperings, then tell the children to move unsightly things out of the door-yard corners, to put away the old sled on which they rode down hill, the wide plank on which they teetered, and the saw-buck that they used for a horse. Make them pick up every loose thing, and carry away every stick and stone; then when the first, soft shower comes, as the April days creep on apace, there will be nothing to prevent the upspringing of every tender, green blade of grass.

If there is an old ash-barrel, or a heavy plank, or stout forks that the men put in the back-yard on butchering-day, do not try to move them yourselves—let a man's muscular strength do that, while you save the vitality that you gathered in the winter-time.

It is a bad plan to allow the picking-up process in your door-yard to be delayed until the warm days of April or the first of May. There will be plenty of work to do then without these little jobs. They are mole-hills now, they will be mountains then.

We were at an out-in-the-woods' meeting one day last fall. It was very pleasant, that assemblage under the tall oaks, and among the mossy logs and dead leaves.

I enjoyed sitting off alone and watching the grandmothers coo over the dear babies, and the pretty, young girls smile, and smirk, and look their most bewitching. Everybody seemed happy and sociable, and full of goodwill to all.

I could hardly keep my eyes off the charming face of one lady—a stranger about thirty years of age. She was very beautiful; her features were good, her eyes a tender brown, full of the sunniest light, her lips red as coral, her nose finely chiselled, her hair abundant, goldy-brown, and her forehead full and white, and very pretty. I sat and feasted my eyes on her sweet face, in a shy way that she did not observe. Of course she wouldn't think of that old woman, Pipesey Potts, who sat with her back up against a tree, eating caraway cookies and drinking cold coffee out of a pocket flask, as a person who had a love for the beautiful implanted in her tough, old heart. If she did notice me rolling up the whites of my eyes behind the flaring brim of my calash-bonnet, she—the lady beautiful—would only think I was doing justice to the dry cookies in my reticule.

While I sat there watching the play of her features, and listening to the music of her laugh, a carriage came slowly driving along the broken pathway through the woods. Two ladies and a little, three years' old boy occupied the carriage. Just as they came opposite my beautiful woman, the carriage wheels rolled over a big stick, and the sudden jolt threw the child out on the ground.

The frightened women cried out and stopped the horse instantly, while a bystander picked up the little fellow and restored him to his mother. They felt of him to see if any bones were broken, all the while hugging him to



their bosoms and kissing him affectionately. I could hardly keep back the tears, I felt so sorry for the mother.

I stepped up to the beautiful woman and said: "Oh, that is enough to touch any woman's heart!"

She turned, and with a glance of her eye scanned me from head to foot. I knew that her woman's shrewd gaze was estimating me by the dress and bonnet—I understood that look of the beautiful brown eyes, and the curl of her ruby lip, as she tossed her head and turned away.

"I guess the young un wasn't much hurt," said her companion when looking after the carriage, as it drove slowly along the path through the woods.

"Oh, no!" was the haughty reply, "but if it had gone up the spout, I bet there would have been a bawling here."

Then and there the beauty I had been worshipping crumbled and fell to the ground—coarse clay. She was no lady, surely not, for if she had been one, no language like that vulgar, bar-room slang would have fallen from her rosy lips. I was painfully astonished, hurt, disappointed, ashamed. Why, the old woman in a dingy shaker-bonnet, who sat out in the sunshine smoking a pipe, was, in truth, more of a lady. While I stood there, the husband of the handsome woman came up and said: "We shall have company to-night, I promised the committee that I would find supper and lodging for fourteen members of the band."

"Well, I swan, Jim, that's what I call doing it up brown! You ought to have tipped me the wink, anyhow, before you said you'd take 'em. Jerusalem! how's a body to manage, I do wonder! we'll have to sleep in a trundle-bed, I expect, along with the cook's young pin; he-ho!" and the laugh, so full of music, did not seem as sweet to me as it did at first. It surely had a porky flavor now, but the face—I looked again—it was a beautiful face, not refined or indicative of culture, but physically handsome, fair, made up of the tints of the rose and the lily and the lustre of the pearl.

Make your plans this month of what you will need to purchase for spring and summer wear. You will find it advisable to buy your muslin and calico by the web at wholesale prices. Don't get pretty calicoes unless they are good and will wash well. It pays best to buy French chintz for your nice everyday dresses. It is very wide and will not fade, nor shrink, nor grow dingy; price, last summer, was twenty-five cents per yard. Make your dresses to fit neatly, don't have too much fixings about them, then every time they are washed and starched and carefully ironed, they will be just as pretty as they were at first, the very gloss will seem to be on them that the goods had when made up. Always boil and shrink unbleached muslins before making into garments. If you want to bleach muslin a quicker way than to lay it on the ground, use a solution of chloride of lime, I told you this, however, last year.

Don't forget to make some neat kind of a light, corded sunbonnet to wear out in the March winds, that will prevent freckles and tan. March and April are the worst months in all the year in which to sunburn and freckle, but if you should happen to have a little sprinkle of specks across your nose and cheeks, never mind it; some of the prettiest and most interesting girls are speckled as trouts.

Our suffering here is not worthy our first day's welcome in Heaven.

## SUMMER DAYS IN NEW YORK.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"**N**OTHING is so good as it seems," says George Eliot, pouring the sap of her wide insight and observation into the clear crystal of one of her strong, epigrammatic sentences.

But the reverse of the proposition is, perhaps, equally true.

I tried to believe this last summer, when circumstances held me an unwilling captive in the vast, noisy, sweltering city, until the very air grew fiery with the breath of July.

A few words may serve to explain the position of affairs.

There was a book engaged to be written and in the publisher's hands before I could have my first glimpse of green fields and blue, dancing waters.

There was no gate out of that engagement but by the long, straight road of performance, and that led down the days and weeks and months with a dreary, relentless uniformity of work.

It almost seemed that I had turned into one of the Fates and that a voice, unwearied and pitiless, was forever humming at my ear the old quatrain:

"Spin, spin, Clotho spin,  
Lachesis twist and Atropos sever;  
In the shadow year out, year in,  
The silent headman waits forever."

How those still, hot, smouldering days with their foot-fall, noiseless as spectres, each came and went, holding out their hands for their full tale of the day's work! There was something half solemn, half awful in that stern, voiceless demand. I grew to look on those days as cruel taskmasters, but before the end came and the long work was finished, those watchful, waiting days came to have some kindly encouragement and approval in their eyes; and now, whenever I turn back and look on them, the faces shine down on me with unutterable tenderness; faces of those old days of heat and toil and weariness.

It is curious that I scarcely remember any side now but their pleasant one; the people, and things, and thoughts which came into my life and broke up the silences and the dullnesses. I forget how I longed for a cool breath of mountain winds, a salt sting of the fresh, sea air, the gladness of the robin's morning song, the sound of the wind among the leaves.

In the world to come shall we chiefly remember the pleasant things of this human life of ours, I wonder?

I am sure I came to live more in the sixteenth century than in the nineteenth, under the great, still roof, out of which, with the coming of the June heats, the household whose guest I had been, made a slight swift almost as swallows to the "Summer Rest," where the ocean sang all day at Long Branch.

So I was left alone to finish my work among the books, and statues, and pictures, with that absolute command of time and circumstances which an author can appreciate, and which I could have enjoyed to such an extent nowhere else.

Writing of that old century, I forgot the great city working and sweltering around me. I moved amid the splendid scenes of another age and generation. Great historic figures of men and women, whose convictions, characters, deeds have helped to mould our To-Day, passed before me. I dwelt in their life and lived in their joys and sorrows. I shared their glory, their gladness, their griefs. The struggles of those old epochs, the birth-throes

of liberty, the long processions of heroes and martyrs, the glorious deeds, the dreadful wrongs, the songs of victory, the wails of the oppressed, grew more real and vital than that daily life which throbbed and struggled all around me.

Sometimes the past would fade away, and in the reaction and weariness which is sure to follow overwork, a great sense of loneliness and remoteness from all human interests would possess me. I longed for somebody to speak to in the great, grand house, out of which everybody had gone but the people who remained to take charge of it in the absence of its owners.

There were always the statues and the pictures for company.

I used to wander among the beautiful marbles and the paintings which made the walls aglow with the immortal splendors of color and forms of ideal loveliness; but I half seemed to myself like something uncanny haunting all the beauty and glory which art and taste had gathered about me, and I longed for the sympathy of human presence, the electricity of human companionship.

Yet such vital presences had filled these rooms, that it seemed as though something of themselves must still have lingered in the air.

It was a place familiar to poet and artist. Bayard Taylor had told here many a story of his world-wide ramblings and adventures; here Stoddard and Steadman, poets and friends, had read their songs, before the ear of the world had bent itself to listen; here Horace Greeley came for refreshment to the tired, overworked brain, and to talk over affairs of state, and discuss the great moral and political problems in which his waning life was engrossed; here also came Bret Harte, with that marvellous Pre-Raphaelite touch of his which sheds such a strange, weird light on every object it touches; here, too, John Hay has read his songs and lived over again his sunny life in Spain, when he was Secretary of Legation, and wandered through the gloomy splendors of the Escorial, and among the glories of Murillo, and listened to the songs of the dark-eyed Spanish girls, or to the stirring eloquence of Castelar's periods, when he stood before the Cortes and roused the hearts of his countrymen, as the great orator painted the shame of the past, the glory and grandeur of the Spain that might be.

The sabre-like flash of Grace Greenwood's wit; the bright, trenchant sarcasm of Kate Field; the native, glowing eloquence of Anna Dickinson; the indescribable grace and charm of Louise Chandler Moulton's conversation; and all the sparkle, and sweetness, and graciousness of my friend and hostess, Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, must, it seemed, still haunt the silence where they had been heard and seen so often.

At times I almost imagined the soft echoes still lingered in the air; and then again only the dead silence, the loneliness, the hot summer breath, and I would be there.

But two things never failed me in the great up-town house where I wrote my book last summer. One of these was the maple in front, on the opposite side of the street. It was a young tree, and almost the only one in sight. It stood for the woods, for all the pomp of the summer hills, for cool, deep silences of the forest, for the life, and song, and gladness out of which I was shut.

How I used to watch that tree by day and by night—the winds which came, stray, blessed waifs from the North and East Rivers, to flutter in its bosom, to thrill with sudden ecstasies of coolness and motion its green leaves,

and shake out of their slumbers the boughs which drooped in the dead heats.

In the morning, in the burning noondays, in the soft, slow fall of the summer twilights, in the evenings, when the great, solemn moon swung over the city, and the long, stately street, with its twin rows of stone houses, was so silent that a footfall rung through it like a challenge, I watched the maple across the street. I blessed every brown sparrow which fluttered, every stray sunbeam which quivered, every bit of breeze which wavered among its green wealth of leaves.

Red brick and brown stone might rise in stately frowning gloom on every side. That young maple, set in their midst, was a bit of nature's own free life, and gladness, and beauty. Sunshine and sparrows, hum of insects, winds of Heaven, soft, faint voices of the sea, were in its leaves. It spake to hungry eyes and tired heart a language which they always understood. It soothed, comforted, sustained strained nerves and overwrought brain in their utmost need.

The maple stood at the front of the house; at the back, in full view from the upper windows, was the great clock of the depot on Forty-second Street.

I could not have spared either in those lonely days when books and pen were all my company.

How often, wandering from room to room, when thought and imagination failed me, seeking inspiration and finding none, the sight of that great depot dial-plate has stirred my soul like the voice of a trumpet! There it stood, measuring the days and hours, "not hasting nor resting."

By the way of that clock, under its shadow, when my book was written, my work done, I was to go out into rest and freedom once more. That was the way beyond which lay the summer hills, the strength of the mountains, the cool greenness of the fields, with their crimson gloom of clover and golden laughter of buttercups, the humming of bees, the singing of brooks, and all the pomp and glory of the summer which still waited for me, though I had missed its June.

Sometimes, too, when the long, hot days dropped into soft yellow twilights, as human life drops slowly from its hurry and fever of passions into the calm and cool quiet of age, I went out for a walk, trying to make believe that the brick pavements were cool, silent wood-paths winding among old mossy knolls and beds of sweet fern.

I remember the saddest thing in all those walks was the sight of the tired, listless-faced men and women, and the groups of little children, whom I met at the street corners. It made my heart ache to watch them. For these no summer was waiting after the task was done to take them into its cool, restful welcome.

Through the smouldering, sickening heat of the dog-days, these men and women and little children must drag their failing strength, pent up in the great, close city in dark, narrow alleys and stifling rooms, where the faint river breeze which cooled the wide streets and avenues of the great city could never gain an entrance.

I thought of these people, and of their lot, with a dreadful hopelessness, and then I remembered the maple in front and the great clock on Forty-second Street.

"Nothing is so bad as it seemed." How I caught at that thought for those grimy workmen, those worn-faced women, those crowds of little children, whom I met in my solitary walks haunting the corners of the streets.

Despite the toil and denial of their lives, was there not some maple at the front window, with winds and sunshine

and twitter of sparrows among its green boughs? Some depot-dial at the back, whose sight brought cheer and strength, and a new out-look for the future into those narrow, darkened lives?

God knows; and He knows, too, "things are not always what they seem."

Some pleasures of quite a different sort from those of which I have been telling you came into my life at this time, and have turned into dear memories, as our best surprises and pleasures always do.

I remember one day when my spirits had flagged utterly, and the way out of my work rose before me like a bare, dreary, interminable road to which I could see no end, there came a swift, soft rap at my door, and a voice saying in the brightest, hopefulest tones: "Mayn't I come in?"

I did not recognize the voice, but I opened the door in a moment, and there, with the smile in her eyes and on her lips, stood Anna Dickinson.

Some business had brought her in the heats to New York; and our friend had arranged to come up from Long Branch and join us at nightfall.

So we were to have the long day to ourselves; and it is one which lies in the softest, tenderest lights in my memory. What courage, and cheer, and comfort that brave young presence brought to me!

I had seen Anna Dickinson a number of times before that day. I had listened when eager crowds hung on the words of that wonderful magnetic eloquence, which in its first outburst flamed through and fired the heart of a great nation. But I learned more of her real self in that one day than I might in weeks or months of conventional intercourse.

I was stirred by the great thoughts, the grand moral enthusiasms, which had inspired that young girl, and had sent her out into the world from the brooding shelter of her quiet Quaker home, when she had hardly passed beyond the threshold of her childhood to a career which seems, when you come to think of it seriously, to partake almost of the miraculous. For she had no friends, no fortune—nothing but her own brave heart and her undisciplined genius—that young girl who came a stranger amongst us, with a burning message which set all our hearts aflame.

Yet one would hardly have suspected this that day. I remember how we wandered about in careless mood from one great room to another, as the heats drove or our fancy seized us.

How altogether sweet and lovely the genius of the lecture-room seemed! How little could one have conceived, listening to the soft, clear tones, to the little, half-childish gushes of laughter which wound their breezy sweetness in and out of her talk, that that young girl, alone and friendless, had looked the world in the face and conquered it?

And what talk it was—bright, vigorous, full of pictures and little dramatic scenes and episodes in the course of her strange, eventful career, flashing out here and there with sudden surprises of humor, but full of thought, earnestness, feeling, as of one who had looked deep into the great problems of human life, and who could never forget what she had seen and learned.

I remember during that day where one instance of Anna Dickinson's wonderful instinct for the right words, and her singular mastery of that native English, on whose sunning harp she has played with such magic skill, struck me with peculiar force.

Our friend, in her frequent tours abroad, had collected a very choice portfolio of photographs of celebrated men and women. Anna Dickinson's eyes, as we rambled from room to room, happened to fall on this portfolio. She seized it, nestled down on a corner of the sofa, and commenced a rapid, critical examination of each of the faces.

I see her still sitting there, not far from an exquisite marble Mercury of the Vatican, which occupied the centre of the apartment; his face, with its immortal youth, and calm, and beauty, was turned toward and watching her from the pedestal where he sat. One might easily have fancied the still, beautiful image a guardian spirit.

But she whom that white, silent Mercury, with his strange, unearthly loveliness, watched, was intent only on the photographs. As each one slipped through her fingers, she made a running commentary, half to me, half to herself, on its character and expression.

It was wonderfully curious and interesting to hear her. Every adjective showed such a fine, penetrative insight, went with such unerring mark to the heart of things—adjectives so strong, forceful, vital, that they set their meaning right before you, as a ray of light brings out in strong relief every object that it touches.

She individualized each of those faces, brought out what at least seemed to her its hidden soul, with one or two of her strong, *pat* epithets, and this, too, without the slightest consciousness of effort on her part; it was genius playing with itself for its own amusement; but it was that very genius which had magnetized, breathless crowds from one shore of the continent to the other.

And through all the talk wound the little stirrs and breezes of laughter, like winds among leaves. And the face that leaned over the photographs looked almost like a child's, mobile, and sensitive, and sweet, with the softness about the lips and the swift light in the dark eyes.

Looking at the face then, which seemed haunted by some lingering echo of its childhood, no one could have dreamed what forces slumbered beneath, how it could glow and flash with scorn and indignation, or how that soft, richly-keyed voice could lift itself into a clear, vibrant ring of denunciation, or pour down its stormy eloquence upon vast crowds, thrilling responsive beneath it.

I thought of all this as she sat there, and the Mercury of the Vatican gazed on her with his bright, intent gaze until she finished her survey and closed the portfolio, and went on to other talk, wandering about from room to room, until at last the summer day grew slowly into twilight, and my friend joined us once more.

So pleasant surprises and hours of life and color, lay scattered like green oases, with their cool shade and sound of falling waters throughout the wide, hot desert of those days.

At last the hour struck. I had reached the gate which opened out of the long, slow road of performance. My book was finished, and I laid down my pen.

How well I remember that day, when the dead noon-heats lay among the maple boughs, and I passed under the shadow of the old depot clock, and far beyond lay the green fields and the restful shadow of the great mountains.

But as a traveller who has come over hot, blistering sands of the desert remembers chiefly the glory of the palm-trees, the glimmer of the fountains that gladdened and refreshed his way, so I, too, looking back, remember most vividly, and have tried to set for you in the foreground, the best things and the pleasantest of my "Summer Days in New York."

## MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 3.

June 2.—We call Josephine our encyclopedia. She is our general reader, and seems to know of everything that transpires in the outside world.

She went with young Doctor Jaques to a concert in a neighboring village last night, and while she was absent more than one of the girls said: "How we do miss Josie. It seems lonely with our Josephine away from home." I told them the secret of our attachment to Josie lay in the fact of her being intelligent, and loving, and unselfish, and therein was the source of her queenly beauty, too. A low, groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all character and sweetness out of the countenance; a sensual disposition blights the handsomest face, and stamps it cold, and coarse, and repulsive. If her loves were low and her heart cherished bad passions, our Josephine would not be beautiful, and we would not enjoy her society.

I told them it was impossible to preserve good looks if the heart was not good; and where there was a vacant mind, the fairest face would be a blank, no matter how fair the complexion, how bright the eyes, or how finely chiseled the features.

The scrap-book that my dear, dead husband made lay in a drawer of the desk near me, and one of my deceased George's reflections came up so opportunely just then, that I read it aloud:

"Stand on one of the crowded streets and note the passers-by, and any one can see how a vacant mind has made a vacant eye, how a thoughtless, aimless mind has robbed the countenance; how vanity has made everything about its victim petty; how frivolity has cut disdain into the features and made the face a chronic sneer; how selfishness has shriveled, and wrinkled, and withered up the personality; how hatred has deformed and demoralized those who yielded to its powers; how every bad passion has turned tell-tale and published its disagreeable story in the lines of the face and the look of the eye; how the old man, who has given himself up to every sort of wickedness, is branded all over with deformity and repulsiveness—and he will get a new idea of what retribution is."

This is terrible, this transforming of a face once full of hope and loveliness into deformity and repulsiveness!

June 3.—I don't like to find fault. I must expect little annoyances; but I was vexed this morning when I went to help Kathie wash dishes, and found the dish-cloth hung up on a nail, sour and filthy. I have told the girls frequently that after they are through washing dishes, they must wash, and rinse, and hang out the dish-cloth, that it may air and keep sweet and clean. Of all things, the dish-cloth should be the cleanest!

Kathie said Tудie, our little one, was to-blame; so I said no more, but I resolved that Tудie should learn a better way before she left my roof; that I'd put the baby-housekeeper under discipline.

I observe this June sunshine has made little Tудie as brown as a chestnut. Now I don't mind a sunburnt face, but the child was so badly tanned that she glistened with a brassy tint. I told her, if she would be careful and wear her hat every time she went out, I would try and remove the tan. She promised; and at night I mixed some magnesia in water until it was like a paste, and plastered her face all over, and let it remain a few min-

utes; washed it off clean with fine soap-suds, then two or three times in pure warm water.

It damages a woman's complexion to wash the face thoroughly and frequently in day-time, and go out into the open air. Better wash well at night, especially when soap, or ammonia, or borax is used.

I make the girls change their clothing often. The skin has the power of absorbing substances that come in contact with it, and this is the chief reason why one should keep clean, and why the clothing should be frequently changed. The skin has a very important office to fulfil, and the better it performs it the healthier we shall be. So we should put no obstacles in its way.

Physiologists tell us that there is a constant displacement and renewal of the particles of the human system going on, and much of the effete or worn-out matter is carried off through the skin. Much of what we eat also is unsuitable or unnecessary to nourish our bodies, and must be carried off by the skin, lungs, bowels and kidneys. In a healthy person, it is said, the skin carries off over a pound weight every day in insensible perspiration. If we be not clean, so that it can pass off easily, the other organs must do more or the system becomes clogged, and, in either case, disease is liable to result.

I do believe I feel as much pride in having my ten girls appear well as though they were my own flesh and blood. I think it is every one's duty to look as well as possible, and nothing makes one appear so well as good health, and neatness, and cheerfulness.

When I was visiting Mother Brooks last fall, my dear, dead husband's mother, I very much admired a beautiful little girl, the only daughter of a lady who boarded with mother. She was about thirteen years old; the charm of the child's face lay in her long, dark eyelashes; they fell so softly, and gave her blue eyes such a fine expression. During the two months in which I visited mother I became intimate with the lady boarder, and one day she told me that it was owing to her own ingenuity—her real, shrewd, Yankee cunning—that Dora's eyelashes were her charm. She told me not to tell it, for she did not want everybody's young uns having such marvellous eyelashes. Well, I never did tell it, but I guess now I've kept it as long as I can. Since the girls came to live with me I told them. It is done by cutting off the ends of the eyelashes—just the merest little fringy ends. Let it be done with small scissors after the eyes are closed, as in sleep. Be careful and cut off very little. This plan is best adapted to children and little folks. Grown girls' lashes are not so apt to grow much unless the hair does, too. I trimmed the eyelashes of our little girls, Tудie and Midget; I mean to make them look their very sweetest.

June 4th.—I can always tell by the mats, and rugs, and carpet when Lottie has walked on them. She twists on her heels so much, and leaves the sign of her peculiar step wherever she goes. She can hardly walk over a rug without catching the toe of her shoe under it, and in going down-stairs her heels are always catching, and she is blundering and almost falling. I feel uneasy wherever she is, I don't know what minute she will tumble down-stairs, or fall backward coming out of the cellar, or scold the back of my neck, or cut herself with the bread-knife. I am in a constant trepidation. I do dislike siddy girls, I try to impress upon their minds that a deliberate gait, a gentle manner and a gracious tone of voice, all these things which may be acquired, give one an immense advantage over others who may be vastly superior to them. To be tranquil, bodily, is absolutely



necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence. Violent gestures and quick movements involuntarily inspire one with disrespect. Fidgety girls make fidgety wives and mothers, and the two latter are almost unbearable. They are enough to worry a household into distraction.

June 6th.—Josephine and I spent last evening at the professor's. It was late when we came home—the rocking-chairs stood out on the verandah, the girls had all gone to bed, the moon was at its full, and the trees fell in long shadows clear across the meadow. We sat down in the easy chairs to rest awhile and enjoy the summer moonlight.

Somehow, I can't tell how it did come about, but our conversation drifted on until we found ourselves talking about the ways of married men. Now, all married men are not as discreet as they should be, more's the pity, and that was what Josie and I talked about. I did most cordially approve of her sentiments, and I want other girls should know what they are. This is her story as nearly as I can tell it. She was teaching school and boarding in the family of the Methodist minister. Her ma was a sensible woman and taught Josie to abhor the admiration and attention of all married men; to shun all arts of coquetry, to avoid levity of manners and light, frivolous conversation. It happened that the minister and herself were often thrown together alone; he was kind and sympathizing, and that was all well enough. At length, he grew so familiar as to praise her, to speak of her beautiful eyes, of her stately form and her conversational powers. It annoyed her, but she thought herself over-nice, perhaps, and bore with it as calmly and graciously as she could.

In a gentle way he grew to hinting that he was unfortunate in marrying the woman he did—that though she was a good wife and mother, they were not congenial; his aspirations were higher than hers; he soared while she was content to creep; he loved poetry while she loved pie; he yearned for congenial companionship—life was a bleak and barren desert—the flowers bloomed not for him, and the birds sang not their sweetest songs.

Josie began to feel that the ground on which she stood was more treacherous than quicksands or volcanic ground, and looking him calmly in the face, she told him that it was not pleasant for her to listen to such language, that it be-littled him and humiliated her. She told him that it was very unkind and ungentelemanly in any man, under any circumstances, to say such things of the woman whom he had chosen from all the world—the wife of his bosom and the mother of his babes.

"But," he continued, "I said nothing untrue of my wife, nothing against her character."

Josie interrupted him with, "You should never take

the name of your wife on your lips in the presence of others, unless in language that holds her up a marvel of all the virtues and excellencies of womankind."

"I always treat her with respect; I buy her everything she wants," said he, "and I never confided these secret thoughts to any one before, not even to my sisters."

"Then, please, don't thrust your confidence upon me," was her brave answer; "I never desired to be in the confidence of any man except my brother. You wrong your wife—she's as good as you are, if you are a preacher," and here I laughed soothingly. "How can she soar when she has all the dinners to cook, and all the little heels and elbows to mend, and the coughs to doctor, and the little joys and sorrows of baby-life to meet and share? When you tell these secrets, that should only be between your God and yourself, you wrong your wife and children and the one of whom you make a confidant. Take a young girl who has not been taught by a godly mother like mine, pour your pitiful tale into her ears, and if she is a novel reader, or a visionary dreamer, or one sighing for a congenial spirit, she, poor thing, would believe your pretty talk and be ready to fall into your arms, through sympathy. Do you not see what dangerous ground you stand on? pitfalls yawn at your feet—darkness is all around you, your very soul is imperilled. You would scorn to lead any one from the path of rectitude, but quite good men often do it after this manner of confiding their sorrows to susceptible young women.

"Don't mention this subject to a woman again. You wedded a good woman, a quiet, domestic wife who looks well to the ways of her household, and who has no earthly idols except her husband and children. Wear her love proudly, it crowns you a king. Don't be silly and sentimental, and go a-soaring and a-searching after congeniality, it is all around you, and within your easy reach, and instead of feeling hurt, or humiliated, or vexed with me, I am willing that you should hold me as one of your truest and most sincere friends;" then I made him shake hands, and ever since then he has treated me as though he believed me one of the noblest and most exalted of women.

I resolved that night when I went to bed that I would, the first opportunity, talk to my girls on this very subject. Some married men are so vain and silly, and so lost to a true sense of the sacredness of their marriage vows, that they are very dangerous friends for young women who have not much stamina of character. Then, our story-writers do not hold up this subject in its true light, as they should do.

Yes, I'll talk to my girls on this subject!

## Religious Reading.

### GOOD DEEDS.

"HE is paving the way to Heaven by good deeds," said a lady. I bent my ear and listened.

"Unless it is very well paved, he will find progress in that direction exceedingly difficult." The reply fixed my attention.

"Are you not uncharitable?" remarked the first speaker. "Mr. Floyd does a great deal of good. I never go to him on an errand of benevolence that he does not give me something."

"To buy paving-stones," was the quiet remark.

"Now, that is too bad!" said the other. "Give the man credit for what he does. By their fruit ye shall know them."

"God looks at the heart, not at the act. It isn't *what* a man does that saves him, but *why* he does it. The quality is determined by the purposes, or ends of action, not by the outside work. Two men may do the same thing; yet, to one it may be a good act, and to the other an evil one."

"I don't know about that. A good deed is a good deed. By what process can you change its quality?"

"I thought," said the other, "that you would understand me clearly. The acts of the two men may benefit alike the objects; but the actors will be blessed or cursed therein, according as their motives were good or evil."

"I am not just able," was replied, "to see how a good deed can be done from an evil purpose. For instance, I called on Mr. Floyd yesterday for a subscription to our Widows' Home, and he gave me ten dollars. That was a good act, and I can conceive of no prompting impulse but a good one."

The lady did not immediately reply; and I was about answering for her, when she said: "If Mr. Floyd gave the ten dollars out of regard for the poor widows, then the act was a good act for him; but, if to appear benevolent, or to buy paving-stones for the road to Heaven, then it was evil to him. For, in this latter case, love of the world and love of self, instead of neighborly love, ruled in his heart. And men only advance Heavenward by the way of good affections. He not only lost his money, but his reward. To the poor widows, the benefit was the same; but the donor's selfishness robbed him of his proper share."

"You go too deep for me," was answered to this. "And too deep, I fancy, for most people. Charity, the Bible tells us, covers a multitude of sins. And what is charity but good deeds?"

"Charity is love of the neighbor, manifesting itself in good deeds," was the promptly-spoken reply.

"Very well; who will say that Mr. Floyd did not act from true neighborly love?"

"God only knows. The adjudication of the matter is between Him and the human soul. If the motive which God sees is right, the action will be good; if selfish, the action will be evil, so far as the actor is concerned."

"But, you judge Mr. Floyd."

"Did I? Well, there are many external signs by which we get an impression of a man's quality. Some men hang but a thin veil over their motives; while others, in their over-anxiety for concealment, are constantly betraying themselves. Mr. Floyd is one of the most transparent men I know. He is constantly letting you see below the surface of his action. The very air with which he hands you a contribution, betrays the lurking sentiment."

"Then," said the other, "he might as well shut up his bowels of compassion. If good deeds, such as he does, are not to be valid in Heaven, he had better keep his own, and enjoy it to the full."

"Rather say that he had better make the inside of his platter clean, also. Better cherish loving affections, and do genuine good from these, and so secure his share of benefits. What folly to halt in the way after this fashion—to be content with only the effigy of good deeds—to be satisfied to eat of the husks of men's extorted praise, instead of enjoying divine approval, and eating of Heavenly food. As to selfishly enjoying what you call his own, that is impossible. The more he increases in worldly goods, the more wretched will he become, unless he uses them as a faithful steward of Him who is the rightful owner of all. Like waters at rest, unused riches soil, and curse their owners. So, if he will not give from the purest motives, still he had better give, for, in giving, he will find more delight than in withholding. Even the semblance of good deeds is better than no deeds at all. The neighbor is benefited, and the selfish giver obtains some fleeting pleasure that stirs briefly along the surface of his life. It is next best to genuine charity."

"Judged by your standard, there is not much good done in the world," was answered.

"I fear," said the lady, "that there is less of genuine good done by any of us than we are inclined to give ourselves credit for. I know too well my own deficiencies."

"Which makes you sharp on others," the friend remarked, half playfully, half in earnest.

"Well retorted," was good-humoredly answered, "and I accept the admonition; though I do not by any means withdraw the main proposition, that the quality of our acts, in the sight of Heaven, is determined by the indwelling motive. This, to me, is as apparent as the sun at noonday."

And the lady was right.

### THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

"WHEN," says Mr. Beecher, "we come to be released from the narrowness of our own Church and of our own sect, how joyful is the brotherhood of good men! and how strong we are! We are apt to suppose that Christ's Church is identical with our own sect. When we are looking abroad and measuring the progress of Christianity, we are perpetually tempted to selfishness and conceit. It is the progress of the Baptist Church, or of the Methodist Church, or of the Presbyterian Church, or of the Congregational Church, that inspires in us the conviction that Christ's kingdom is growing in us.

"But take a larger look. Whenever, under any name, men love Christ and their fellow-men, they are Christ's, and are spreading Christ's kingdom. And how glorious is the Church of God now upon the earth! Not that narrow, contending Church which the eye can see; nor that Church upon which you can put the arithmetic, and which you can measure; not that Church whose cathedrals and buildings you can behold—not that is the Church of God; but that larger Church which is invisible. The outward Church, as men look upon it, is split up, and is pursuing a various controversy with diverse weapons. But there is a Church wherein is harmony; and that is the invisible Church which is made up of good men. It is that Church which is made up of the concurring hearts of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth."

### DOING GOOD.

DOING good is safe. It is safe for this world, and certainly safe for the other. Thousands of people do evil instead of good for the sake of securing more of this world's good; but it is always a mistake. They do not gain anything in the end. Thousands are now suffering for having committed this mistake. Doing good is safe, but to make light of moral principle is not safe, as men both in public and private life are every day finding out.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." By the land is meant in Scripture the land of Canaan, and by Canaan is meant Heaven, and that state of blessedness and peace of mind which results from the dominion of heavenly principles over the life. To dwell in the land is to dwell in mental and spiritual peace. We all dwell but imperfectly in this state, and the reason why we do not dwell there more is because we do good so imperfectly. Selfishness and worldliness destroy our peace. They drive us out of the land, and they make us very unhappy. Like the

prodigal, we go where we suffer with hunger, and our ease becomes worse and worse until we repent of our wanderings and return to our Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare. Verily we shall then be fed.

### THE CROSS OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. E. M. BLINN.

WITH a cross pressed close to my aching heart,  
A cross that the dear Lord laid on me,  
I wept at the pain and the bitter smart,  
As I walked my life-path wearily—  
I could not look up to the Hills of Light,  
And around me was nothing but rayless night.

As I stumbled along through the mire and dross,  
There grew in the way Faith's blossoms pure;  
And I said, "I will bind them about my cross,  
Its weight will be easier to endure."  
I bound them fast with a voiceless prayer,  
And the weary load seemed less to bear.

Then I found one day, to my glad surprise,  
In the path I was treading with patient feet,

The flowers of Hope, with their varied dyes,  
Blooming with fragrance, rich and sweet;  
I gathered the clusters with eager haste,  
And the beautiful buds on my cross I placed.

Peaceful and glad on my way I went;  
My cross grew light as I passed along;  
To the Hills Everlasting my eyes were bent,  
And I sang, as I journeyed, a pleasant song!  
When lo, 'neath my feet rose a fragrance rare,  
And the blossoms of Joy perfumed the air!

I gathered, and bound them, with grateful tears,  
To the burden my heart had learned to love  
Gone was my weariness and my fears—  
My path grew bright from the Light above.  
I looked for my cross in these brightening hours,  
And behold, there was nothing but fragrant flowers!

The buds from this perfumed cross of mine,  
So easy to bear with its wreathings sweet,  
The angels of God in my crown shall twine,  
When I lay the cross at the dear Lord's feet.  
So I keep them fresh, with a tireless care,  
That the crown may be bright that my head shall wear.

### ANTHEM.

"CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD."

*Moderato.*

Cast thy bur- den on the Lord, and He will sus- tain thee; Cast thy bur- den on the Lord,

and He will sus- tain thee, and He will sus- tain thee, and com- fort thee.

He will com- fort thee, He will com- fort thee; Cast thy bur- den up - on the Lord,

Cast thy bur- den up - on the Lord, and He will sus- tain thee and com- fort thee.

## Mothers' Department.

### TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

No. 3.

"WHY is it," said I to Mrs. Blythe, "that your children never tease—that they always seem to rely upon your judgment as something unquestionable, whenever you tell them anything; and that, too, when it is a decided refusal of their own wishes? I wish you would tell me how you manage, that your children are, in this respect, so different from others; and how it is that you seem to have so much better government—all things considered—in your family, than others of our acquaintance; and why you, unlike so many mothers, are never heard complaining that your children are a 'bother,' and do not give you 'a moment's peace to do anything?' On the contrary, you seem to have a 'happy faculty' by which you escape numerous little trials and annoyances which many mothers encounter; and (when yourself and children are in usual health) go about your work, for the most part undisturbed, just as if there were no such thing as troublesome children in all the world."

"Oh, my children never *tease* me, for they know very well that it would be of no use whatever to do so," she replied, with that pleasant little laugh of hers, which always makes you feel that she is in the right of it, and knows just what she is about, too.

"I suppose," she continued, "that in this matter much is due to firmness; for without firmness but very little can be accomplished. However, we must have a care to 'use' this power 'as not abusing' it. When rightly and judiciously used, it is an effective power in the accomplishment of good. A mother may sometimes err in that her decisions are hastily given, and requests which would be better granted are denied thoughtlessly, or because to grant them would cause her some slight hindrance; and then thinking that her reputation for firmness must be maintained at whatever cost, she proceeds to do so relentlessly, and in direct defiance of all justice and reason. Even a child can see the injustice of such a course; and those who practise it are really as unwise as those who possess no firmness of character whatever.

"As a *habit*, it is an unwise thing to refuse and then afterward grant a request. Such habits are always productive of harm, and should by all means be avoided; but there is no doubt but that those who have not learned the wisdom of thinking well before speaking, would do better, and far more wisely, to sometimes recall what they have so rashly spoken. But these matters should be regulated entirely by a conscientious observance of the *right*; and if it be right to do or grant a thing, it must certainly be wrong to insist on something directly the opposite, and, regardless of all consequences, blindly persist in carrying out that purpose.

"If one becomes convinced in her own mind that a refusal or resolution was wrong, it seems to me that the truest way is to frankly explain to the child that, after thinking it over, she had concluded that to grant it would be right and best, and to refuse it would be wrong. As I view the matter, she would take nothing from her own dignity or self-respect by so doing; but she should not fail to give her child this explanation, so that the  *motive*

may be understood. A mother who has more regard for the observance of *right* than for the enforcement of her own will, simply *as will*, must, it seems to me, win the respect she so richly deserves. But, as I have before intimated, she should carefully avoid all necessity for such retractions; for, were these of frequent occurrence, it would be a great detriment to the child—be laying by a store of misery for its future years. Children soon come to regard such a mother as untruthful and weak-minded; and, what is even worse than that, are themselves very apt to contract the same deplorable traits of character.

"I think the secret of my success where others fail is that I avoid giving hasty decisions—guard against saying 'no' where 'yes' would be better. When the children come to me with a request, I do not answer immediately, on the impulse of the moment, but stop to consider whether it would be *for the best*, or really for their own happiness or good, to grant it; and if, after calmly thinking it over in this light, I feel assured that it would be better refused, I tell them that I do not think it best. And when my word is once passed, I seldom, if ever, have occasion to alter the decision—never unless I see that the first was an error. And when a refusal seems necessary, I try to put it in a kind way; for pleasant tones and looks do a great deal toward reconciling them to the inevitable.

"There are many times when, either for their own or others' good, or from inability to comply, their wishes must of necessity be refused; but a request should never be *needlessly* denied. Whatever is in itself harmless, whatever would be for the best and for a child's good, whatever can reasonably be granted that will give pleasure to a child, should never be denied because it would be a little trouble to grant it; and as far as that is concerned, even if it does hinder a little it will often save more trouble than it makes.

"In all dealings with my children, I have endeavored to be generous as well as just. I think they understand this, for when they have my answer they seldom press me farther, but for the most part cheerfully accept my decisions as final. Even little Maude seems to 'comprehend the situation.' I was so pleased and encouraged by a little incident, in proof of this, which once occurred.

"Being a favorite with every one because of her quaint, sweet ways, Mrs. Hamlin used frequently to tease her to accompany her home. One day I told Maude, gently but very firmly, that she could not go.

"'Tease her, Maude,' said Mrs. Hamlin.

"'Ma said no,' replied Maude, with such an innocent, wondering expression in her wide eyes, as though perfectly amazed that any one should suggest such a thing.

"'But why don't you *tease* her? Maybe she'd let you go,' persisted Mrs. Hamlin.

"'But to every opportunity, with a decided little shake of her head, the child would answer: '*Ma said no!*'"

"Dear little four-year-old! she will never know what a beautiful lesson she taught me by her simple, loving reliance.

"If a mother (and why may not every mother?) inspire her child with such implicit, loving confidence in the truth and wisdom of her words and judgment, how careful ought she to be that her words and teachings be always those of truth, purity, goodness and wisdom.



"And that little incident, by which I was shown what meaning my simple word possessed for my child, who was scarcely more than a baby, made me resolve to be ever true to my trust; and at the same time it more than ever confirmed me in the belief that a *right beginning* cannot be too strongly recommended.

"Fortunately, this is also Mr. Blythe's theory; and to this belief whatever success in family government we may justly claim, is, in great measure, due. And not only on this point, but in all matters pertaining to the right training of children, do his ideas concur with my own; and therefore, instead of interfering with or hindering my system of government, he aids me in every possible way; and I assure you that his sympathy is invaluable.

"A right beginning rightly pursued cannot fail of happy results. But as soon as a child is old enough to notice things and begin to talk, many set about making themselves and the child trouble by teaching it things for which it must afterward be punished. This is the height of folly, besides being an unpardonable injustice to the child. And I know parents who seem to delight in teasing their children until they are so humiliated as to scarce know how to behave, or until they become so angry as to be ready to retaliate in words and even blows; and then it is no unusual thing to see them punished for being 'such saucy, naughty children!'

"These things are very wrong, and it is something of which we have never been guilty. I do not see how parents can expect obedience or respect from a child unless it can at all times place confidence in their word.

"We never tease our children, nor tell them to do anything that we do not mean for them to do; and so, whenever we do speak, they know we are in earnest, and know just what to depend on. For this reason, and because we deal gently but very firmly with them, we are seldom obliged to speak twice. Were we constantly fretting and scolding at them, they would expect just so much of it before doing anything we bid them; but as we are not, and always avoid speaking in angry, impatient tones, they render obedience much more cheerfully than they otherwise would. A low, firm, pleasant tone, and a decided glance of the eye, are much more effective than cuffs and harsh words.

"One must school herself to carry a firm but gentle and even hand with her children. They are not slow to learn some things; and if they are from the first made to understand that their parents' word is to be their law, there will, in most instances, be but little difficulty. However, there is a right and a wrong way to pursue where one would accomplish this much-to-be-desired end. Many adopt unwise measures in the endeavor to teach them this. Knowing that firmness is one essential, but not realizing that to be productive of good, or to be in itself at all a wise or just thing, it must be exercised with reason and with due regard for the rights of others, they institute a system of tyranny which can accomplish no real good, whatever its victories may at the time appear to be, but which brings a great deal of trouble and unhappiness to all concerned.

"In expressing the belief that children should be early taught that the word of their parents is to be their law, I do not intend to convey the idea that a child should be so sternly dealt with as to live in fear of a parent, and have all its buoyant spirits and natural, happy impulses overcome, being allowed no freedom of will whatever; but that whatever the parent deems right and best should be quietly but firmly insisted upon, and that they should

be so gently and wisely restrained that they will, in a little time, intuitively come to feel that it is not an arbitrary law, but a law of love and reason to which they owe allegiance. Bring them to see its goodness and wisdom, teach them to reason for themselves, and then they can but choose to obey it.

"We older people are apt to expect too much of the children. We should not expect them to have the judgment that years of experience have given us; neither should we expect them to exercise the patience and discrimination which might reasonably be expected from ourselves; but how faulty are we at the best! This knowledge should make us very patient with the little ones; they are not perfect (at least I have found that mine are not!) but we must never censure needlessly, and never withhold generous words of praise where it is their due. Why! it's downright robbery if a child deserves judicious praise and we withhold it! And we should sympathize with them in their mistakes and trials, and be their helpers, teaching them the usefulness and beauty of patience by our own.

"Children are sometimes stubborn and self-willed, but it is often easier to govern such by gentle reasoning than by harsh means.

"A lady once said to me, 'What does a mother most need to pray for?'

"To which I unhesitatingly replied: '*wisdom and patience.*'

"And nothing can be truer; for those parents who indulge every wish of their children are, perhaps, no less unfaithful to their high trust than those who rule with a rod of iron which crushes whatever is so unfortunate as to be under their control. There is 'a golden mean,' but it requires wisdom to find, and patience to practise it.

"Now, I do not believe in overmuch whipping. It is true, Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child;' but I doubt if he meant by that just what many suppose. I take it that 'the rod' here means needful discipline of any kind. We seek to govern our children by love and reason. I think we are tolerably successful; and, as you know, Edith, we are seldom obliged to resort to extreme measures. And I am sure that our children are as merry and as happy a set as is often seen.

"We return their expressions of love, and show them that we trust them—that we place confidence in their honesty and truth. We try to teach them to be unselfish, to be thoughtful of the feelings, the comfort and happiness of others, and to avoid all tattling, impertinence and meddling with the affairs of others—with that which does not concern them. We never tell over their little faults and short-comings to others, nor make mention of having punished them. I do think that such an ungenerous thing to do: for nothing can hurt a child much worse than to have publicity given to such matters—you may be sure that it never makes them more obedient. No wise parent will so needlessly wound the heart of a child. And we do not continually threaten our children and keep them in perpetual 'bondage' in that way; but when we do promise them anything they surely get it, whether it be a sugar-plum or a whipping.

"And as for the rest," she laughed, "look at the floor, yonder! Does not that answer for itself? You see I allow them freedom to amuse themselves.

"If children cannot be busy they will be discontented and unhappy. They must have something to occupy their minds; and those who will not allow their children innocent enjoyment because it interferes with their ideas

of neatness, are very liable to be 'bothered,' and they deserve to be.

"My children have one part of the 'house,' whenever they choose; and here they are at liberty to cut 'paper or whittle,' 'build houses,' 'drive stage,' make dolls' hats, dresses, etc., 'go a-visiting' each other in such comical paper hats of their own making, 'teach school,' or do whatever innocent thing they take it into their heads to do. And they do not get 'a scolding' if I do happen to find Miss Susanna Jane's night-dress or Miss Flora Bell's petticoat on the floor.

"However, I am quite sure that Mrs. Primer, over the way, doesn't consider me a very tidy housekeeper, just because I allow them to have their playthings there; for she sets her thin lips together in a very prim way, and tells me that she never *allowed* her children to litter her floor with playthings. And especially does she abhor the cuttings of paper which are the especial delight of those children—indeed, sometimes after an hour or so of cutting, you'd almost think there had been a snow-storm on their side of the house.

"Last Christmas their papa gave each of the older girls a pair of scissors; and, since then, you would be astonished to see the vast number of paper men and women they make—with from seven to nine children in a family!

"What if they do scatter scraps of paper on the floor? It's 'clean dirt,' at any rate, and I teach them to 'pick up after themselves' and not always leave it all for 'mother' to do. They are all the more willing to do little things to help me because of my indulgence. They have many still plays which can annoy no one; and if they are sometimes noisy, I can put up with that for the sake of knowing that they are amusing themselves in *safe places*; and with this knowledge, my mind is at rest as I go about my work.

"I want them to grow up feeling that home is the best and dearest spot on earth; and it is my duty, as a mother, to make it so pleasant that they will love it above all other places. They are too dear to me to be considered 'a bother'—I do not look upon the trouble as anything to be avoided, but as something appertaining to, and inseparable from, this 'work' of mine. What work can be done thoroughly and well without trouble? and why should I fret at and magnify the trouble of this great work, more than that which is attendant upon other work—work which may be of far less consequence than this? Mothers must expect to be put to some trouble—and not a little, either—but there is too much at stake to justify them in shirking their responsibility. Better take a little trouble than to make home a place of gloom and discontent, utterly hateful to them. It is my aim to endear their home to my children by every means in my power.

"Sometimes I get very tired and nervous, but I try to be patient; and as we have always used them to going to bed early, I have each night two hours or more of comparative quiet before bed-time (for baby is generally asleep at least part of the time,) and I know not what I should do without this interval of rest for the nerves. The children are all the better natured, on the morrow, for these first hours of sleep, and I know they are the healthier for it. And as I seldom sit up later than nine, I, too, get the rest that is needed to give me strength and patience; for sleep is one of the best of nerve strengtheners."

*Try it, mothers!*

## LITTLE FOLKS' EYES.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

VERY wise eyes they are, and very careful. Just the eyes to spy pins that have been carelessly dropped on the floor; and to search in the furthest corner for grandmother's ball of yarn which fell from her fingers when she was taking that little bit of a nap after dinner.

They are many-colored; blue, and black, and gray, and brown, but bright always and almost always full of truth and courage. They are the eyes that find out the first grasses that spring up, and the first violets that grow in the lane; that watch the rose-bush at the corner of the house, with such loving patience, from the first little leaf of green to the red and fragrant rose that sweetens all the air. If Little Fingers pulls one unbidden, why should you care? Flowers are the children's friends, and we must be thoughtless indeed, if we would forbid their recognition of the fact. Let them gather the flowers, and hold the soft petals up against their soft little cheeks, and talk to them and wonder over them at their will. How can we know what sweet lesson our Father is teaching them meanwhile; or guess what sermon is being preached from the snowy chalice of the lily?

Wise little eyes! How quick they are to read the signs of the times! They know what a smile foretells, and, alas, they learn to know what a frown forebodes. They see each faintest shadow on the mother's face, and they grow tender and wistful; sometimes the blue eyes overflow at the timid comprehension of a mother's grief.

And do you not suppose they read and wonder at the lines of impatience they find there sometimes, and grieve over the flush of anger they see rising to your cheek? Do they not spy out the little careless habit you are indulging while reproving them for a lesser sin? Do they not see the little selfishnesses that crop out here and there in the character, which we should strive, for their sakes, to have spotless?

Wise little eyes, and innocent little eyes! In which we must see the dawn of worldly wisdom, some day, and the guilt, perhaps, of forbidden desires; in which we must see the freshness of faith fade, and the light of trust die out.

Ah, do not hasten the bitter day. Bring the peace of Heaven into your homes, that you may make their lives peaceful. Let Heaven's own sunshine flood your house, that the shadows may not creep into the little folks' eyes. Be watchful—be wary—be wise; and the children's eyes shall be wells in which you shall see mirrored, day by day, the goodness and the purity that shines about your own life.

THOROUGHNESS.—Nothing must be slurred over; nothing left to chance; nothing be taken on supposition. Your whole energy must be thrown into your work, whatever it may be. All your thoughts must be concentrated on it. Your labor must be given to it unsparingly. You must grudge neither time nor fatigue. You must let nothing connected with it (no matter how small) escape your notice.

THE SLEEP OF CHILDREN.—The *Herald of Health* cautions parents not to allow their children to be waked up in the morning. Let Nature wake them; she will not do it prematurely. Take care that they go to bed at an early hour—let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE DOG AND THE ICE.

BY C.

"WHAT ever is that dog a doing?" exclaimed our little Patty, and her eyes grew large with wonder.

"Two words too much," said Aunt Ruth, in a grave voice and with a graver face. "Why don't you learn to talk right?"

"Oh, dear! you're always a putting of a body out!" and Miss Patty looked very much annoyed.

"Two words more too much," said Aunt Ruth, in a dead-level tone.

"You're always a doing of it, aunty. Why can't you tell me about the dog?"

"Two words more. I'm really surprised, Patty. Where do you hear that kind of talk?"

"What kind?" the child asked, looking puzzled as well as annoyed. "How should I talk?"

"What is that dog doing? was all you need have said," replied Aunt Ruth.

"Well, wasn't that just what I did say?" returned Patty.

"No; you put in two useless words that spoiled the sentence. You said 'What ever is that dog a doing?'"

"Oh, well, that doesn't kill anybody. You knew what I meant, aunty;" and Patty tossed her little head in an injured way.

"And then," continued Aunt Ruth, "you said, 'You're always a putting of a body out,' instead of saying, 'You're always putting a body out,' which sounds better and saves breath. You must think about these little things, my dear, and learn correct ways of speaking. And now let us see what the dog is doing. Oh! breaking the ice with his foot, I do declare!"

"Wouldn't 'I declare' be just as well, aunty, and so save breath on the *do*?" said Patty, turning upon Aunt Ruth with an arch, saucy smile.

"Fairly caught!" was Aunt Ruth's good-humored reply. "Yes, dear, that *do* was a word too much. Your old aunty learned some bad habits when she was young like you, and finds it hard even now to get over them, and so she wants her little niece to have as few faults as possible to overcome when she grows old. She does not know yet that unlearning is a great deal harder than learning. And now for the dog."

Aunt Ruth read for a minute in the book which Patty held open in her hand. Then she said: "Well, that is curious! This dog you see was walking along with his master one frosty morning. The night before had been

cold, and all the little pools of water were frozen over. The ice was not very thick, and so looked nearly the color of water. The dog put his head down to drink first at one frozen pool and then at another, and each time looked surprised and disappointed. Then his master broke the ice with his foot, and the dog drank his fill. On they went, and soon the dog wanted to drink again. But this time he did not wait for his master, but struck his great foot on the surface of an ice-covered stream and broke a hole for himself.

"Just look at him in the picture. He's as pleased as any boy."

—*Children's Hour.*



### HOW ALFRED'S FATHER MADE HIS FORTUNE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'C.

RALPH had been reading the history of a man who had accumulated a large fortune by hoarding carefully, though not in a miserly manner, all the little savings he could spare from his daily expenses; and he was filled with enthusiasm to begin the same course. He, too, would begin to save up his pennies, and see what they would amount to in half a dozen years.

Now his little Cousin Alfred was sitting by, and lis-

tening to the account with much interest. At last he said:

"I mean to get a fortune, too, Ralph, but I am going to get it in quite another way. I mean to be saving, like you, for mother says it is sinful to waste even crumbs. But then I mean to give away all I can, and let the Lord pay it back to me. Mother says that is the way father got our pleasant home and all its comforts. He began very poor, but he loved to do good; and he never used to let a chance go by of helping the poor, or of giving something to the Lord's work. When he had not dollars, he gave dimes; but he does not remember ever being reduced to a single penny when a collection was to be taken up for any good cause. When he knew about it, he planned for it beforehand, and would try, by extra work, to earn something for it, just as hard as he would work to get money to pay his rent. He began to see how wonderfully the Lord blessed him, especially after he had been more than usually self-denying. That encouraged him to give still more—and it was just like Bunyan's riddle."

"What was that?" said Ralph, who was very fond of riddles.

"I learned it last Sabbath, when mother read me the story.

"There was a man, and some did count him mad,  
The more he cast away, the more he had."

"But do you believe it, really and truly, Alfred, that what you give away comes back to you, and more besides?"

"You should hear my mother give you cases she has known herself. She had a friend who went out as a Western missionary, and lived in a little, miserable cabin, among a real stingy people, to whom she was trying to do good. Often they were almost out of everything to eat—but they could not help taking two poor little orphan children, who were very destitute; and right away a great load of provisions came to them. So they went on; always helping those who were poorer; and at last the piece of land her husband bought to put his cabin on, turned out to be in the heart of a large town. So now he has a grand fortune."

"That was very nice, and a pleasanter way of making a fortune than just hoarding up what you make."

"Yes, I think so, too. It always makes me glad to see people happy. Such a little thing, too, will bring happiness. Mother says a half-hour's help is often worth more than money to a person; and it may take more self-denial to give it. The Lord takes notice of all such things, even to giving a cup of cold water."

Ralph went home that day, with some new views about the ways of getting a fortune. And I hope when he grows to be a man, that he will have a grand one, built on the broad, safe structure of good deeds, wise and noble charities, which bring down the blessing of Heaven upon all one's labors and gains.

#### A SAND-WASP AT WORK.

SOME species of the family of wasps have the habit of digging cylindrical holes in the ground, in which they bury some insect, sometimes a spider, sometimes a grasshopper, and sometimes some other variety of insect. A wasp which we recently watched, had dug a slanting hole about an inch deep. The process of digging was as follows:

Using its head as a pickaxe, it loosened the earth, and, after detaching a sufficient quantity, it took the loosened

earth up in its fore-legs, which were used as arms, backed swiftly out of the hole, dropped it, and went directly back.

This it continued to do until the pile at the mouth of the hole became so large as to be troublesome; it then threw the earth back, digging as a dog digs, with its fore-legs, throwing the earth back between the others.

After levelling the pile, it dug as before until another pile had accumulated.

By this process it proceeded quite rapidly, digging its length in a short time.

It worked for some time in this way, then flew away four or five yards from its hole, seized a large grasshopper which it had previously prepared, and began to drag it toward the hole.

With its mouth it took the grasshopper by the *antennae*, or feelers, as they are commonly called, and walked off, dragging the insect after it. There heads were pointed in the same direction, the wasp's legs being over the grasshopper's back.

Although encumbered by such a load, the wasp walked without much difficulty, making good time, in the direction of its hole, and not stopping until within a foot or two of its destination.

The grasshopper had been stung nearly to death, but there was some life remaining; not enough, however, to allow it to escape.

After leaving the grasshopper, the wasp commenced digging again in the same manner as before. It worked for some time, then drew the insect to within an inch or two of the hole, and after this dug a little more. This it continued to do until the hole had been made of sufficient size. As soon as this was the case, it drew the grasshopper the remaining distance to its burial-place, leaving it with its head pointed down the hole; then, taking it by the *antennae*, the wasp tried to back into the burrow, pulling its victim headforemost after it.

It is worthy of notice that all the time before the heads of the two insects were in the same direction, the wasp being over the back of the grasshopper; but when directly in front of the hole, it took the insect by the *antennae* and pulled it in, the wasp going backward. In this way both could enter at the same time, as they could not the other way.

At the first trial, the efforts of the wasp failed; for this reason, it dragged the grasshopper to one side, and began to enlarge the hole. It then made another trial, again dragging the insect so that its head pointed down the hole. This time it was successful.

As soon as the grasshopper was safely deposited at the bottom of the hole, the wasp came out and began to throw in the sand which had accumulated. It would throw in a little with its fore-legs, and then go in and smooth over with its head what had been thrown in. It continued to work in this manner until the hole was full. It seemed careful not to get in any little sticks or stones; if any were thrown in, it would bring them out.

The whole process before described was completed in about half an hour, the wasp all the time working very industriously.

The object of its work was to provide food for its offspring; these are grubs, which, when hatched, are not able to provide for themselves.

The wasp deposits its eggs in the hole with some insect which it buries in the manner described, and when the larvae hatch out they have food provided for them.

It buries the insect alive to prevent decomposition before the eggs are hatched.—*Youths' Companion*.



## Evenings with the Poets.

### TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;  
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day—  
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,  
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heart's sad ache.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown,  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow mend a kite to reach the sky—  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumped by a shining head—  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;  
The little one I used to kiss is dead.

### NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING.

NEVER hasting, never resting,  
With a firm and joyous heart;  
Ever onward slowly tending,  
Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,  
Doing all thou hast to do;  
Seeking ever man's upraising  
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure:  
Unelated by success;  
Heights attained, revealing higher,  
Onward, upward, ever press.

Slowly moves the march of ages,  
Slowly grows the forest king,  
Slowly to perfection cometh  
Every great and glorious thing.

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,  
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,  
Mighty ends from small beginnings,  
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,  
Future navies may provide;  
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,  
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature  
Since the earth her course began;  
Such to thee she teacheth daily,  
Eager, ardent, restless man!

"Never hasting, never resting,"  
Glad in peace and calm in strife;  
Quietly thyself preparing  
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful and unswerving,  
Weary though thou art, and faint,  
Ne'er despair, there's One above thee  
Listing ever to thy plaint.

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,  
Dieth he who standeth still;  
Not by haste, nor rest, can ever  
Man his destiny fulfil.

"Never hasting, never resting,"  
Legend fine, and quaint, and olden,  
In our thinking, in our acting,  
Should be writ in letters golden.

### WAIT FOR THE WINGS.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

MY little maiden of four years old—  
No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold—  
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me;

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,  
(As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her),  
She cried, "O mother, I found on my arm  
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,  
Yet a look, in its daring, half-awed and shy,  
She added, "While they were about it, mother,  
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thoughts of the soul that turns  
From the coarser form of a partial growth,  
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that years  
With an unknown glory to crown them both!

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
For the possible beauty that underlies  
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love  
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,  
From the holy height of their Heaven above,  
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

## PEACE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AS a tale that is told, as a vision,  
 Forgive and forget; for I say  
 That the true shall enjoy the derision  
 Of the false till the full of the day.

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven;  
 Ay, forget, lest the ill you have done  
 Be remembered against you in Heaven,  
 And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?  
 And who shall have rest without price?  
 And who shall hold war with his neighbor  
 With promise of peace with the Christ!

The years may lay hand on fair Heaven;  
 May place and displace the red stars;  
 May stain them as blood-stains are driven  
 At sunset in beautiful bars;

May shroud them in black till they fret us  
 As clouds with their showers of tears;  
 May grind us to dust and forget us,  
 May the years, oh, the pitiless years!

The precepts of Christ are beyond them;  
 The truths by the Nazarene taught,  
 With the tramp of the ages upon them,  
 They endure as though ages were naught;

The deserts may drink up the fountains,  
 The forests give place to the plain,  
 The main may give place to the mountains,  
 The mountains return to the main.

Mutations of worlds and mutations  
 Of suns may take place, but the reign  
 Of time and the toils and vexations  
 Bequeath them no, never a stain.

Go forth to the fields as one sowing;  
 Sing songs and be glad as you go;  
 There are seeds that take root without sowing,  
 And bear some fruit whether or no.

And the sun shall shine sooner or later,  
 Though the midnight breaks ground on the morn;  
 Then appeal you to Christ, the Creator,  
 And to grey-bearded Time, his first-born.

## HOMEWARD.

BY LOIS BROOKE.

AGALLOP through the mountain way,  
 With click, click, click, against the flint—  
 Hard following on the flying day,  
 That backward flings a fiery tint.

The twilight pines stand dense and grim,  
 And sigh and sigh, "The day is dead;"  
 The virgin birches, tall and slim,  
 Wave shadowy arms across the red.

In brooding peace the uplands lie,  
 Stretched dimly in their evening rest;  
 As through their lifted calm I fly,  
 On, onward, to the happy West.

O West, heart-red, burn close before!  
 Pale, dreamy East, float far behind!  
 No pause, good steed—a few miles more  
 In yonder glow our rest we'll find.

Urgent, we reach the downward hill,  
 The village darkens far below—  
 Has aught befallen her of ill?  
 My eager heart leaps down to know.

A swift descent along the ridge,  
 Through shady glooms and breaks of light;  
 A cheery clatter on the bridge,  
 Then up the street where falls the night.

Across the dark a hearth-fire's gleam,  
 A graceful shadow on the wall;  
 'Twas false, thank God, that last night's dream  
 That something evil did befall.

From out the door a ruddier shine  
 Meets vanished daylight's golden trace;  
 And starry eyes turned up to mine—  
 One light in Heaven and home and face!  
*Scribner's Monthly.*

## IS IT BEST?

BY ELLA WHEELER.

OMOTHER who sips sweetened liquors!  
 Look down at the child on your breast;  
 Think, think of the rough path before him,  
 And ask yourself then, "Is it best?  
 Shall I foster a love for this poison,  
 Instil the thirst into his veins?  
 In the fountain he seeks at my bosom  
 Sow the rank seeds of death, grief and pain?"

"Shall I give him the thirst of the drunkard?  
 Bequeath him the weapons of crime?  
 Can we look for a glass of pure water  
 Dipped up from a fountain of slime?  
 Can we look for brave men, strong and noble,  
 Where the parents drink poison for food?  
 When the body and soul are corrupted,  
 Can we look for the works to be good?"

Oh! think of the future before him!  
 There are perils you cannot remove;  
 Yet this, the great highway of sorrow—  
 Oh, guard him from this with your love.  
 There are rough paths enough in the future,  
 For the feet of the child on your breast;  
 And lower the glass you are lifting,  
 And ask yourself then, "Is it best?"

## 'TIS BETTER TO SMILE THAN SIGH.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

THERE are thorny paths that we all must tread,  
 And though both you and I  
 May deem ours thorniest of all,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh.

Though darkly gather the clouds o'erhead,  
 Beyond is the bright blue sky;  
 And however long the shadows may be,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh.

There are heavy burdens to bear aloft;  
 But, though others have mounted high  
 On the ladder of Life, while we grope below,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh.

There are sunshine friends, who, on cloudy days,  
 Are fain to pass us by;  
 But, with virtue within, and God above,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh.

Our brightest dreams may fade in air,  
 And vanish our castles high,  
 But, while strength remains to do and dare,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh.

There are many wrecks on the stream of life,  
 For the joys of earth must die;  
 But, with work to do, and a crown in view,  
 'Tis better to smile than sigh!

## The Home Circle.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

NOT long ago I went to see the Children's Hospital in Boston, and had so pleasant a time that I thought you would like to read about it.

It was a beautiful day in May, and the doors and windows were wide open to the glad sunlight and sweet spring air.

I was shown into a pleasant dining-room, opposite the front door, and in a very few moments one of the nurses came down-stairs. She was a very lady-like woman, with a pleasant face and voice; and plainly, but very tidily dressed.

When I asked if I could see the children, she at first said that if I could just *as well* come another day, she would like it, because they were having papering done, and she had been obliged to put some of the little ones in the room generally used as an office. But the moment she found I had come from a distance, she cordially consented to my going up-stairs. And she need not have apologized, for the whole house was clean, airy and pleasant. The little beds were all snowy white, and just alike; and the little ones wore white night-dresses, with saques of bright scarlet flannel, so that they could have their arms out of bed, and play, with no danger of taking cold. There was but one child in a bed, except where two babies were playing together. Some of the children were well enough to be dressed and sit in their little chairs. There were pictures on the walls, flowers on the stands, picture-books and toys in abundance in all the wards. There were baby-houses, dolls and tea-sets, horses and wagons; some on the beds, and in the little hands, others arranged on mantel, and shelf, and bracket, where they could be easily reached; and evidently in daily use. There was a handy little thing, too, for their meals, when sitting up in bed; a sort of half-shelf, half-table, light and yet large enough to hold a nice dinner.

The children looked happy, and as free as dearly-loved children are in well-ordered homes. The youngest, a two-year-old boy, came willingly to me when I asked him, and talked a little, while I rocked him in my lap. He was a pretty baby, and well, except that he could use only one foot freely; he had some little power over the other, but not much. They call it partial paralysis, and thought it would soon be cured.

"Pitty dess," he said to me, taking up his print wrapper. It was pretty; a tiny figure on a white ground, made very nicely, with long sleeves and high neck, belted around the waist—every way easy and comfortable.

Then he showed me his "pitty soes," and nice, striped "tottins," and "pitty tirt," a little white flannel skirt, perfectly plain, but very clean.

Of all the thirty young faces gathered there, not one wore any trace of discontent or repining, though some were very pale, and worn with suffering. With pleasant smiles, and grateful, loving looks, and cheerful words, they greeted their nurse, as she passed among them with silent footfall and loving voice and gentle touch. Her face was beautiful in its purity and affection. Peace and goodwill looked out from her clear, hazel eyes, and breathed in her tones. And it was easy to see that love was mutual. She loved the little ones as a mother might,

and they loved her as they would a true and tender mother or elder sister. With careful hands she ministered to their comfort, and with motherly kindness and sympathy helped them endure their pain, and lessened it as far as lay in her power.

One poor little girl, beautiful and sweet as a rosebud, was totally blind. She was there in the hope of cure. The doctors said there was room for hope; that she might see again the beautiful earth, and the faces of her mother, brothers and friends; and so she lay there, quiet and patient, sometimes singing softly to herself, never complaining that she could not play, as most of her companions did. Twice a week the surgeon gave her ether, lulling her to blessed unconsciousness of pain, and with his keen instruments sought to remove the obstruction. Once her sight had been partially restored, but vanished again. But patience and hope, like good angels, dwelt with her; these never vanished. And that the angels of Heaven are very near these suffering children, cheering, helping, comforting through all, we may be sure.

Two little girls, five or six years old, were asleep. They were the most feeble; the only ones who would, the nurses thought, soon go from that shelter and care, home with the angels. One of these was burned in the terrible Boston fire. The other child was scalded. And, oh! the saddest of this true story is that she was pushed into the hot water by a man in a rage—no doubt, the frenzy caused by liquor!

Poor little one! She had suffered sorely; but the time of pain was past, and the angels of God's mercy would soon bear her home to the Father's bosom! The old things of her life had already passed away, and all things become new. She was waiting a little while, in a clean, sweet resting-place, no more hungry, or cold, or in pain; no more frightened or abused, but meeting only pitying looks and kind words, gentle hands and loving human hearts. You remember the land of Beulah, in the sweet, old story of the "Pilgrim's Progress," so she lay, in that quiet sleep, as on the border-land of Heaven and home.

Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON.

### FIFTY QUESTIONS.

AN ingenious correspondent of *The Herald of Health* gives the following fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. The guessing of these questions will form a pleasant evening entertainment.

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.
2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water?
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers.
5. Represents the dwellings of civilized men.
6. Is a kind of linen.
7. Is worn on the head.
8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings.
9. Belongs to a monastery.

10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be.
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure.
13. Always youthful as you see; but between you and me, he never was much of a chicken.
14. An American manufacturing town.
15. Humpbacked but not deformed.
16. An internal pain.
17. Value of a word.
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one.
20. A worker in precious metals.
21. A very vital part of the body.
22. A lady's garment.
23. A small talk and a heavy weight.
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig.
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot.
27. A sick place of worship.
28. A mean dog 'tis.
29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal.
32. A game and a male of the human species.
33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakspeare or Martin F. Tupper?"
34. Meat! What are you doing?
35. Is very fast indeed.
36. A barrier built by an edible.
37. To agitate a weapon.
38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright.
39. A domestic worker.
40. A slang exclamation.
41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her.
42. A young domestic animal.
43. One that is more than a sandy shore.
44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion.
45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild.
46. A girl's name and a male relation.
47. Take a heavy field piece, nothing loth.
48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much beloved poet you'll speedily see.
49. A common domestic animal, and what it can never do.
50. Each living head in time 'tis said, will turn to him though he be dead.

## ANSWERS.

1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor. 5. Holmes. 6. Holland. 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Abbott. 10. Southey. 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte. 22. Spencer. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. W. Savage Landor. 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willis. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall. 37. Shakspeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cook. 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitt-ser. 48. Bryant. 49. Cowper. 50. Gray.

## ONLY TO-DAY.

**I**N the October number of the HOME MAGAZINE I read a story entitled *One Day at a Time*.

I think the writer had little conception of the needs his or her suggestive little story might meet amid the many readers of the HOME MAGAZINE. Few of us can still the fearful heart when some danger seems impending, and refrain from darkening our own and other lives about us with the gloomy sadness of a foreboding mind.

I want to relate a fact which came to my knowledge in regard to the effect produced on a saddened life by the same story to which I have alluded; and I hope it may gladden the heart of its writer to know how far even those few sensible, hopeful words have gone toward alleviating the suffering of a troubled heart.

The case to which I allude was that of a young person whose heart but recently had been thoroughly absorbed in a love that promised her life a dear fulfilment of bright and joyous hopes.

For more than a year, however, she has been reluctantly awakening to the knowledge of unworthiness in her lover. She feels now only too confident that from the first of their acquaintance he has been playing a false part to win her affections; and this knowledge, with the consequent disappointment in his character, gives her infinitely more pain than even the blight that has fallen upon her own life.

A person of refined and delicate feeling can well appreciate how far worse than the loss by death of one well loved is the discovery of that one's unworthiness. This is so in the case of minor friendships, but how eminently is it true when a heart has staked its all upon the one love.

So it was with the person of whom I write. Her life stood still, as it were, in a cloud of gloom. The varied duties which had filled her days heretofore, and which, though ordinary enough in character, she had performed cheerfully, even gladly, in the knowledge of their necessity to the comfort and happiness of others about her, now proved heavy clogs upon her spirits; and she was bitterly lamenting her fate, longing to rush away from the tiresome, humdrum, daily life, and dreading more than all else the hopeless coming-on of an empty future.

Yet her surroundings were the same as ever and were more than comfortable, and there were hundreds of little ways in which she might still go on blessing other lives. But her own thought had as yet taken up no aspect of the case except its fearful future, at which she could only tremble, when the messenger of peace came in the story I mention. She grasped the little morsel of comfort eagerly; and I am sure her heart now murmurs to itself as frequently as did that of Mrs. Carson, with as comforting an understanding of the meaning of the words, "Only one day at a time, only one day is ours."

As I look at the brightening face of my friend, and hear the softening tones of her voice growing daily more cheerful, I cannot but feel impressed with the power there is in kind words and human sympathy; while, at the same time, I find myself growing into the knowledge that far more is to be gathered from the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," than they would seem to imply when but lightly regarded. We might well put the soothing philosophy of their truth to another application, Sufficient unto the day is the duty thereof; and this would only comport with our Saviour's teaching here upon earth.

His words tend constantly to give us reassurance of



his care for our future. He says, "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid;" and when the future seems to hold naught but trouble for us, when we regard it hopelessly and shrink from it fearfully, then we might recall the command, "What thy hand findeth to do do it with thy might," and gather, for each day that comes to us, strong comfort from our Father in the very act of obeying Him. L. B.

### THE FIRST BOY.

BY LICHEN.

I DON'T mean the first who ever made his appearance upon this mundane sphere. Not by any means. I make no pretensions to knowing anything about the sayings and doings of the infantile Cain—what the lullabies were on which he was sung to sleep, what kind of toys were invented for his baby amusement, or whether Mother Eve rocked him in a rocking-chair or cradle. All these historical minutiae must ever remain a sealed mystery to mankind. The boy of whom I wish to speak, is but the first one in our immediate branch of the long line of descendants from our illustrious ancestor, and I suspect, is a being of far more interest to us. Indeed his coming amongst us, occasioned such an excitement, in a family of five married brothers and sisters, that any one ignorant of the state of the case, might have reasonably supposed it to be the first one that had ever made its advent in the community.

There had been plenty of girl babies, for the eldest brother, Fred, and his bright little wife, Lizzie, living at home with us, had three girls, all grown out of babyhood now; and there was Maggie—next door—with her twins, of whom she was so proud; and Tom, and Annie, and Grace, each settled down with a little family of from one to four feminine responsibilities growing up around them. Of course each one was the sweetest and smartest in its day; each had been petted, and praised, and made much over, while its little reign lasted; but girl babies had grown to be an old story, and the great desire was for one of the stronger, sterner sex, to uphold the family dignity and keep up the family name. So now, the announcement that Fred and Lizzie were the happy possessors of a boy, was received with enthusiasm. Tom and his wife were sent for, to the country, and the sisters were telegraphed immediately.

The next day's train brought Grace from a distance of sixty miles, and a letter from Annie, filled with congratulations, inquiries and regrets that she could not come. Maggie brought in her six months' old twins to compare with the new baby, and found it was almost as big as either of them.

Of course everybody said it was *splendid*. Some thought it looked like Fred, others called it the image of its mother, I didn't see how it could look like anybody, with its little, red face and snubby nose, though I know what great possibilities might lie undeveloped within that little pink and white bundle.

It was amusing to see Fred in his new dignity, walking about the house with such a consequential air, talking about his son, and showing such pride and delight at all the praise bestowed upon him. He told me how he intended bringing him up, and his plans for his education, during the first week, and it is my private opinion that he wrote the name "Frederic Gray & Son" on some of his office papers, the very first day, just to see how it looked. Roy came into my room one evening, and throwing

himself into the big arm-chair, exclaimed: "Did you ever see such a fuss made over anything in your life, sis?"

"No, not since you were born, I suppose," I replied, a little mischievously; "though I was so small then, myself, that I can't remember much about it."

"Pshaw! I don't believe there was half as much ado about me."

"Well, perhaps not, you know you were not the only boy in the family."

"No, I have had cause to remember that, ever since I was big enough to remember anything, in the way Fred and Tom used to torment me. I say, sis, I believe Fred has about half lost his wits this week, anyhow. I asked him this morning what I should put on my hand, where I had cut it, and he said, 'Godfrey's Cordial,' he believed! Wasn't that a good one?"

"Maybe you don't know that you are just the least bit in the world jealous, young man, and are afraid you will not get all the petting and spoiling that you used to?"

"Jealous of a three days old baby!" and he drew himself up with all the dignity his fourteen years could command. "I'm not such a noodle as that; and as to spoiling, if you call it being spoiled to have to stomp through snow and mud to school, and not have any pie saved for you when you are away at dinner-time, then I believe I'd rather not be spoiled."

"How often does that happen, you poor, abused piece of masculinity?"

"Well, oftener than I like, if it is only once or twice," and he settled himself back in his chair, and looked in the fire with an injured air.

I could not help smiling to myself at his present forlornity; knowing just how he felt, while everybody else was so taken up with a new interest which was of so little interest to him as yet. Knowing, too, that it would soon pass off, and he would be fond enough of his new rival as soon as it grew older.

There was a great time over the naming of baby. One name after another was discussed and dropped, until Roy gave it as his opinion that they would not be satisfied short of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great. But the dear little fellow was not destined to bear any such high-sounding cognomen. Charlie was decided upon, at length, as being prettiest and most suitable for such a bright, little sunbeam. "Prince Charlie," I called him, as he promised to be such a veritable monarch over his small realm; and the title was soon adopted by all the rest.

The little prince grew, and threw with astonishing rapidity, and established his reign in all hearts. It was not very long until he was able to crow and play, and then hardly any one was more ready for him than Roy, until, at length, the little fellow has grown to look for his coming in as the signal for a romp, and soon makes himself heard, if he is not noticed directly, by his merry comrade. Jessie and Maud often join in these frolics till the house resounds with the pleasant music of child-laughter.

There was a great demonstration over the first teeth "Prince Charlie" cut. His "crown jewels," Fred called them. He has a double row of the shining pearls now, and delights to shut them together to hear the noise they make. Lizzie is a proud and happy mother with this new charge upon her hands and heart. A reverent one, too. I often see her watching her boy—as he lies quietly sleeping—with such earnest eyes, while her sewing drops forgotten in her lap; and one day she said to me: "I

never before felt so strongly the responsibility resting upon me as a mother. To think that I may some day be the mother of a grown man—a man who may wield an influence in the nation, or work some great good amongst his fellow-men close around him. Fred says he believes he is a better man ever since baby came. He feels that he ought to try to make himself, as nearly as possible, an example for his boy to follow, else how can he expect to bring him up aright?"

And so our first boy grows and thrives, a blessing and a joy to all around him.

### SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner and Chronicle*, in giving an account of a night's ride in the cars through a portion of the far West, relates this beautiful incident:

"There are two women seated together, plain women, say forty-five or fifty years old. They have good, open, friendly faces. Plainly dressed, modest and silent, save when they conversed with each other, you had hardly noticed them. Perhaps there was the least touch of rural life about them. They would make capital country aunts to visit in midsummer, or midwinter, for that matter. If they were mothers at all, they were good ones. So much you see, if you know how. Well, it was wearing on toward twelve o'clock—the reader is requested to believe that this is no fancy sketch—when through the dull silence there rose a voice as clear, and mellow, and flexible as a girl's, of the quality that goes to the heart like the greeting of a true friend. It belonged to one of those women. She sat with her white face, a little seamed with time and trouble, turned neither to the right nor the left, seemingly unconscious that she had a listener. The songs she sang were most of them the old ones—songs of the conference and the camp, such as our mothers used, to sing in the years that are gone. First it was

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'

and then

'Our days are gliding swiftly on.'

The clear tones grew rounder and sweeter. Those that were awake listened; those that were asleep awoke all around her. Some left their seats and came nearer, but she never noticed them. A brakeman, who had not heard a 'psalm tune' since his mother led him to church by the hand when he was a little boy, and who was rattling the stove as if he were fighting a chained maniac, laid down the poker and stood still. Then it was,

'A charge to keep I have;'

and so hymn after hymn, until at last she struck up:

'I will sing you a song of that Beautiful Land,  
The far-away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
While the years of eternity roll.

'Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams  
Its bright jasper walls I can see;  
And I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes  
Between that fair city and me.'

"The car was in a wakeful hush long before she had ended. It was as if a beautiful spirit were floating through the air. None that heard will ever forget. Philip Phillips can never bring that 'Home of the Soul' any nearer to anybody. And never, I think, was quite so sweet a voice lifted in the storm of a November night on the rolling plains of Iowa. It is almost a year ago. The

singer's name, home and destination, no one learned; but the thought of one listener follows her with an affectionate interest. Is she living? Surely singing wherever she is, I bid her God-speed. She cheered and charmed the November gloom with carols of the celestial city. She passed with the dull dawn of the coming morning out of our lives, and there is a strange ache at the heart as we think so."

### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

I SPENT a few days on a steamboat journey last spring," says a writer in *The Advance*, "and in the evenings the passengers would gather in the cabins, and, each contributing something to the general entertainment, we had very pleasant times. One young man gave a recitation, not much of a piece, perhaps—one of the old-time school-boy declamations—and in the midst of it he forgot how it went, got confused and broke down, feeling immensely mortified. But one of the ladies sitting near him spoke: 'Thank you for that piece. It was particularly pleasant to me to be reminded of it, for I used to hear it years ago, and it brings to mind those pleasant old times when I went to district school in the country. But I have not heard it, nor thought of it, for a long time.' The man's embarrassment was half taken away by such thoughtful acknowledgment that he had given pleasure by his attempt, and the lady proved herself a 'real lady.' But, unfortunately, nine out of ten would not have thought to say anything of the kind.

"If the man who happens to sit on the same seat with you in the cars has not the morning paper, and you have, don't read it through and put it in your pocket, but offer it to your neighbor. And, in offering a kindness, if you can put it into shape of asking one, so much the pleasanter. A lady said to me: 'I hate to carry round a subscription paper and go begging; but, when I do go, there is just one man I like to go to. Mr. A—— always thanks me for coming, just as though I had done him a favor by giving him a chance to subscribe. Sometimes he says he can't give me anything, but he always thanks me for coming.' How easy for Mr. A—— to do so; yet, in one point at least, it makes him regarded as the most agreeable person whom she knows.

"The impressions left by these little things last so long, too. I remember well how an old gentleman, a stranger to me, gave me a luscious-looking pear one day, when I was an errand boy in Boston. I was waiting in one of the banks, and he slipped it through the wire-grating to me without saying a word. Why, that little thing has been a pleasure to me, every time I have thought of it, all these years!"

### "TAKE THE OTHER HAND."

WE cannot too much admire the beauty and truth of that philosophy which determines to make the best of it, however difficult and tiresome duty may be. Such a spirit in children is attractive indeed, and a powerful lesson to many who are older.

On a lovely day in the commencement of spring, a young lady, who had been anxiously watching for some weeks by the bedside of her mother, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air, for her heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. After strolling some distance she came to a ropewalk, and, being familiar to the place, she entered. At the end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel. Thinking this too laborious

employment for such a mere child, she said to him as she approached: "Who sent you to this place?"

"Nobody, ma'am; I came myself."

"Do you get pay for your labor?"

"Indeed, I do; I get ninepence a day."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Oh, mother gets it all."

"You give nothing to father, then?"

"I have no father, ma'am."

"Do you like this kind of work?"

"Oh, well enough; but if I did not like it, I should still do it, that I might get the money for mother."

"How long do you work in the day?"

"From nine to twelve in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you get tired of turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes, ma'am."

"And what do you do then?"

"Why, I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for mother?" asked the well-pleased urchin.

"No, no; it is for yourself, because you are a good little boy."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," returned he, smiling; "mother will be glad."

The young lady departed, and returned home, strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and example of a mere child.

"The next time duty seems hard to me," she said to herself, "I will imitate this little boy, and take the other hand."

### AN ANTI-FASHION MOVEMENT.

**EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:** The *New York Times* has given to the world a perverted and fallacious report of the doings of an anti-fashion convention recently held in Vineland, New Jersey. It is true there were certain persons who, having made dress reform a hobby, naturally felt themselves entitled to take a prominent part in the proceedings; and to those who were prejudiced, or who desired to ridicule rather than to think, these perhaps furnished an opportunity for sneers and fault-finding. But by far the larger portion of those taking part in the proceedings of the convention were earnest, intelligent men and women, including the very best citizens of Vineland (than whom no town has better), and who gave to it a character for sobriety and moderation far beyond that which its most ardent friends had dared in advance to hope for it, knowing as they did the discordant and almost unmanageable elements which were sure to compose it.

This convention has, I believe, a significance which time alone will reveal. Its platform—a broad and a sensible one—is the embodiment of the spirit which is manifested among sensible people everywhere, and is even expressed in the columns of our fashion magazines. It protests against unhealthful moods of dress, and against following the extremes of a fickle and unreasoning fashion; against meretricious ornament—not against appropriate ornament in dress by any means. It suggests that the dress of both men and women should be made healthful, comfortable and appropriate to its especial use,

while it recommends perfect individual freedom in the matter of dress, and guarantees to all the countenance of those who composed the convention in exercising this individual freedom.

I consider this a step in the right direction, in these times of panic and enforced retrenchment. There is not a fashion magazine in the land which should not co-operate heartily with this attempted reform, and do all it can to so modify the fashions that they shall prove acceptable to those who have pledged themselves to a better mode of dress.

*Demorest's Magazine*, which has always done worthy battle against the street-sweeping abominations called trains, cannot but enter heart and hand into this movement. We find in the February number an excellent article touching on some of the very points which have to be considered in making a revolt against fashion, from which we make an extract:

"The reactionary current which has set in against the waste, extravagance and unhealthful methods employed in the dress of women, under the name of fashion, will probably have the effect of assisting to call the attention of intelligent women to the facts in the case, and show them what is their own duty in the matter. To exchange one absurdity for another, or attempt to establish a uniform style of dress, is useless and impracticable. Tastes differ, means differ, education and habits of thought differ, and all find their expression in dress. It is true, however, that the majority have no absolute knowledge, and therefore no fixed ideas upon the subject of dress, any more than upon other questions which belong to social science and ethics, and they accept the assertions of others, therefore, as authority—they will do this in any case, and unless, therefore, dress critics can erect themselves into a recognized standard of dress authority, their action can amount to nothing so far as the majority of women are concerned.

"Our would-be dress educators, as a general rule, lamentably fail to recognize this cardinal principle, that new methods, new principles, new motives of action, must be, in themselves, their own excuse for being at all. That is to say, their claim to equality, or superiority, must be so obvious as to be easily recognized."

To my mind the name of the convention was a misnomer, both in its intent and in its actuality. It should have been called an "Anti-foolish-absurd-extravagant-unhealthful-immoral-fashion Convention." But such a name would hardly have been convenient to announce upon the hand-bills and in the reports. As long as women wear clothes, they will of necessity follow fashions of some sort, because every woman has not the time to study out the matter of dress in all its minutiae for herself. She will from sheer necessity borrow her patterns of a neighbor, if she does not go to a fashion book for them; so it will be a fashion after all. What we as American women should do is to shake off the thrall of the foreign fashion inventors, and dare to make the fashions for ourselves; or, what is equivalent to it, follow the lead of those who have time, conscience and common sense to expend upon the devising of appropriate and attractive modes of dress. Then we should assume sufficient individual freedom to allow us to accept or reject a fashion according as it does or does not suit us, and have courage to retain a fashion when it seems to exactly meet a want.

E. B. D.

Vineland, N. J.

## Floral Department.

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY CHARITY L. MARBETT.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### RECOLLECTIONS OF GARDENS.

A VERY interesting and uncommon common flower-garden which I have visited many times with both pleasure and profit, was owned and worked entirely by three young ladies; whatever there was in it or around it, from the smallest bed of "forget-me-not" to the substantial picket fence surrounding it, being solely the work of their hands.

This flower-garden was quite extensive for a private one, and was kept with scrupulous neatness and order, both in beds and walks. Costly, rare and beautiful plants were there to be found in the greatest abundance, growing with marvellous luxuriance. Every plant seemed to have grown for the place it occupied, and none were allowed to shirk the duty of fulfilling what their position required of them. I remember asking Miss A. the secret of her success in this matter, when she laughingly replied: "Oh, if a plant does not suit me in its growth, I take it up and put in one that will."

"Yes, in the season for transplanting," I remarked.

"That makes no difference," she replied. "If it does not please me up it comes, the season or the weather having nothing to do with it." She then showed me several large plants that had been thus removed, and whatever they might have suffered they certainly gave no evidence of having been so lately disturbed.

She added further, "If I want an arbor or fancy seat at any time, I make it, no matter in what stage of growth the vines to cover it with are at the time. I unwind and rewind, and they all come out right."

Indeed, arbor frames and rustic seats seemed a speciality with these young ladies, and their success and originality in this direction was truly astonishing. These fixtures had not the appearance of frailty and *do-for-the-time* look that generally characterizes female handiwork in that direction, but were unique, tasteful and durable-looking affairs—creditable productions, in themselves, even if considered without reference to their builders. In addition to their ability as ready hand workers, these young ladies were very ingenious in making the most ordinary and actually waste material of service to them in getting up these garden decorations.

A frame or support for a running-rose, in one part of the garden, pleased me much. It was in the form of a lyre; the sides constructed from the worn-out shoes of an old sleigh, which were bent into the desired shape and fastened to a post of wood, sufficiently strong for that purpose, raising the top curve to about thirteen feet. The strings were of ropes, the cross-piece at the top of wood—the whole nicely painted black, giving it a strong and durable look. As many as four strong and long shoots were fastened to the curved sides, or sleigh shoes, the shorter and more imperfect ones helping to make the thickness at the bottom or lower part of the curve, and the straightest and most perfect-looking shoots were selected for strings. The whole being closely tied on to the frame and neatly and evenly trimmed, made it, even when out of bloom, a very pleasing ornament.

Trunks of old trees, whose size alone would entitle them to the name of the "oldest inhabitant," set in the ground, leaning as their natural growth would suggest, and covered with mosses, lichens and curious piles of fungi, with, perhaps, a moss basket, a bird house or a bird's nest, so naturally placed that you almost thought to see the occupant flit out at your approach, with masses of vines concealing the whole just sufficient to show it to the best advantage, were devices introduced into this garden with great success by the fair originators. With success, because they always appeared just where they seemed to be in the most perfect harmony with the surroundings, as though they had gone to decay from sheer old age, yet had brightened and beautified themselves as much as possible, in view of the impossibility of removal by the hands of their fair owners.

This garden was laid out in broad walks, crossing each other at right angles, and bordered with beds of perhaps three feet in width, with a narrow walk on the outside. The middle of the squares thus formed, had circular beds, with some prominent feature, a seat, a climber or shrub of some particular merit, and in places where the size would admit, little triangles in the corners devoted to small plants in masses. The fence next the road was covered with roses; and high and strong-looking arbors in different places over the walks, supported large and productive grape-vines. Most of these grape-vines were taken down from the lodges and buried for winter, by the ladies themselves, as were also the roses, the climate being cold and situation unfavorable.

A sofa which was made of sods, in front of the house, underneath some fine old trees, was very neat and pretty. Being solid as far up as the seat, of course it was not difficult to construct, but the arms and back were more liable to get displaced. These were held together by sticks running through the whole into the ground, and concealed from view by sods or turf. The soil being clayey, and the roadside furnishing the best of turf, this kind of work was made with less difficulty than it would otherwise have been.

It is but simple justice to these ladies to say that the common feminine accomplishments of music, drawing, painting and embroidery, were all successfully performed by them, as well as the uncommon ones of making bread, butter and cheese, cakes, pies and puddings, with general housework included—and all without the aid of servants.

"I don't like such horrid, coarse women," slippers Madam Deli Kati Inertitude to her dear friend, Miss Taken Refinedness.

"Neither do I," exclaims General Custom, with his thumbs thrust in vest armholes, chest protruded, right foot advanced.

Well, what if you don't? There will be difference in opinions and practice still—the grand summing up alone can show the way.

A BEAUTIFUL double scarlet geranium is the last novelty in the hot-house. It blossoms in bunches of four or five flowers which are like full carnations. Roman hyacinths are among the newly-imported plants displayed in green-houses. They are natives of France, are both white and blue, and very fragrant.



## FERNERIES.

BY E. B. D.

ONE of the most satisfactory appendages of the parlor garden is the fernery or Wardian case. For one who loves plants, yet has little time to bestow upon them, a fernery may prove complete in itself, as, once arranged, it needs no care or attention whatever, save now and then to remove dead leaves from it. A fernery has been known to remain in full vigor nine years without watering.

A fernery consists of a watertight box, pot or pan of some sort, usually made of zinc, and about four inches in depth, or, if large, five or six inches. Over this is placed an air-tight glass frame of any description whatever, so that it is high enough for the plants to grow.

Small ferneries may be made of a circular pot or dish with a glass shade over it such as are used to protect wax flowers from the dust.

Ferneries are of all sizes and descriptions, and range from three dollars to forty or fifty dollars in price, according to size and quality. The advantage of their use is that they keep the plants free from dust, and from the noxious gases of coal-fires or gas-lights, preserve an even temperature, and never require watering. The soil for the fernery, to ensure perfect success, should be prepared more carefully than for common house plants. It should be one part silver sand, one part leaf mould and two parts dry peat. A little powdered charcoal will improve it. When the plants are set out they should be well watered, though not sufficiently to make the dirt muddy, and then the glass can be put into place, and no further watering will be needed. The plants will take up the water in the soil, and throw out

moisture into the atmosphere, which moisture, being confined by the air-tight glass case, will be reabsorbed by the ground.

A fernery will do well in almost any exposure, though a partially shaded one is best. If placed in a south window, it is best to remove it from the direct rays of the sun for a few hours each day.

Some florists recommend an occasional airing of the plants, though once in a month or two is quite often

enough. The case should be removed, or the door opened, on a mild day, that the delicate plants may receive no shock from the temperature of the atmosphere.

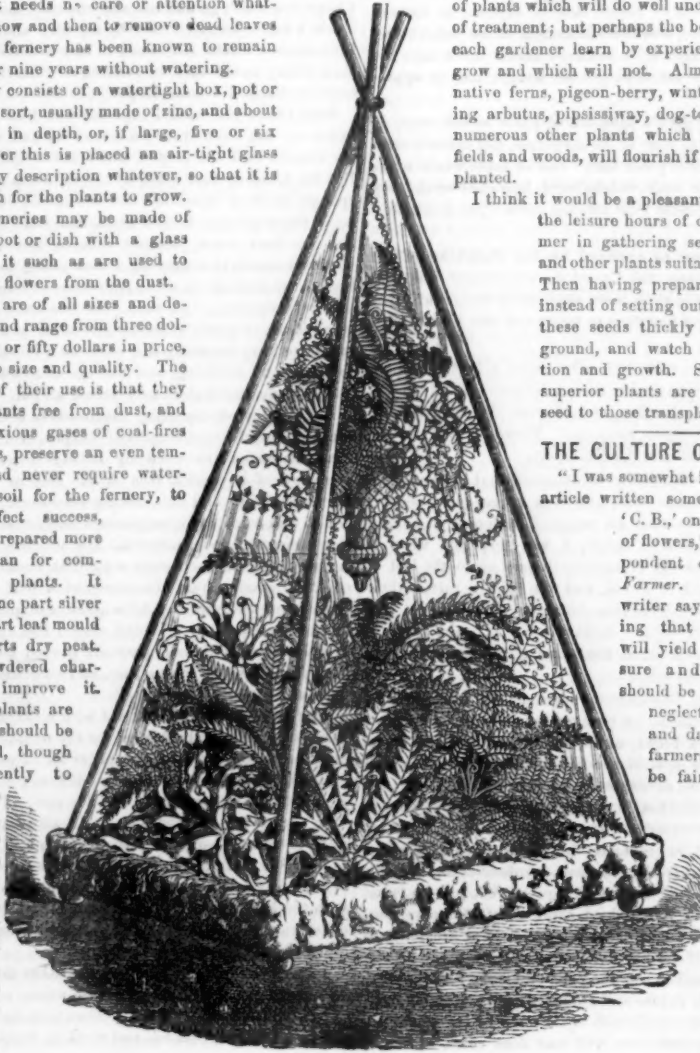
The easiest way to get plants for a fernery is to go direct to a florist's and buy them. The pleasantest way, if one has the time and opportunity, is to go out into the fields and woods and collect them. There is a long list of plants which will do well under this manner of treatment; but perhaps the best way is to let each gardener learn by experience which will grow and which will not. Almost any of our native ferns, pigeon-berry, winter-green, trailing arbutus, pipsissaway, dog-tooth violet, and numerous other plants which abound in our fields and woods, will flourish if carefully transplanted.

I think it would be a pleasant plan to spend the leisure hours of one entire summer in gathering seeds from ferns and other plants suitable to a fernery. Then having prepared the fernery, instead of setting out plants, scatter these seeds thickly over the moist ground, and watch their germination and growth. Sometimes very superior plants are obtained from seed to those transplanted.

## THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

"I was somewhat interested in an article written some time ago by 'C. B.,' on the cultivation of flowers," says a correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*. "It is, as the writer says, very surprising that anything that will yield so much pleasure and enjoyment should be so universally neglected by the wives and daughters of our farmers. Although, to be fair, I think the cultivators of flowers are on the increase from year to year. Many ladies would like to have a flower garden well enough. Oh! yes they like flowers; but how shall we get the

ground prepared?" they say. 'We cannot go out and hoe, and dig in the dirt.' Oh, yes, my readers, you could, and be the gainers thereby. Let me tell you, as one who knows by experience whereof they speak, that it does not take half the strength and vitality to go out and hoe and shovel a while in the garden, that it does to sit at the sewing machine all day, to say nothing of the benefit to be derived from being in the open air, and the very great pleasure the beautiful flowers will afford to a lover of flowers."



FERN CASE

## Housekeepers' Department.

### LITTLE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

**S**OMETIMES it may be convenient to let water stand in a tub, pail or barrel, that is exposed to intense cold weather, and there is danger of the vessel freezing and bursting. If a stick be thrust down into the water it will prevent this, and no danger may be apprehended.

If, in baking pies, a little bit of paste is left over, do not lay it aside to sour or be forgotten, but make it into tarts in your little patty tins. One of them would make very happy the little, red-fingered, half-clad errand-boy who might sit beside your kitchen stove "just a minute," to warm.

We have been so annoyed by the shrinking of our white woollen hose, that I tried the experiment, this winter, of boiling the yarn most thoroughly before knitting it. We have not had time to fairly test the new experiment yet.

Don't use good table-knives to scrape a kettle, or pare potatoes, or for any other than table service. Keep old ones with faulty handles, or odd ones that belong to no set, for such common purposes. Never let nice ones be picked up and used indiscriminately.

I cannot too earnestly recommend that women—not only heads of households, but even school-girls—should keep correct account of all money they expend. Looking over my own account lately, I was surprised when it footed up an outlay of seventy dollars since the last of August. I read it aloud, and the family raised their hands in horror. "Seventy dollars! Why, I've not had anything!" said one. "Neither have I!" said another. But when I read aloud the items they were convinced against their own wills.

It is well in February to begin to eat very freely of fruit and vegetables. A strong meat diet with buckwheat cakes and corn bread, and such hearty food, all heat-giving, is very apt, if persisted in, to make sores, and boils, and bilious derangement in March and April. By due attention to what is eaten the latter part of winter, all this may be avoided. Persons of scrofulous habit especially should be preparing for the invasion of disease. To such, canned fruits, tomatoes, cranberries and lemons, in any form in which the acid is preserved, will be found invaluable. They should set aside meat altogether, unless it be lean boiled meat, a slice or so at breakfast or dinner. But if people persist in using the same food, they must expect to pay the penalty. It is wisdom, however, to consult nature and abide by her unalterable laws. Not always does she punish at the time of the transgression, but the punishment will and does come, sooner or later.

ROSELLA.

### HOW WE ATE OUR SOUR BREAD.

**T**HAT'S just the way I do, Pipsey. I mean your "cold-dinner" plan for busy days—or, rather, your warmed-over dinner—and I find it saves much time besides a vast amount of hurrying, and they are good dinners, too, I think.

Reading of your nice sweet bread, I thought a few words of experience on the other side of the question

would come in by way of variety, and so I'll tell you and the readers of the "Home" what a time I had one week. I hope you won't go and tell any one else, though, for I'd blush, I know, away off here by myself; and, even now, I imagine a whole sisterhood of bread-makers uplifting their floury hands and exclaiming: "Sour bread! She can't be much of a housekeeper."

Well, that's just what I expected you'd all say when I told you; but come up to tea some time and eat some of my biscuit, and see if you won't tell a different story. But my bread of that week, I confess, was a failure. The sponge came up beautiful, and white, and foamy. I got up in the night and looked at it, and went back to bed and dreamed sweet, pleasant dreams, because of my innocent delusion in supposing I was going to have good bread. It kept up its nice appearance as long as possible the next morning, and then, just like some folks I have seen, at the very last minute—just when you are expecting something elevating and noble as a result of all their foaming, and bubbling, and outside effervescence—it ignominiously and ingloriously flatted all out.

But still my unsuspecting nature never dreamed it had actually lost all its sweetness of temper, or I never would have disgraced the oven by letting it pass over the threshold of its broad, iron door. But in it went, and out it came by and by, looking very sleek and brown; but it had such an appearance of meekness and depression about it, I could not resist the impulse to know for certain what was the matter with that bread, so I broke off a little mite from the corner of a loaf, and lo! my impatience was rewarded by a quick and positive knowledge that my batch of bread, that I had cherished, and petted, and coaxed, had, after all, proved treacherous in the very face of all my petting, and unmistakably soured upon me.

Now what do you think I did with all that sour bread? Toss it out into the back-yard for the neighbor's cats and dogs to quarrel over? Not a bit of it. I put some of it on the table for dinner, and our folks suggested I'd better give it to my washerwoman for her cow. Poor cow! I didn't want her to give sour milk all winter. I didn't want to waste it—and so I tried to think of the best way to do. We had been having buckwheat cakes for a week or so, and I concluded I'd soak some of it and mix it in with the buckwheat batter. So our next batch of griddle cakes was part buckwheat and part sour bread. Of course I put in soda to sweeten it.

I asked our folks: "How are the cakes this time?" I had tasted them, and thought them pretty good.

"Nice," they said. "Better than your bread!"

I kept my own counsel, and went on buttering my last hot cake.

Well, that's the way I fixed it. That's the way I saved my bread. And one day when I passed the plate of nice, light, sweet bread at dinner-time, I said: "You remember my batch of sour bread?"

Oh, yes, they all remembered. "What ever became of it?" they asked.

"We've eaten it."

"Eaten it? We?"

"Yes, we—you and I."

Their eyes opened wide when I told them how we had

eaten it, and they thought for economy that would do to stand alongside of some of Pipey's recipes. And so here it is. And that's just how we ate our sour bread.

I may as well add here what I only learned the other day, though perhaps you all know it. If you have cold pancakes left over—as there will sometimes be—put them right back into the batter, and when you come to bake cakes next time they will be all soaked up, and will stir right in with the rest of the batter. This I gleaned from our doctor—which shows that he is interested in pancakes as well as pills, and can probably turn a flapjack as well as a fever.

MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

### HOW TO SPICE A ROUND OF BEEF.

**I** WONDER if it is possible that I know anything of cooking or housekeeping that Miss Pipey does not know? I hope I do, and that by telling her may make some small return for the many useful hints she has given me.

Did you ever "Spice a round of beef," dear Pipey? If not, just try this recipe; you will be more than repaid for your trouble:

Get the first cut below the hip-joint of a good, fat beef, having a strip of the flank attached; let the round be four or five inches thick, and weigh as near twenty pounds as possible. Get also two pounds of suet. Two ounces of allspice, two of black pepper, one of saltpeter, half ounce of mace, and three nutmegs; grind and sift all into two pounds of salt, and one of sugar; mix thoroughly. Now take a sharp knife, pass it through the beef, twist it around, and cut out a plug as large round as a half dollar (silver, dear Pipey, not currency). Make five of these holes. Take these pieces of beef and chop fine with the suet; season pretty highly with the spice mixture; the remainder of which you rub into the round, not allowing a spot to escape. Fill the holes with the meat and suet, pressed in tightly. Draw the flap around and pin securely with skewers; also bind round with a strip of stout muslin. Now place in a small tub near its size, and turn it over in the tub every day for three weeks; it is then ready for cooking. Put it in a cloth or bag and boil for five hours. Do not remove the cloth until cold. Let it be eaten cold, and in thin slices, and plenty of them.

I have another recipe, which goes to prove that "Necessity really is the mother of invention."

I was preparing a family dinner, and had everything I could wish but a head of cabbage for "cold slaw," which is a favorite dish with all of us. The cabbage could not be procured at any cost; but I remembered a friend had once told me that "turnips made excellent slaw;" so, with doubt, I concluded to try it.

Peel and chop nice, sweet turnips enough to fill the quart cup twice, when chopped very fine; take six eggs, boil them hard, then take off the whites and chop with the turnips; mix the yolks with one tablespoonful of good mustard, teaspoonful of ground black pepper, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, melted and worked in with a small teacup of strong vinegar. Work this into the slaw with the hand until it looks smooth and even.

This was eaten and enjoyed by every member of the family, not one of them knowing but that it was nice white cabbage. Of course I said nothing at the time, but I felt an additional degree of respect and gratitude for Mr. Greely's favorite vegetable.

BUSY HANDS.

### THE REASON WHY.

*Why are boiled turnips the better for being mashed and seasoned?*

Because in the mashing a considerable amount of water is expelled from them which renders them indigestible; seasoning with pepper and salt assists their digestion, and the addition of a little butter promotes the conversion of their starch into fat.

*Why should meat be kept some time before it is salted?*

Because its fibre will become short and tender by keeping, but if it is salted when quite fresh it will be tough and hard.

*Why, when meat is pickled, is it an error to add a little sugar to the brine?*

Some persons appear to imagine that, because meat may be preserved in sugar, therefore a little sugar added to the salt brine will improve its antiseptic powers. But, although a large proportion of sugar exercises a preservative influence, a small proportion has precisely an opposite effect.

*Why does cabbage-water possess such a disagreeable smell?*

Because it dissolves the essential oil of the cabbage. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half boiled; the cabbage would thereby acquire a greater sweetness, and be less likely to excite flatulency.

*Why is the onion considered such a useful vegetable?*

Because, as well as imparting an agreeable odor and savor to compound dishes, the essential oil which it contains is an excellent stomachic stimulant.

*Why is water-cress beneficial?*

Because, like the onion, it contains a peculiar oil, which acts as a very healthful stimulant upon the stomach.

*Why will a bright metal tea-pot make better tea than a black or brown earthenware one?*

Because bright metal is a bad radiator of heat, while black earthenware radiates heat freely. The latter, therefore, parts with heat, and reduces the temperature of the water, while the former preserves the heat for a longer time, and therefore produces better tea.

*How may genuine lard be known?*

By melting it to about the temperature of 212°, and if it dissolves without ebullition, or without the occurrence of deposit, it may be relied on as genuine.

*How may the presence of copper in pickles be detected?*

By immersing for a few hours a piece of thick iron wire, having a smooth and polished surface, in the vinegar. If the smallest quantity of copper be present, it will be deposited on the surface of the iron.

### RECIPES.

**STEWED BEEFSTEAKS WITH OYSTERS.**—Take some fine tender beefsteaks cut from the sirloin. If they are taken from the round they should be beaten with a rolling-pin to make them tender. Put them into a close stew-pan, with barely sufficient water to prevent their burning, and set them over the fire to brown. When they are browned, add sufficient oyster-liquor to cook them, and some bits of fresh butter rolled in flour. Let them stew slowly for an hour, or till they are thoroughly done. Then add three or four dozen of fine large fresh oysters, in proportion to the quantity of meat, seasoning them well with nutmeg, a few blades of mace, and a little cayenne. Cover the pan, and simmer them till the oysters are well plumped, but not till they come to a boil. When all is properly cooked, transfer the whole to a deep dish, and send it to table hot.

The meat, when preparing, should be cut into pieces about as large as the palm of your hand, and an inch thick, omitting the fat.

**TO STEW COLD CORNED BEEF.**—Cut about four pounds of lean from a cold round of beef, that tastes but little of salt. Lay it in a stew-pan, with a quarter of a peck of tomatoes quatered, and the same quantity of oohras sliced: also, two small onions peeled and sliced, and two ounces of fresh butter rolled in flour. Add a teaspoonful of whole pepper-corns, no salt, and four or five blades of mace. Place it over a steady but moderate fire. Cover it closely, and let it stew three or four hours. The vegetables should be entirely dissolved. Serve it up hot.

**TO STEW SMOKED BEEF.**—The dried beef, for this purpose, must be fresh and of the very best quality. Cut it (or rather shave it) into very thin, small slices, with as little fat as possible. Put the beef into a skillet, and fill up with boiling water. Cover it, and let it soak or steep till the water is cold. Then drain off that water, and pour on some more; but merely enough to cover the chipped beef, which you may season with a little pepper. Set it over the fire, and (keeping on the cover) let it stew for a quarter of an hour. Then roll a few bits of butter in a little flour, and add it to the beef, with the yolk of one or two beaten eggs. Let it stew five minutes longer. Take it up on a hot dish, and send it to table.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—Two eggs; six crackers; three pints of sweet milk; a piece of butter the size of an egg; one cup of raisins; a little salt and nutmeg.

**BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.**—Four eggs; one quart of sweet milk; five large teaspoonfuls of Indian meal; nutmeg and sugar to the taste. Boil the milk and scald the Indian meal in it, then let it cool before adding the eggs. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with butter or sweet sauce.

**DORGHNUTS.**—One egg; one cup of sugar; two cups of sour milk; one spoonful of cream if the milk is not very rich; one teaspoonful of soda; little salt; nutmeg; flour enough to roll.

**APPLE TARTLETS.**—Peel six large apples, boil to a pulp, mix with sugar, cloves and lemon-peel to taste; let this mixture stand till quite cold, then mix with it two ounces of dried currants. Make a light puff paste, obtain a large flat baking-tin, and pour the mixture in. Cover it with the pastry, and bake half an hour in a very hot oven.

**RICE CAKE.**—One cup of rice flour; three eggs; one cup of sugar. Beat the eggs to a standing froth, then add the sugar, and beat as much longer, or until light; add the rice flour and beat light again. Bake in a quick oven. As there is neither butter nor soda in it, it is a good cake for invalids.

**MUTTON CHOPS FOR INVALIDS OR DELICATE CHILDREN.**—Nicely-trimmed mutton chops, put in a covered jar, with a little water, pepper and salt, and cooked in a slow oven for three hours, form excellent food for an invalid or a delicate child, as the meat is not so hard as in the ordinary ways of cooking.

## Health Department.

### SANITIVE POWER OF THE WILL.

BY MRS. H. M. T. CUTLER.

I HAD once some neighbors living in the same block; indeed, there was a back-entry communication between our apartments, and when my door stood ajar, I had all the pleasure of the music of my neighbor's piano.

Mrs. Marvin was the wife of a man who was possessed of a surplus of talent, consequently could not quite fit into ordinary niches. He was an Episcopal clergyman with brains enough for a bishop or two, but his charge at this time consisted of a small parish, unable to give him a salary sufficient for his needs. To eke this out, he had also engaged as a teacher. In this he was most successful, for he had the rare power possessed by a few people over untamed animals and almost equally untamed boys. No boy, however rude, could resist the charm that he exercised. Most women, too, readily yielded to the power of his attraction, but for some subtle reason, this power with them was not permanent. Hence his repeated failures, and his removal from one parish to another. He was not untrue, he had no lurking vices, but was followed by that unexplainable ill luck that haunts some men to their graves.

One friend said of him: "He is absolutely too truthful. If he saw a lady of his parish do a foolish thing, or wear an unbecoming dress, he would frankly tell her of it, and first any one would know, the whole parish would be in a general conflagration."

His wife was a singular being. Almost perfectly beautiful, highly accomplished and elegant in her manners,

she had managed, through all the trials of her lot, to maintain a chilling atmosphere that held the world aloof from the secrets of her life. Sometimes I thought I detected a little human sympathy, as she caressed my baby, or laid her hand on the shining curls of my eldest child, who was soon the pet and favorite of Mr. Marvin. But her touch was cold and unsympathetic on all occasions of meeting her husband's parishioners. A wall of ice could hardly have been a more decided barrier than the chilling politeness of her manner. When urged to return these calls, she always excused herself on the ground of ill health. She could not bear the exposure, she was so afflicted with neuralgia. Her husband also accepted this theory. She rarely ever left her warm parlor, so warm that I nearly fainted when I stayed in it five minutes at a time.

As to work, she was capable of almost any fine needle-work, and if it had suited her dignity, she could have been an artist in devising fashions and arranging trimmings. Yet the plea of ill health accounted for the fact that she was but an idle dreamer, most of the day, rarely doing anything but playing on the piano and singing. In this she excelled. It had only required the stimulus of motive, to enable her to surpass as a teacher, and I often imagined she had latent talent as a composer. But she was too ill for exertion. That was the excuse. I often wondered whether her husband fully accepted the statement. Certainly he showed no sign of distrust, but always endeavored to spare her every care and inconvenience.

One day, I learned that in a little tenement on an alley just back of our residence, there was a family suffering



for want of the common necessities of life. I ran in and asked Mrs. Marvin if she would go with me to inquire after their necessities.

"I dare not go out, I am so liable to neuralgia," said she, wearily.

"You must really excuse her," said her husband. "She has not been able to return the calls of any of our parishioners this winter, nor dare she even go into our kitchen."

I turned away, wondering how much of this was real, and how much simulated, or was she self-deceived.

I found a wretched family, and ministered as well as I could to their needs, and as I returned home, I remembered, dreamily, seeing an elegant pair of white woollen blankets on the line airing, the property of Mrs. Marvin.

The next morning, while I was dressing baby, Mrs. Marvin came in, with her cheeks all aglow and her eyes sparkling. I was astonished, and asked at once the cause. It seems the blankets had been forgotten at night, and in the morning were not to be seen. They had fancied that they found tracks leading to the house I had visited, and in her zeal for their recovery, she had not only gone over there, with a light shawl over her head, but she had actually stayed while search was made through the poor boxes of ragged clothing that they possessed, and she had even insisted on searching the beds of the sick.

Her hired girl went home on a visit about this period, and failing to return at the specified time, she became so indignant that she went into the kitchen and prepared such dainty meals as no servant's hands could serve up. She was an artist in cuisine, her husband declared.

We heard no more of neuralgia, or other kindred ills, and I noticed a great change in the spirit and power of the music that overflowed her room, and came dancing into mine every afternoon. When the girl returned, and accounted for her absence on the ground of illness, Mrs. Marvin told her she found herself quite able to get along with the assistance of her washerwoman for a day in the week.

Other good results followed. She could enter into the society of the parish, and make herself very useful. I studied the case with a good deal of interest. The woman had thought herself an invalid till that quality which we call health had utterly succumbed, and she would soon have become too inane for the springs of life ever to rebound to the touch, had not her selfishness been piqued, and a timely necessity compelled her to exertion.

Many a poor, morbid woman could enjoy good health and delightful spirits, if the right motives were touched. Somehow the harp has got out of tune, and only renders wailing, discordant notes, where all should be joyous and harmonious. Nothing is more sad this side the grave, than a home where the mother "enjoys poor health, and nerves and neuralgia."

**COMPANIONSHIP AND HEALTH.**—To be perfectly healthy and happy, one must have friends. They need not be in large numbers, but one, two or three kindred spirits with whom one can commune, share joys and sorrows, thoughts and feelings. In choosing friends great care is necessary. There must be some common bond of sympathy. It may be moral, intellectual or social; but even these bonds are not sufficient. A weakly person, an invalid, needs healthy friends; a timid one, brave friends. Those who are blessed with good friends are healthier and happier than those who have none.

## WORKING IN HOT ATMOSPHERES.

**I**N relation to the subject of how high a temperature men can endure and work in, a writer in the *British Journal of Science* notes the following interesting cases: During the re-heating of furnaces in an iron works in England, the men worked when the thermometer, placed so as not to be influenced by the radiation of heat from the open doors, marked 120°. In the Bessemer pits, 140° was reached, and yet the men continued a kind of labor requiring great muscular effort. In some of the operations of glass making, the ordinary summer working temperature is considerably over 100°; and the radiant heat to which the workmen are subjected far exceeds 212°. In a Turkish bath, the shampooers continue four or five hours at a time in a moist atmosphere at temperatures ranging from 105° to 110°. A case is mentioned of a person in the same establishment working for half an hour in a heat of 185°. In enamel factories, men work daily in a heat of over 300°. On the Red Sea steamers, the temperature of the stove hole is 145°, and some men will labor there for half an hour without a drop of perspiration, while others are carried out fainting.

These examples of continuous work at 110, 120, 140 and 145 degrees correspond to depths in mines of 3,650, 4,250, 5,450 and 5,750 feet. The author thinks, therefore, that the limit of 4,000 feet, fixed by the English commissioners as the extreme workable depths of mines, is too small, and he considers 8,000 feet as a safe boundary.

## HOW TO CLEAN THE TEETH.

**T**HE *Herald of Health* says: "To insure perfect cleanliness of the teeth they should be brushed three times daily, and a tooth-pick should be used after each meal to remove any food lodged between the teeth, while a suitable powder should be used sufficiently often to keep them in good condition, even though it be twice daily. A very good rule to adopt and follow systematically, would be to brush them thoroughly each morning. After each meal use tooth-pick, brush and soft water, and in the evening before retiring again use brush and water thoroughly.

"The best tooth-picks are those made from a quill properly shaped, so as to dislodge the food from between the teeth.

"Choose a brush with the bristles pointed, and of different lengths. A good brush is really cheapest in the end, and more efficient than the cheap and often worthless substitutes. Brush the teeth lengthwise as well as crosswise, so as to remove any particles of food in the interstices, and do not neglect the lingual nor grinding surface of molars."

**HOW TO MAKE A MUSTARD PLASTER.**—The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster as that makes is simply abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now, a mustard plaster should never make a blister at all. When you make a mustard plaster, then, use no water whatever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

## A Page of Varieties.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

**CALMNESS** is the very essence of order.

**SINCERITY** is the basis of every manly virtue.

**FAIR** dealing is the bond and cement of society.

**WHEREVER** the speech is corrupted, so is the mind.

If a man talks of his fortunes, depend upon it they are not altogether disagreeable to him.

The higher and more perfect the training a woman has received in all womanly essentials, the better a wife and mother she is prepared to become.

It is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for great men to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes.

**PROSPERITY** is a more refined and severer test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

**LEARNING**, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

It is vain to put your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness.

### SPARKS OF HUMOR.

When a man's circumstances become most crooked and twisted, they are said to be straitened.

"Loss of a China packet ship!" exclaimed an old lady. "No wonder, when iron ones aren't always safe."

A MILWAUKEE woman, on being convicted of forgery, applied to a newspaper for the appointment of penitentiary correspondent.

The inventor of a new medicine advertises for a man to act as agent and undertake its sale, adding that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

A LADY says that last summer she heard a fashionably-dressed girl read her graduating essay, in which she earnestly demanded a "wider sphere for woman," while her chest was so narrowed by artificial means that she could hardly read her essay.

JONES and BROWN were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then!" "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

GRACE GREENWOOD relates, as an instance of the extravagance of New England humor, that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home!"

A CORONER's jury empanelled to ascertain the cause of the death of a notorious drunkard, brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—about a rum-shop." In California, a coroner's jury, under similar circumstances, rendered a more courteous verdict: "Accidental death while unpacking a glass."

### CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT is it if you name it even you break it? Silence.

WHEN are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

WHEN are two kings like three miles? When they make a league.

WHAT portions of the body are the best travellers? The two wrists.

WHAT vegetable is anything but agreeable on board a ship? A leak.

WHEN does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.

WHAT may one always have his pockets filled with even when they are empty? Holes.

WHY should painters never allow children to go into their studios? Because of them easels (the measles) which are there.

My first she was a serving-maid—

She went to fetch some tea;

How much she brought my second tells,

As plainly as can be.

Now when you have the answer found,

Name it to others, too;

My whole is just the very thing

In telling them, you'll do.

Ann-ounce.

### USEFUL AND CURIOUS.

**CANNON MADE OF ICE.**—A hollow cylinder will bear a greater strain than a solid one. Many of us know by experiment what a hard pressure an egg will resist when placed endwise between the hands. This curious strength in round but weak substances is due to the exact, orderly arrangement of their particles, *i. e.*, in perfect curves. A memorable illustration was seen in the mock artillery set to play ground in front of that creation of imperial whim, the ice-palace of Catharine of Russia:

Before the palace stood six cannons of ice and two mortars formed like cast pieces. The cannons were six-pounders, which are commonly loaded with three pounds of powder; these, however, were loaded with only a quarter of a pound, and carried a ball of stuffed hemp and sometimes of iron. The balls, at distance of sixty paces, passed through a board two inches in thickness. The ice of the cannons could not have been more than three or four inches in thickness, and yet it resisted the force of the explosion.

**UNEQUAL POWER OF THE EYES.**—A case is related of a gentleman who had one far-sighted and one near-sighted eye. For reading purposes he wears a pair of spectacles in which the one glass is made for the far sight, while the other is a plain glass, the left eye being near-sighted, and consequently requiring no aid from spectacles with which to read. Instances are cited of persons who, while employing both eyes for ordinary vision, usually employ only one in reading. If any difference of the kind exists between the visual powers of a pair of eyes, it may be readily detected. Hold up a piece of card before one eye, so as to cut off its field of view, and then look at some object before you with the other. Then gradually bring the card before the other eye, and view the same object. If the object is seen with the same distinctness in each case, then your eyes are perfect as regards the balance of their foci; if not, then there is focal difference more or less decided. It would no doubt be advisable to take account of this very frequent difference of focus, in selecting a pair of spectacles.

## New Publications.

**The Portrait; a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley.** By A. G. Riddle, author of "Bart Ridgley." Boston: Nichols & Hall. Mr. Riddle's first novel was, as it deserved to be, a most decided success. His second one, entitled "The Portrait," will, we believe, be more generally liked than the first, as its intrinsic worth as a literary production is really greater. Its plot is not a very complicated one, and is almost too dramatic to be strictly consistent with a plain, semi-historical story. We feel inclined to quarrel with the author about his choice of a title, which is too bald, and in fact, reveals too much of the plot. Mr. Riddle is a born poet, and it seems really a difficult thing for him to write prose. His novels are, in fact, prose-poems. The story of this novel is well told, and is an interesting one from beginning to end. That which should, however, secure for it a perpetuity of fame, is the fact that it is an accurate description of the people and the country in north-eastern Ohio as they were more than a generation ago. It describes a phase of life now entirely passed away and almost forgotten—something which is in fact a part of the real history of our country, but which historians never think of preserving. "The Portrait" is a genuine American novel, drawn from real life, and not a faint echo of English society novels. A careful and, no doubt, accurate description of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, and of several of his co-laborers, is given, and other noted people of the period are mentioned by their real names. The only fictitious persons in it are the hero and those who are immediately connected with him. What makes the story a peculiarly interesting one to the dwellers in the region where its scenes are laid, is, that its topography is carefully correct. The right name is given to every place, and every incident of the story can be located without difficulty.

**One Year at our Boarding-School.** By Agnes Phelps. Boston: Loring, publisher. This is a pleasantly-written story of that most interesting period of a girl's life—the time she is in boarding-school. The author assures us that it is a "true history," and that the characters which figure in its pages are all actual ones, only with fictitious names.

**Which Shall it Be? A Novel.** By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." Boston: Loring, publisher. This is an English society novel, displaying no special characteristic, but furnishing very pleasant entertainment for an idle afternoon.

**A Very Young Couple.** By the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is quite an amusing book of the doings of two young people who have married without the least idea of housekeeping cares and the management of money. The close of the story is really touching, showing a wife's unwavering faith in her husband's integrity.

**Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty.** By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Miss Douglas always writes an interesting story, fresh in thought and elevated in its purpose. Her pictures of American life are very well drawn, and free from that unhealthy sensationalism which mars the works of too many of our authors.

**The Dumb Traitor; a Story of "Keeping Alive by Stimulants."** By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

**Nettie Loring.** By Elizabeth Downs, author of "Harry Maitland." New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

These are two temperance stories of more than ordinary merit, each presenting peculiar phases of the question. They should obtain a wide circulation.

**A Stout Heart; or, The Student from over the Sea.** By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This volume belongs to the "Whispering Pine Series" of stories for lads, and teaches lessons of courage and endurance. These books are among the best published for boys.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THIS article is written too early in the season to give any definite idea of the modes which are most likely to prevail during the coming months. The winter clothing still retains favor during this month, though already the store windows are filled with delicate fabrics in light colors and of modest designs.

In regard to the shape of bonnets and hats, it is predicted, though we hope without grounds, that they have not yet attained their full height. The jet trimmings will, doubtless, go out of use with the winter months, and it is anticipated that wild and tropical flowers and leaves, and beautiful moss wreaths, and trailing grasses, and plump-grain heads, and never-blooming buds, and luscious-looking fruits will be used in the adornment of ladies' head-gear. Some innovations are already perceptible. The unpleasant monotony of three flowers at the back of the head, is yielding to graduated wreaths that follow the edge of the hat, and trail over the hair at the left side. Ribbon trimmings give place to bias silk lined with a different tint, and for velvet inlaid with silk of its own shade.

Variety is still the order of the day in regard to hats and bonnets. A writer on fashion very aptly says: "Just imagine how tame the scene would be in an audience where

every lady wore a Leghorn or Dunstable bonnet trimmed with a uniform width of ribbon, with all the bows made just alike and all at the same angle upon one side! And this when only one color was fashionable!"

The recent panic, and the consequent necessity for retrenchment in dress, has resulted in ingenious devices of all sorts to give apparent variety to the costume without a great outlay of expense. Thus the same dress may serve the purpose of half a dozen different costumes by varying the adornment of the wrists and throat. We notice various patterns for ruffles, collars, etc., which may be used with this design. One of the most striking of these devices is a detached velvet collar, standing at the back and turning over in a roll at the front. The upper edge is bound with some light tinted silk, and the lower bound with velvet and underlaid with a fold of the silk. The under lappel is short, the upper crosses to the side, and either terminates under the belt, or is fastened under a pretty bow of ribbon of the same color as the silk binding. A standing ruff of lace illusion or lace plaitings is arranged along the inner margin. A plain velvet cuff bound with bright silk and finished with an inside plaiting of white matches the collar. This cuff may be worn either over or under the dress sleeve. A dress worn with these additions would look like an entirely different costume from the same dress worn without them.

Shirred trimmings are again in fashion. This style of trimming, besides being exceedingly pretty, is commendable on the score of economy, as partly-worn fabrics, such as cast-off flouncings, may be used for the shirring.

There is one new fashion which seems worth recording, as it has such an element of sound, practical sense in it. Instead of the silver and jewels so long in vogue as bridal gifts, sets of table and bed linen, carefully made and handsomely embroidered with her initials, crest or monogram, are presented to the bride. There is a chance for considerable display of taste in these matters, and there is not the same inconvenience when one present happens to duplicate another, as in the case of silverware. The sheets and pillowcases may be made perfectly plain, and the ornamentation expended upon the shams which should accompany them. These shams may each be made separate for the two pillows and sheet, or they may be made in one piece, spreading over both pillows, then being folded down under the edge of the bed covering, turn back again, the edge spread in the semblance of a sheet across the top of the bed. These shams may be ruffled, embroidered or trimmed with Hamburg embroideries.

### A CRUSADE AGAINST TRAILING SKIRTS.

**P**ERHAPS among all the foolish and absurd requirements of fashion there is nothing, if we make the one single exception of tight lacing, which is so ridiculous, so disgusting and so contrary to all ideas of appropriateness and delicacy, as that of sweeping the streets with the skirt of the dress, and gathering upon it all the mud and filth with which it comes in contact. Yet many women do this because they hardly dare set themselves in opposition to

prevailing custom. They would gladly assert their independence if they really knew how to do so.

Several ladies of Vineland, New Jersey, wishing to gauge popular sentiment in this matter, and find really how many women would prefer being sensible to being ultra-fashionable, drew up a paper to which they appended their own names, and then circulated for signatures. The paper read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to shorten the skirts of our dresses to four inches from the ground provided twenty-five ladies can be found who will sign this pledge."

Within two days the pledge had twenty-two names appended, and, no doubt, by this time, the full number required is obtained. But the ladies, pleased with their success, do not purpose to stop at the twenty-five names. They desire to see how many women there are throughout the country who are willing to go with them in this very mild crusade against fashion, a crusade which involves no startling change of dress, but which will allow a lady to walk the streets unnoticed save by those who may remark her good sense in refusing to be a scavenger. They therefore make the request that all women throughout the country who are willing to take this slight step toward dress reform, will send their names to Mrs. E. B. Duffey, Vineland, N. J., and they shall be recorded in a book which shall bear the title "The Sensible Women of America;" and, in time, if the facts justify, a report shall be made of the number of names recorded.

These ladies expect the co-operation, in the publication and circulation of this request, of every editor in the country who has ever, in the columns of his paper, given place to any fault-finding against sneers at, or ridicule of trailing skirts. They look, also, for the thanks of women and the hearty approval of men.

## The Reformer.

### HOPE FOR THE FALLEN.

**O**N the evening of the 20th of January was celebrated at the Academy of Music, in this city, the Second Anniversary of "The Franklin Reformatory Home." An immense audience was present, and the occasion was one that can never be forgotten by any who were there.

The results attained in two years, in efforts to reform and lift up, and bring back to useful and honorable manhood, those who have fallen under the curse of drink, are far beyond anything ever before achieved. Out of one hundred and ninety-six of those admitted into this "Home" during the past year, sixty-seven have remained true to their new life, and from being cumberers of the ground—a sorrow and a shame to friends and families—are now back in their old useful places in society, many of them making happy the homes their fall had for years rendered desolate.

"The Franklin Reformatory Home" is a religious home; and herein lies its great conservative and saving power. It provides for the poor, fallen, degraded and outcast inebriate; from whom, even the closest and dearest friends of better and happier days have turned away hopeless, in despair or in angry rejection, a Christian home, with all enticing and helpful surroundings possible to be given. Books, newspapers and periodicals are freely supplied; religious services are held in a large and handsomely-furnished hall every Sunday; entertainments are given; associate action encouraged; and everything done that an enlightened, Christian benevolence and sympathy can devise to render the "Home" useful and attractive to the inmates.

The unhappy slave of a debasing appetite, finds himself not only a free man, but with his freedom comes a measure of the old home-life he had lost—ah, so many years back!—with its rest, and peace, and sweet content. There are no sad or rebuking faces to shadow that home; but only smiles of welcome. He finds there men of large and hopeful hearts to take him by the hand and hold him up, and Christian women, from some of the best and most cultivated

families in the city, with hearts full of mother and sister love, to comfort, help, encourage and strengthen his good resolves. If there be anything left in him to take hold upon—anything by which he can be lifted out of his degradation—the men and women who have given themselves to this work will surely find it.

So far, this work, inaugurated but two years ago in feebleness, and meeting at the outset with disfavor from many good and influential men who had lost faith in all efforts to reform the drunkard, has been crowned with a larger proportionate success than any other reformatory work with which we are acquainted. And now, for the enlargement and more complete success of this work, which has proved itself so good, ampler means are required. The Home is at 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia. It has been fitted up with every comfort and convenience that such a Home requires, and at a large expense, a portion of which yet remains unpaid.

Reader, if you feel any interest in the work, will you not do something in its aid? Money is needed for its sustenance and increased capacity for doing good. We give below the names of the Officers, Directors and Managers of the Institution. If you can afford but a single dollar as your contribution, send that to the Treasurer, or any of the Officers, Directors or Managers, and so identify yourself with a reformatory movement, destined, we are sure, to lift thousands out of the mire and clay of a horrible pit, and set their feet upon solid ground.

**OFFICERS.**—President, Samuel P. Godwin. Secretary, George W. Moore. Treasurer, Isaac Welsh. Physician, Robert P. Harris, M. D.

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**—Samuel P. Godwin, Hon. James Pollock, Charles Wheeler, John Price Wetherill, Samuel G. Scott, T. S. Arthur, W. T. Wilkins, John Graft, James M. West, George H. Hamlin, W. C. Houston, Oliver Landreth, Wm. F. Hartley, Robert J. Spencer, Barr Spangler, J. S. Helfenstein, Dell Noblit, Jr., David Lee, Hon. Amos



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## THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE BODY AND BRAIN.

THE weight of testimony given by medical men as to the effect of alcohol on the body and brain, is largely on the adverse side. With few exceptions it is declared to be only hurtful. It gives no nutrition and no new power, acting only as a stimulant to the flagging nerves and muscles, and lashing them, so to speak, into increased activity. When taken into the stomach, it goes the whole round of the circulation, irritating into temporary increased activity every organ of the body, and is thrown out of the system unchanged by the lungs, the kidneys and the skin, or deposited in the ventricles between the membranes of the brain.

A writer in the *St. Louis Globe*, says:

"Man often whips himself to death with alcohol as he

would lash a tired horse, unmindful of the fact that every effort made when the brain is weary is at the expense of those delicate and highly organized cerebral cells upon which his mental strength depends. When the brain is weary it is better to give it sleep than to irritate it into increased and laborious activity by artificial stimulation. You may make the jaded horse jump by applying the lash, but he cannot make a long pull without fodder; nor will the lash excite him even to spasmodic effort, unless some latent strength still remains in his organism.

"Alcohol, and all beverages containing it, enact only the part of the lash to the mind. Man may sometimes, like the mired animal, get in a tight place, when its use becomes temporarily justifiable on the plea of necessity; but it is best always to remember that it gives no increase of mental or physical power, but only calls out reserve forces which should only be called into action when they are absolutely needed.

"Alcohol, scientifically considered, is an enemy to the whole animal organization, the invasion of which the nervous system resists at every step until it is either victor or vanquished. The whole phenomena of intoxication is this nervous resistance to a foreign intruder in the blood, which irritates every nerve cell of that wonderful commonwealth of cells—the cerebro-spinal nervous system, which it comes in contact with—the cell of the spinal cord as well as those occupying the top of the column—the brain. As often as nature thoroughly conquers the enemy, the man becomes sober; but when alcohol finally overthrows the organism, nature succumbs to paralysis of the heart, or paralysis or congestion of the brain and lungs, and death ensues."

## Editor's Department.

### New Revelations made by the Telescope.

SOME new revelations have been made in astronomy by means of the great telescope recently set up at the National Observatory at Washington. A correspondent of the *Hartford Times* says:

"This new and giant refractor in the Naval Observatory—undoubtedly the finest instrument for searching the skies that has ever been perfected on our planet—has hardly yet had time to adjust itself to its position and requirements; but its first revelations, which have been awaited with intense interest by the astronomical world, are of a peculiar and unexpected character.

"Instead of revealing new worlds, the great refractor annihilates some that have hitherto been supposed to exist. It not only fails to discover any new satellite of Neptune—a discovery which some astronomers were apparently expecting—but it blots out the alleged companion of Procyon, which the Prussian astronomer Struve thought he had discovered, and, more interesting still, it reduces the number of the moons of Uranus to two.

"The distant planet, whose position in the solar system is nearly as far removed beyond that of Saturn as Saturn's is from the sun, has been found by means of the spectroscope, to possess an atmosphere largely, if not almost wholly, composed of hydrogen gas. This characteristic, which would, of course, render that planet unfit for habitation by beings in any physical sense resembling the dwellers on our globe, is not the only peculiarity of Uranus. The moons of that strange world—now, for the first time, discovered to be, not 'eight' nor 'four,' but two in number—exhibit the incongruous and puzzling phenomena of rising in the west and setting in the east.

"This reversal of the great planetary law of our system in regard to the motion of the planetary bodies, is alone exhibited in the satellites of Uranus." The fact that these perverse and peculiar moons are but two in number—a truth of which it has become the privilege of this journal to make this the first announcement—will be received by the astronomical world, in both hemispheres, with genuine interest and surprise."

### Snow in St. Petersburg.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Hartford Post* gives this account of the singular way in which snow falls at St. Petersburg:

"The cold steadily increased for perhaps ten days, when a little snow began to fall, and almost every day since a little has fallen, till now there is perhaps six inches. There has been little or no wind, though one day it blew some and about two inches of snow fell, which is called here quite a storm. I learn there are never any snow storms in this part of Russia during which more than six inches of snow falls. But the acquisition of snow is constant. It does not appear to come from the clouds, but the water held in solution in the atmosphere, which is very damp, it being so near the sea, and country perfectly flat, congeals and crystallizes and then falls slowly but constantly half an inch, or perhaps less, per day. No one carries an umbrella, as it does not snow fast enough to get wet in, and nobody minds it, but they walk, ride or skate all the time. Hundreds of men work constantly sweeping the sidewalks, crosswalks and streets. It is not in sufficient quantity to shovel, but is swept into heaps and carried off, leaving only enough in the streets to insure good sleighing. In this manner, I learn, it will fall for a month or two longer, and, while there will be perhaps three or four feet in the country, there will never be enough in this city to impede travel, and I believe the horse-cars, of which there are many, run all winter."

### Filthy Paper Money.

THE Bank of England never issues one of its notes a second time. When a note finds its way back to the counters of that institution, it is destroyed. New notes are paid out on all checks. Our Government and banks should adopt the same rule. The desirableness, if not necessity, of this is becoming daily more and more apparent in the soiled, worn and filthy condition of much of the paper money now in circulation. Some of the notes, especially those of smaller denominations, are offensive to the smell as well as to the sight. You cannot touch them

without having an odor of dirt left upon your fingers. Why may not infectious diseases be communicated through this means? Doubtless they often are. As it may still be many years before gold and silver again come into circulation, the people should at once insist on some congressional legislation providing for a "Clean Bill of Health," so far as our bank-notes are concerned.

### A Better Way.

**S**ENSIBLE people, and some who of necessity are compelled to act more sensibly than has been their wont, are substituting in their parties and receptions light and inexpensive refreshments in place of the profuse and costly entertainments that have been in vogue. The late panic, and consequent shrinkage of fortunes and lessening of incomes, has done at least so much good; and fashionable ladies in our large cities, who, a twelvemonth ago, vied with each other in display and extravagance, and who could not think of entertaining their friends without wine and terrapin and all the luxurious accompaniments, now receive their smaller and more select circles of friends in simple home dresses, and refresh them with ice cream, cake and coffee. This is a truer and more refined hospitality; and it should come to be understood that only "shoddy" and "codfish" give grand eating and drinking parties, at which fashionable nobodies exhibit their jewels and fine dresses.

### Mothers, take Notice.

**O**NE of the resolutions offered and discussed at the Vine-land Anti-Fashion Convention was the following:

"Resolved, That when the mother puts her girl into petticoats and her boy into trousers, she seals the girl's doom as a slave, and gives the boy a title-deed of ownership which he records and presents against her whenever, in after life, she asks for equal rights with him."

### French Marriages.

**W**E copy in this number a lively sketch from *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled "THREE FRENCH MARRIAGES," in which our fair Americans can see how differently they conduct the business of love and marriage in France from what it is done in this country.

**W**e call attention to an article in our Fashion Department, entitled "A Crusade against Trailing Skirts." This seems to us a move in the right direction, and we trust it will meet a hearty response from the sensible women of America.

"*The Cottage Hearth*" is the title of a new monthly paper just commenced at Boston. The publishers are MILLIKEN & GOULD, and the price \$1.25 a year. The first number is neat and attractive, and shows care, intelligence and skill in the making-up. It contains a large amount of good reading.

### Answers to Correspondents.

**C. E. HARDERTY** wishes to know if there is any French monthly paper, or American paper edited in French, published in America, that we can recommend. There are numbers of papers printed in the French language published in America. There are two or three in New York, and a much larger number in New Orleans, but they are all, we believe, of a political, local or religious (Roman Catholic) character. There is no French literary publication in this country. However, it is very easy to obtain such a publication from France, if desirable. E. Steiger, 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York, will, upon application, furnish a list of French publications with descriptions and prices attached, which can be obtained through his agency.

**A CORRESPONDENT**—The amount awarded to the United States by the Geneva arbitrators in satisfaction of the Alabama claims was \$15,500,000, which has been settled in full by the British government.

**MAY**—You will hardly be able to make your pen remunerative until you have a larger experience in life, and have attained to a higher skill in composition. Successful authorship is not gained, even by the most gifted, except through long and patient effort.

## Publishers' Department.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

We call the attention of advertisers to the large increase in our circulation consequent on our purchase of "THE LADY'S FRIEND" subscription list, which makes the HOME MAGAZINE still more valuable as an advertising medium.

### HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	\$100
Half " " "	60
Quarter " " "	35
Less than quarter page, 75 cents a line.	

#### COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	\$150
Half " " "	90
Quarter " " "	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.	
Inside—One page, one time	\$125
Half " " "	75
Quarter " " "	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.	

For yearly, half-yearly or quarterly advertisements, a liberal discount is made.

### "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

#### A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM PICTURE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Our Magazine for the children will continue to be as full of beautiful illustrations and pleasant reading for the little ones as ever. We have had engraved on steel a charming picture, entitled "DUCKLINGS," to be presented, free to every subscriber for 1874.

Price of CHILDREN'S HOUR, \$1.25 a year. HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR, \$3.25 a year, and a premium picture with each magazine.

### IMPORTANT TO AGENTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

No reliable agent, no matter what engaged in, should fail to know the chance now offered for immediate and permanent employment in New England, where we have taken a "new departure" in earnest.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

Address D. L. MILLIKEN & CO., at our New England Office, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
Full particulars free.

### PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

For those who wish to work for valuable premiums, we have prepared a premium list, which includes the following articles of the very best manufacture. It will be sent to all who write for it.

THE HALEY & DAVIS PIANO.

THE HOME SEWING MACHINE, which makes the "lock stitch," and is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the finest muslins to the heaviest cloths, and will even sew leather.

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

BROSTER'S COMPREHENSIVE FAMILY BIBLE.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

WEBSTER'S GREAT UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

The terms on which we offer these premiums is extraordinarily low.

Send for Premium Circular.

### BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

We have made arrangements to furnish such of our readers as may want them with any of the patterns of E. Butterick & Co. On receipt of the price and number of the pattern, we will immediately have it forwarded by mail. These patterns are acknowledged to be the most practical and reliable that are issued, and enable any lady to be not only her own dressmaker, but to appear as well and tastefully dressed as any of her neighbors.

### MR. ARTHUR'S NEW BOOKS BY MAIL.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$1.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50 the three volumes will be sent.

# The Great Household Magazine of America!

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

# Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine!

**BRIGHT, CHEERFUL, EARNEST, PROGRESSIVE**, and always up to the advancing thought of the times, the "**HOME**" TAKES RANK WITH THE LEADING and MOST INFLUENTIAL MAGAZINES of the DAY. It is on the side of Temperance, Christian morality, and all true reforms. Whatever is hurtful to society it condemns without fear or favor; AND MAKES ITSELF FELT IN THE COMMUNITY AS A POWER FOR GOOD. It claims to be

## The Great Household Magazine of America,

and is more thoroughly **IDENTIFIED WITH THE PEOPLE** in their home and social life than **ANY OTHER PERIODICAL** in the country. We give, in brief, some of the many attractions of the "**HOME**" for 1874:

### "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON."

A new serial story by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Sybil Huntington," "Expiation," etc., etc.

"**WINDOW-CURTAINS.**" A new serial story by T. S. Arthur. Commenced in January number.

"**PISSISSIWAY POTTS**" the intimitable delineator of home-life and character, will have an article in every number.

**VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND** is engaged for a series of her charming historic portraits.

**THE STORY-TELLER**, one of the leading Departments, will contain some of the best stories of the year.

"**MY GIRLS AND I.**" A series of pleasant, chatty papers, lively, sensible and good.

**FLORAL**, A whole book on Flower Culture, from an original manuscript, by a lady of refinement and experience, will be given during 1874.

**WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.** By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. A series of illustrated articles that will attract no small degree of interest.

"**TALKS WITH MOTHERS.**" From the pen of a lady of wide observation and experience.

**BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS** for ladies' and children's dresses are given by special arrangement every month. These are acknowledged to be the most practical and useful of any in the country; and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our Magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. Patterns for boys' and girls' clothing are always given in these reports.

**THE HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT** will be full and varied, and contain contributions from experienced housekeepers.

"**PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE**" a magnificent steel engraving, the English copy of which sells for \$14, is sent free to every subscriber. Or, if preferred, either one of the following choice and elegant steel engravings, viz.: "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY." If more than one picture is desired, the price to subscribers will be \$1.00 each. Engravings of this style, size and quality cannot be had at the print stores for less than \$5.00 each.

**DEPARTMENTS.** A large amount of reading, matter, not indicated in the foregoing programme, will be given under various classified heads; such as

**The Home Circle,  
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**T. S. ARTHUR & SON.**

809 & 811 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Size, 22 by 32 inches.

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